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The Case Against
Credentialism

By
James Fallows



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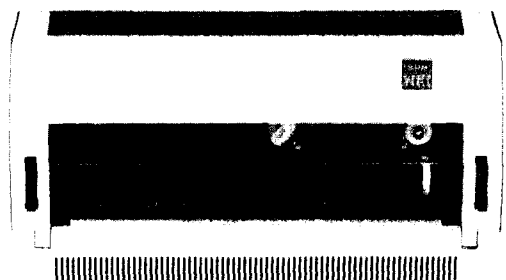
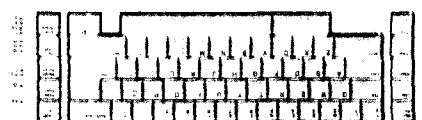
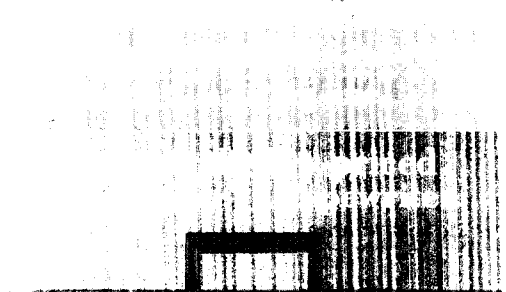
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8



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CULT OF THE ATOM

In the August, 1984, issue of *The Atlantic*, Richard Wilson reviewed three books about nuclear energy ("Loose Talk About Nuclear Power"), including my book *The Cult of the Atom*. Wilson, who was identified in the magazine as a professor of physics at Harvard, wrote that there was a deliberate "pattern of omissions" in the book and that I had "subtly—or not so subtly—manipulated" the facts. Wilson cited what were supposed to be cut-and-dried instances in which I knowingly presented misleading information about nuclear-plant safety. I allegedly quoted mere portions of certain key reports, which contained negative suggestions about nuclear safety, while intentionally withholding the "positive" data in those same documents. I was thereby depicted as violating basic standards of journalistic ethics and fair play.

Wilson's article is less a review of my book than an intemperate, inaccurate, and unfair ad hominem attack on me. Wilson did not even pause to mention the main subject of the book—the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission's cover-up of reports by its own scientists on nuclear-plant safety, which I documented extensively. Wilson takes what appears to be a shoot-the-messenger approach to the book's disclosures: he focuses not on the evidence concerning the mismanagement of the nuclear-power program but on the alleged bias of the person presenting this information. As proof he states that I am the former executive director of the Union of Concerned Scientists, a group critical of nuclear safety, and that I was a participant in one of the events discussed in the book, the AEC's major public hearings on nuclear safety, which took place in 1972–1973.

Wilson's discussion of my background and possible bias is misleading. Obviously, as E. B. White observed, "All writing slants the way a writer leans, and no man is born perpendicular, although many men are born upright." Writers like myself, who have been involved in some personal way with their subject, owe it to their readers to disclose this. And I did so. I noted right at the outset of the book that my research was carried

out under the auspices of the Union of Concerned Scientists, and before the section of the book dealing with the AEC hearings I explicitly described my personal involvement in this litigation. Wilson gave the impression that he was revealing some hidden facts about my background, and he did not bother to say that I myself told readers all of this, and more.

Professor Wilson was also a participant in those AEC hearings—needless to say, not on the same side as I was. Yet he did not think it necessary to mention that in his review. This is ironic behavior on the part of someone stressing the issue of possible bias. Wilson also did not think it worth noting that he has worked as a consultant to the nuclear industry. Moreover, although he undertook to review a book that criticizes the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, his sense of possible conflict of interest was not so acute that he saw fit to disclose that he was serving as the chairman of a study committee funded by that federal agency. Wilson has a right to comment on my book, to be sure, but he should have done so under his true flag. He should not have presented himself as an outside commentator on the nuclear-power debate.

As to the review's particular allegations about my reporting methods, anyone who reads the book will see that Wilson's charges can be readily dismissed. One of the supposedly clear-cut examples that Wilson gave of reporting negative but not positive evidence involved a 1978 report to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. Wilson excerpted parts of it in his review, adding, "Ford does not quote these positive statements. . . ." Yet on page 171 of the book I quoted almost verbatim one of the very statements Wilson said I did *not* quote. In addition, in the preceding pages of the book I went into the background of the 1978 report and cited interviews with officials who explained why both positive and negative statements were made. If Wilson had grounds to question my interpretation of the 1978 report, it would have been proper for him to have presented them. But it was wrong for him to assert that I simply omitted relevant material contained in it. One is led to wonder whether Wilson carefully read

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the book he claimed to be reviewing.

It was likewise incorrect—indeed it was pure invention—to charge me with omitting relevant technical information about the Three Mile Island accident. Wilson's review stated, "Ford makes much of the fact that at Three Mile Island a large fraction of the gases krypton and xenon escaped, but he does not say that these are inert and not as hazardous to human health as other radioactive gases are." Actually, I did not "make much" of this "fact." I did not make anything of it. There was no reference whatsoever in *The Cult of the Atom* to the escape of krypton or xenon during that March, 1979, mishap.

Equally unfounded was the review's claim that I presented a "caricature" of nuclear scientists, engineers, and regulators "as bumbling oafs" in order to prove "that reactors are dangerous." Much of the book, far from denigrating the work of nuclear scientists, was devoted to showing that there were scores of dedicated AEC scientists who provided the AEC with cogent studies on reactor-safety problems. I carefully pointed out, moreover, that even though the scientists raised safety concerns, they thought there were technical solutions. "They found no reason, in principle, why adequately safe nuclear plants could not be built," I wrote in the foreword to the book. Wilson mistakenly described the book as an unrelievedly pessimistic attack on nuclear-plant safety.

However numerous the misstatements of fact in Wilson's review, I can make no complaint about the title that was given to it. "Loose Talk About Nuclear Power" is certainly apt, if not in the sense that Wilson intended.

DANIEL F. FORD
Cambridge, Mass.

Richard Wilson replies:

When editors make suggestions to writers, they are usually accepted. Thus when an editor of *The Atlantic* suggested that I make the introduction to my critique more emphatic by saying that in the nuclear debate "technical information . . . has in fact been subtly—or not so subtly—manipulated," I agreed with the editor's request.

Ford did make much of the Three Mile Island accident, though he did not mention the escape of krypton and xenon. The statement to the contrary came when an editor ran sentences together. I have the editor's apology for this, which I pass on.

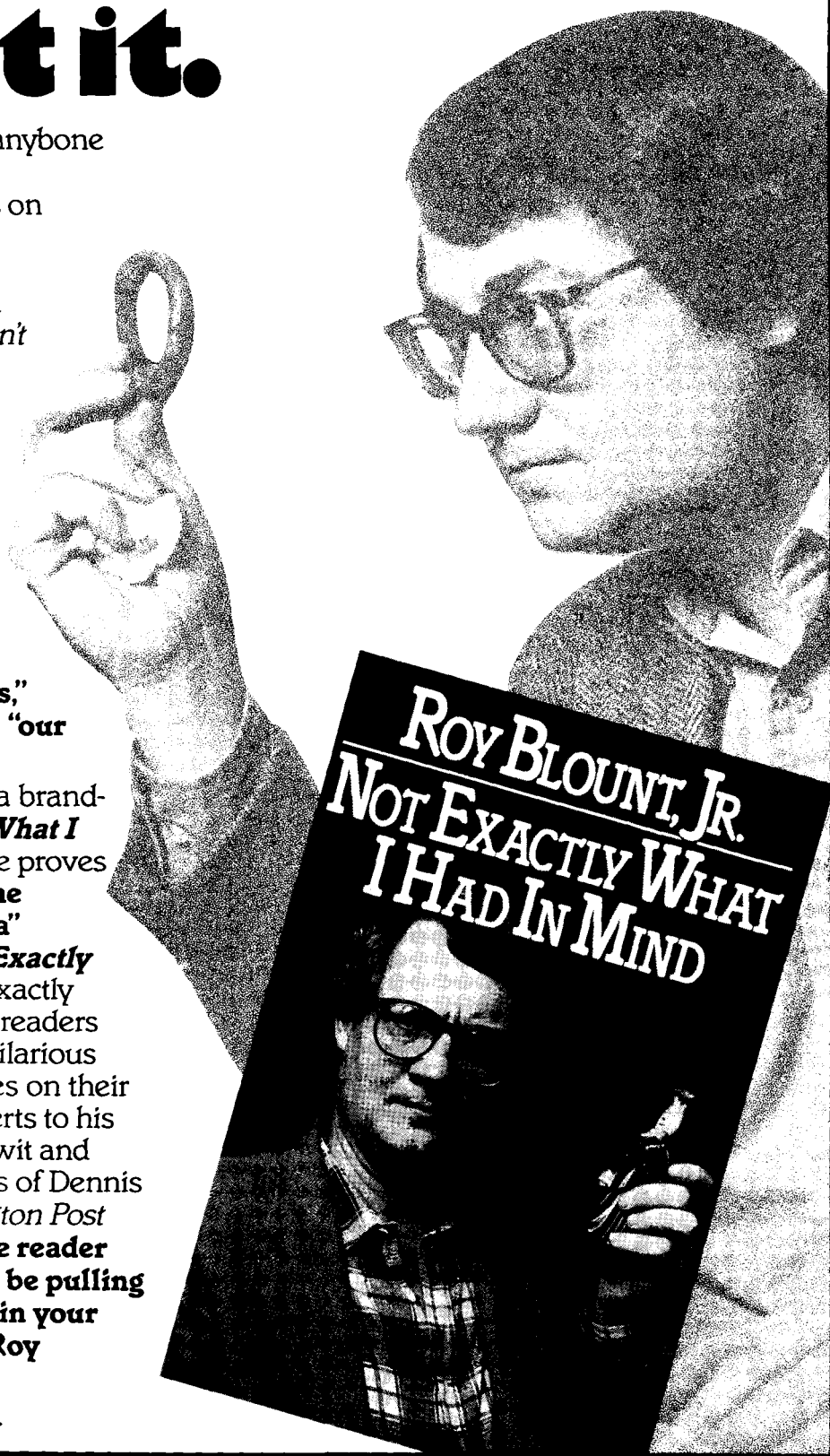
Let's be Blount about it.

He's tickled America's funnybone with his columns in *The Atlantic*, his appearances on "The Prairie Home Companion" and the "Tonight" Show, and with books like *What Men Don't Tell Women*. Garrison Keillor confesses that **"Roy Blount's stuff makes me laugh so hard, sometimes I have to sit in a room and shut the door."**

Time places him "in the tradition of the great curmudgeons like H.L. Mencken and W.C. Fields," and *Playboy* hails him as "our next Mark Twain."

Now Roy Blount, Jr. has a brand-new book, ***Not Exactly What I Had In Mind***, in which he proves again that he is "one of the funniest men in America" (George V. Higgins). ***Not Exactly What I Had In Mind*** is exactly what Roy's army of loyal readers have in mind—over 30 hilarious pieces that will put smiles on their faces and win new converts to his inimitable brand of wry wit and wise humor. In the words of Dennis Drabelle of *The Washington Post Book World*, it "leaves the reader athirst for more... You'd be pulling off a major stunt to hold in your laughter while reading Roy Blount."

And that's the blunt truth.



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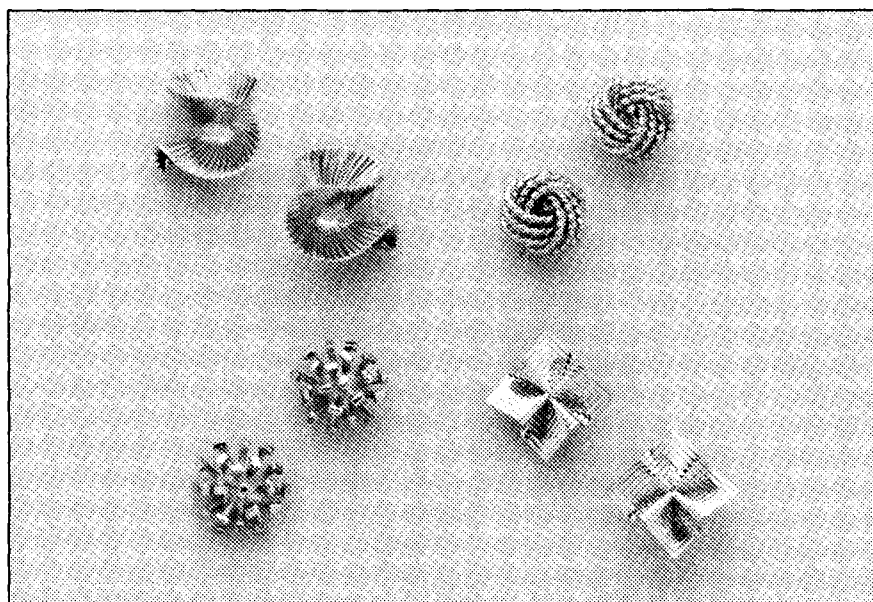


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Ford on page 171 of his book indeed quoted two positive words—"substantial advance"—from the Lewis report, but he inverted their meaning by adding at the end of the sentence five words of his own: "The Reactor Safety Study was a 'substantial advance' over previous attempts to estimate nuclear plant risks, the group concluded, but it did not succeed."

A number of persons who have read Mr. Ford's book agree with me that his description of scientists, engineers, and regulators is a "caricature." My personal acquaintance with many of those in the Atomic Energy Commission who made decisions at the time shows them to be as dedicated as anyone. If Mr. Ford now agrees, I am delighted.

It is not usual for a review to include the reviewer's complete curriculum vitae or a publications list. In my case it would be as long as the review. But since Ford raises the issue, the information might as well be correct. It is true that for one day I was a technical interrogator for the State of Maine in the multi-sided 1972-1973 hearings, but the State of Maine was not opposed to Mr. Ford. I have lectured and written extensively on energy issues, including nuclear energy, at Harvard and worldwide. I have on occasion been paid by the same public-relations firm that has paid Mr. Ford. The only time I was a consultant to a company in the nuclear industry was when the New York Power Authority asked me to prepare testimony for the Indian Point Hearings. The NYPA did not like what I wrote and the testimony was never presented.

After the review was written, I was asked by the president of the American Physical Society to be the chairman of a Study Group on Radionuclide Release from Severe Accidents at Nuclear Power Plants. This study, funded, it is true, by the NRC, was approved by the Council of the Society and released on February 21 of this year. It was published in full in the July, 1985, issue of *Reviews of Modern Physics*. The members of the study group agreed unanimously to the report, whose biases I will leave it to readers to discern.

If the review of Mr. Ford's book implied that Mr. Ford was ill informed or deceptive in his discussion of atomic energy, we regret it. We did not intend to convey such an impression of Mr. Ford.

THE EDITORS

DECEMBER 1985

ON NOBLE TRUTHS

Jack Beatty makes an important point with his "Two Cheers for Hypocrisy" (October *Atlantic*)—that we, the citizenry, need something uplifting from our national leaders to "keep us from gagging on the truth." He supported his point with Plato: "The polis needs 'noble lies' to secure belief."

We do need, desperately, to believe that there is a measure of nobility and virtue in what our government is doing for us and in our name. We do need noble lies in a time when there seem to be few noble truths.

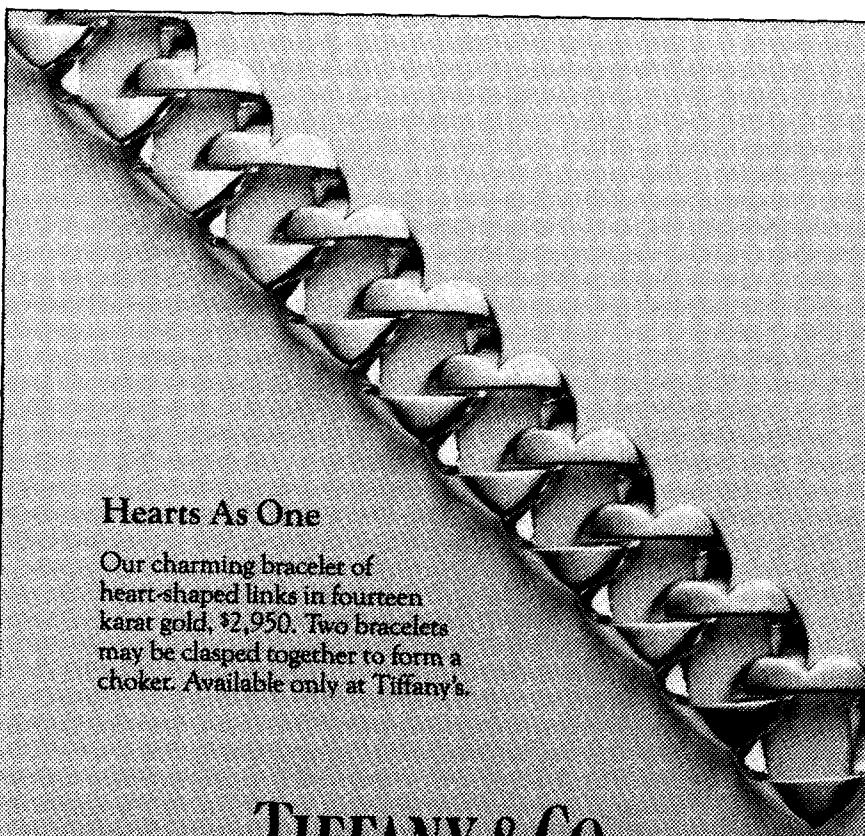
Juvenal, in Rome some 500 years later, could also have been called upon. "*Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus*," he wrote: "Virtue is the true and only nobility." His thesis was that the Roman nobles then running things displayed little virtue, so their nobility (in truth or lies) was suspect. Certainly, the lies they told the populace were "noble" by source only and did nothing to secure belief; the free food and circuses did that.

Neither Plato nor Juvenal would agree, however, with Mr. Beatty's belief that it was corrosive of public trust for an unnamed congressman to admit, truthfully, that self-serving motives were behind his vote supporting aid for Nicaraguan rebels (he wanted to display an anti-Communist image to aid support for his own re-election); they would not agree that it would have been "less contemptible" for the congressman to lie—"to cast such a vote in the spirit of 'We do this evil that good may come,' " to dress his vote in noble and virtuous anti-Communist principles with which the public would supposedly identify.

Lies of that kind would not meet Plato's standard for nobility, and Juvenal would see the congressman as cast in the same mold as his un noble nobles. Virtue, when there is any at all to be awarded, will always go to a truth, however caustic, if the substituted lie bears no trace of nobility whatsoever.

RICHARD PHENIX
Greenfield, N.H.

I am hardly an expert on Plato, yet I have a hard time understanding Jack Beatty's use of the philosopher's concept of "noble lies" to justify political cynicism. I had the impression that the concept was intended to maintain citizens' faith in the basic origins and purposes of society, rather than to supply ad hoc reasons for specific policy decisions.



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Perhaps Beatty meant to say that in the kind of society we would prefer to have, it would be unthinkable for a politician to make such a nakedly selfish and amoral statement. What he might have said is that moral rhetoric has the long-run value, even if it is used falsely, of keeping our attention focused on the life-or-death importance of decisions such as to destroy another country.

The long-term value of the congressman's statement, on the other hand, is that it focuses attention on the significant fact that what little foreign-policy influence Congress possesses, in terms of providing an open, reasoned forum to debate complex issues like Central America, is being swept away in a tide of right-wing hysteria. If we, the public, learn that such problems have dimensions other than left/right, good/evil, then we will have moved closer to the kind of good society Beatty and the rest of us long for.

JAMES E. SMITH
Atlanta, Georgia

SUGAR AND HEALTH

Ellen Ruppel Shell's article "Sweetness and Health" (August *Atlantic*) is almost as misleading in regard to sugar as the health-food-faddist stance. She leaves out important facts.

Ms. Shell acknowledges that sugar causes dental caries, but sugar also causes dental plaque, which can result in dental disease and total loss of teeth. Excess sugar (that is, glucose) is stored in the body as fat, which undisputably contributes to obesity. Ms. Shell mentions that fat is the problem, not sugar, but sugar results in fat formation. Obesity is directly related to diabetes and heart disease. Though the cause of diabetes varies and its exact etiology is unknown, it is *controlled* by a diet low in glucose and its relative sucrose. Additionally, high sugar intake by children has been linked to early development of schizophrenia, certainly a more serious disorder than hyperactivity.

Ms. Shell attacks aspartame because it contains phenylalanine, an amino acid. She implies, but fails to state specifically, that PKU, a disease of infants who cannot metabolize phenylalanine, is outgrown. These children are given a special diet low in phenylalanine until they are five or six years old. Mothers are quite aware of diet restrictions for this easily detected disease. Only one

birth in 15,000 results in an infant without the enzyme that is necessary to metabolize this amino acid. That means that only 200 newborns a year have PKU in the United States. If there are four million PKU carriers, as Ms. Shell states, then surely the tendency for the disease must be quite recessive, genetically speaking.

On the other hand, there are 5,657,000 diabetics in the United States today (*U.S. Statistical Abstract, 1985*). Symptoms of diabetes are headache, dizziness, and mood changes, the same *subjective* symptoms reported by aspartame users, according to the article. Diabetics also suffer from degenerative organ changes and from impaired circulation and its attendant complications. These are not subjective symptoms. And what normal person has not felt the sugar "rush" and "crash" after heavy sugar intake?

The most astounding misrepresentation in the article is the statement that fruit, which contains natural sugars, causes as much tooth decay as food containing refined sugar. Ms. Shell does pick the fruits with the highest sugar content. But how many fresh figs a year does the average person eat? And dehydrated fruit is known to be high in sugar content. Generally, fruit has an inhibiting effect on tooth decay, especially such fruits as grapes (containing tartaric acid); berries, pears, and pineapples (containing citric acid); and apples, bananas, and plums (containing malic acid). An additional advantage that some fruits, such as pears, have in the diet is that they contain their sugar in an alcohol form that is not metabolized by the body and thus does not affect blood-sugar levels. The sugar alcohol is sorbitol, used commercially as a non-caloric sweetener.

PATRICIA MCCROY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ellen Ruppel Shell replies:

No conclusive evidence shows that sugar consumption contributes to obesity, and we have no proof that people who consume above-average amounts of sugar are any fatter than their more abstemious counterparts. Excess calories from any source are unquestionably stored in the body as fat; my point is that sugar consumption is no more likely to result in the storage—or buildup—of fat than the consumption of other carbohydrates or protein. Fat has more than twice the calories per ounce of sugar; thus the consumption of a given weight

of excess fat will result in more than twice the buildup of fatty deposits in the body that the consumption of an equal quantity of sugar would cause.

Certainly, diabetics must control their consumption of glucose, which has a direct effect on their blood-sugar levels. However, table sugar, or sucrose, is made of one unit of fructose and one unit of glucose, and does not have the large and immediate effect on blood sugar that Ms. McCroy implies. Fructose, which has little effect on blood-sugar levels, mediates the impact of sucrose. Recent research has shown that some starchy foods, among them potatoes, contain carbohydrates that are broken down in the body into glucose molecules, which actually raise blood-sugar levels more quickly and more dramatically than such high-sucrose foods as ice cream. Diabetics must carefully control their consumption of all carbohydrates, not just sucrose. Aspartame is not crucial to the control of diabetes, nor does sucrose in itself contribute to the problem.

I henylketonuria (PKU) is a rare disease caused by a recessive gene in the homozygous condition. Recessiveness is an absolute quality—one gene is not more recessive than another; a gene simply is or is not recessive. Between four and eight million people carry one PKU gene and do not exhibit the disease, though they may have a particular sensitivity to phenylalanine. Aspartame, which contains phenylalanine, may cause a variety of symptoms in these people, ranging from headaches to seizures, and such symptoms have been reported. Of even more concern, however, is the consumption of large quantities of aspartame by pregnant women who are also carriers of one PKU gene. Women in this category who consume large amounts of aspartame may well endanger their unborn children by exposing them to large amounts of unmetabolized phenylalanine, which, according to some scientists, may lower the children's IQs by as much as fifteen points.

The sugar "high" has never been documented experimentally. In fact sugar, like all carbohydrates, appears to have a calming effect on human beings. Nor has a link between sugar consumption and schizophrenia been scientifically established.

I did not say that fruit causes as much tooth decay as foods containing refined sugar or sucrose; clearly, the amount of decay caused by each type of food is pro-



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RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

The Other Deficit

A lot has been written about America's chronic federal budget deficit and its implications for the nation's economic future. But there's another deficit that's equally alarming. And it's not talked about as much as it should be. It's the U.S. trade deficit.

Beginning in 1893, and continuing every year since then for 77 years in a row, the United States enjoyed a surplus in its merchandise trade with the rest of the world.

Then came 1971.

That was the first year in this century that the U.S. had a merchandise trade deficit. It was \$2.2 billion, an amount that seems slight in retrospect. For it rose to \$28 billion in 1981. And last year it took a quantum jump to \$111 billion. This year, 1985, will be the 10th in a row in which the United States will run a merchandise trade deficit. The amount may well be in excess of \$160 billion.

No other nation has ever had merchandise trade deficits of this magnitude. And what has happened so far may be but the tip of the iceberg.

America has the richest and largest economy in the world. Yet it has a merchandise trade deficit with Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, Europe's four largest economies; with its neighbors of Canada and Mexico; with Japan; and even with such newly industrialized countries as Brazil, Singapore, and Korea.

Why is America's foreign trade position deteriorating so?

Some say it's all the fault of the dollar. True, the high value of the dollar

in foreign exchange markets makes imports more attractive and American exports less attractive. But when the dollar was weak America still had a huge trade problem. Few believe the problem will disappear when the dollar again becomes weak.

Some complain that America is being victimized by the unfair trade practices of other nations. There is validity in this complaint, too, but it fails to explain why America has trade problems with countries that have not erected high import barriers.

Some blame America's budget deficit and the historically high interest rates it has produced. Yet these rates have come down somewhat while the merchandise trade deficit has gone up.

All these reasons are incomplete. We are experiencing the globalization of the international economy. The distinction between importing-competing and exporting-competing industries is blurring. Foreign-based companies are doing more than exporting to America. They're investing here and manufacturing here as well. American companies need to do the same abroad if they want to remain competitive in world markets.

The way to greater market presence is through sharing technologies, entering into joint ventures and co-production agreements, and forging partnerships that cross national borders. Foreign-based manufacturers recognize the significance of the global economy. American manufacturers need to do the same if the country hopes someday to see its merchandise trade in balance.



**UNITED
TECHNOLOGIES**

portional to the amount consumed. Sticky foods such as figs, raisins, and bananas tend to remain on the teeth longer than, for example, a sugary soft drink, and thus are thought to pose a greater danger to the teeth. In addition, according to the American Dental Association, the acids Ms. McCroy mentions do not protect against but actually contribute to tooth decay. The acid leaches calcium from the teeth, making them more vulnerable to decay. Fruit, like any carbohydrate, is food for the bacteria that cause tooth decay, and fructose, or fruit sugar, appears to be as damaging to the teeth as sucrose. However, people who confine their eating to mealtimes have less tooth decay than those who snack—the frequency of carbohydrate consumption, rather than the quantity consumed at a sitting, seems to have the biggest impact on dental decay.

Sorbitol, a sugar alcohol that appears naturally in such foods as berries, apples, molasses, and cherries, is not a low-calorie sweetener. It contains as many calories per gram as sucrose and is only 60 percent as sweet; therefore more sorbitol, and more calories from sorbitol, are needed to attain the sweetness of any given quantity of sucrose. Sorbitol is never converted into glucose and thus has no measurable effect on blood-sugar levels. However, it is not considered an acceptable substitute for sucrose because it has a cathartic effect on many people.

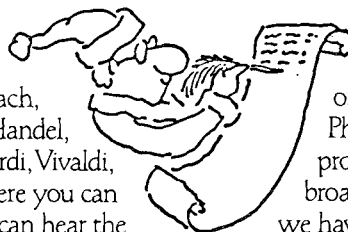
Refined sugar should be used as a flavoring, not as a major dietary component. The question is whether to flavor one's food with sugar, which is known to contribute to tooth decay, or with aspartame, a chemical with potentially disastrous long-range effects.

WORDS' WORTH

James Fallows, in his article "Software Successors" (October *Atlantic*), cites a "minor problem" in WordPerfect: "As far as it is concerned, *ar*, *fallot*, and *ostalgia* are all real words."

As far as *Dorland's Illustrated Medical Dictionary*, 26th edition, is concerned, all of them are, in fact, real words. Bearing in mind that computers are not good at distinguishing capitals and lower case in their thought processes, we seek and find *Ar* as the symbol for argon and *Fallot* as a proper name (Etienne-Louis Arthur Fallot, a French physician best remembered now for having described the te-

Christmas Liszt



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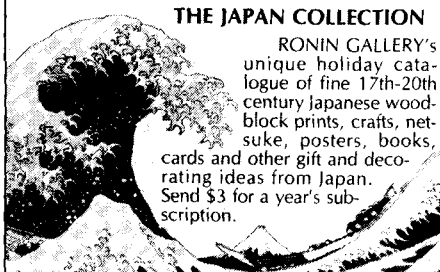
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tralogy of Fallot, a complex form of congenital heart disease). *Ostealgia* is a variant of *ostealgia*, bone pain. I note that *ar* is in Webster's *Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary* also, as a rendering of "the letter r."

JAMES RANSOM
Editor, *Lange Medical Publications*
Los Altos, Calif.

James Fallowes replies:

The next time I write about noble gases or about orthographic eccentricities in descriptions of bone pain, I'll be in great shape.

ATOMIC AFTERMATH

"Atomic Tourism" (September *Atlantic*) is disturbing but, to me, not for the reasons that the author, Jim Shepard, intended. Tourism will simply not be possible after an exchange of nuclear weapons.

Findings published this fall by a group of more than a hundred scientists worldwide make it clear that the long-term, indirect effects of nuclear exchange would be far more devastating than the direct effects from the initial explosions. The initial blast would indeed vaporize people and reduce cities to rubble, as Shepard's story implies; some 100 million Americans would die immediately. But in addition, fires started by the explosions would engulf cities such as Tallahassee and Atlanta, sending some 180 metric tons of sooty smoke into the upper atmosphere. This smoke could block more than 96 percent of the sunlight normally reaching the earth's surface and reduce seasonal temperatures by ten to thirty degrees Celsius.

Such a nuclear winter and the atmospheric upsets it would engender—which could last from months to years (see the November, 1984, *Atlantic*)—would destroy food production in the United States during the year of the war. Moreover, the commercial networks modern society depends on so heavily for food, gasoline, and medicines would be severely crippled or eliminated. Even though the United States has enough food stored to last its population more than a year under optimal distribution conditions, there would be little chance that that food would get to survivors.

In contrast to Shepard's scenario, Coors would not get to stores, gasoline to gas pumps, Airstreams to dealers. Amanda and Tinderlee would not be

traveling in the sun, for it would be obscured and the air would be freezing. They would be sick not from rems and rads but, rather, from starvation.

DR. ELLEN W. CHU
Editor, Bioscience
American Institute of Biological Sciences
Washington, D.C.

Jim Shepard replies:

I'm with Dr. Chu and the hundred scientists worldwide—I'm not sanguine about the possibilities of tourism following an all-out nuclear exchange either. I'm aware that I've allowed poor Tinderlee and Amanda a more benign post-nuclear environment than they could expect to face in the event of an actual war, and though I appreciate Dr. Chu's desire to take the occasion to get the word out, the story as I conceived it had more to do with our attitudes toward nuclear war than with the much debated effects of such a war.

THE AIDS CRISIS

Katie Leishman's October article "San Francisco: A Crisis in Public Health" is one of the most thoroughly researched and articulate pieces on AIDS I have yet seen in the national media. This is the kind of clear, factual, and objective reporting that is desperately needed to inform a still largely ignorant American public, including health-care professionals.

AIDS is a medical, social, and psychological phenomenon of staggering proportions, and the needs of people with this disease are overwhelming; treatment, counseling, support—not to mention hope for the future. Ms. Leishman renews my faith in good investigative journalism, and she does a great service to all who are suffering from the disease by telling it like it is.

CRAIG MACHADO
San Francisco, Calif.

Katie Leishman's article on AIDS is the most comprehensive and intelligent I have yet read. Any member of the heterosexual world who has been close to the suffering and death of gay friends who contracted the disease early in its history (even now it is still early) must realize that "There but for the grace of God go I" pertains here. The smugness of people who believe, because they and their children do not currently fall into one of the high-risk groups, that they are

safe from AIDS is almost as difficult to understand as the disease itself. This attitude is present at every social and economic level of society, and it is the kind of uninformed self-righteousness and denial that leads to the very worst sort of prejudice. It is to be hoped that one of the benefits of Ms. Leishman's article will be an awakening among heterosexuals who have thus far been spared direct experience with AIDS to the fact that it must not be thought of as something that happens only to somebody else. People who accept the realities of this disease now will find themselves better prepared to deal with AIDS as it begins to spread into the heterosexual community with increasing frequency in the years ahead.

NANCY WESTHEIMER
Lenox, Mass.

CORRECTIONS DEPARTMENT

Your essay "Wired to Music," by Lloyd Schwartz (October *Atlantic*), includes one small error. The Beethoven *Serioso* quartet referred to is not the "Opus 59 String Quartet" but Opus 95.

WILLIAM P. VOGEL, JR.
New York, N.Y.

Lloyd Schwartz replies:

Our attentive reader is correct. I apologize for transposing the numerals.

ADVICE & CONSENT

I did not write you in July, when you published a red-baiting, libelous letter ("Letters to the Editor," July *Atlantic*) attacking Anthony Burgess (who had reviewed for you my new book, *The Great Thoughts*) and my weekly *In Fact*. I use the word libelous on advice of my attorney. Despite this attack I still consider *The Atlantic* the number-one literary publication in America, and can only regret that it published this outrageous attack.

Ever since I published *In Fact*, 1940–1950, I have been the victim of alternately a series of libelous attacks and silence in the press. For decades no book of mine was reviewed in the leading newspaper in the country, by order of its managing editor. My then attorney, O. John Rogge, who incidentally was once assistant attorney-general of the United States and represented us at the Nuremberg trials, offered to sue scores of publi-

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STORMY WEATHER AHEAD FOR THE AUTOMATED OFFICE

In 1945, the U.S. Navy was putting the first digital computer through its paces. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the room-sized machine broke down. After a long search, technicians discovered the cause. Deep within the machine, crushed between the points of a relay, was a moth.

"Bugs" have bedeviled Computer Man ever since.

Until recently, things were getting better every year. Each new generation of business machines has proved more reliable than the last.

Yet, for all this progress, the business that trusts its affairs to computers may

—continued on next page—

— continued from preceding page —

be more at risk today than at any time in the last 40 years.

The rise of office-wide and company-wide systems is changing the arithmetic of risk. The number and variety of devices now being installed multiply the chances that, on any given day, *something* will fail.

More disturbing: *business machines no longer fail alone.*

The "why" of this will be familiar if you ever struggled with those old-fashioned Christmas lights: one bad bulb and the whole string went dark. In an office system, each "bulb" is likely to be a \$10,000 business machine. And the "string," a maze of cables and

fiber optics stretching (literally) all over the map.

What's to be done? Must whole companies now be hostage to the performance of machines? Below, AT&T digs into the issues and finds reason for optimism—as well as alarm.



BLOOD. Any company whose life's blood pumps through a computer is going to want some sort of backup. A count of America's business machines would turn up thousands of devices whose sole job is to sit and wait.

All this duplication does as much to enrich hardware vendors as it does to protect system users.

By contrast, the gospel according

to AT&T is "*communication, not duplication!*" In AT&T's world, information is portable. Our stock in trade are networks that can be instantly reconfigured to shift the burden of a downed computer to another device whose day-to-day chores are less immediate.

Like cast members in a Broadway show, the devices in such a system are capable of stepping into each other's roles at a moment's notice.

By no coincidence at all, the same AT&T networks that permit you to work around a problem can *prevent* most problems in the first place.

Remote sensing devices can now monitor the health of entire office systems around the clock from AT&T command posts miles away.

So sensitive are these probes that they can spotlight malfunctions in the making within individual machines—usually before the users themselves are aware of anything wrong.

These same probes also serve as *tools*. In AT&T's world, some 40% to 50% of all repairs can be made without a service call. Those are "real world" figures: AT&T now stands watch over 35,000 systems.



HITCH. The hitch in all this is that few companies live in an all-AT&T world. Few live in an all-*anything* world. More and more of today's office systems rest on a fragile ecology of devices from *many* vendors.

Vendor A may know his own stuff inside out. Ditto for Vendor B. But when your system depends on a whole alphabet of vendors, who do you call? Who's accountable?

That was precisely the question a

*For all this progress,
the business that trusts its
affairs to computers may be more
at risk today than at any time
in the last 40 years.*

“

*Vendor A may know
his own stuff inside out. Ditto
for Vendor B. But when your system
depends on a whole alphabet of
vendors, who do you call?
Who's accountable?*

”

major electronics firm put to AT&T last winter. This company had built up data and communications networks using lines and equipment from 7 vendors, including some of AT&T's chief rivals.

What the company wanted was one vendor that would stand accountable for the workings of every line and every switch they owned in 48 states.

Would AT&T take the job?

As a service company, we're moving in that direction, but there are limits to what any company can promise where others' products are involved. We are judged by the promises we *keep*.

AT&T's proposal: a trial marriage. We'd start small, get it right, and

expand from there. In this case, "starting small" meant across-the-board responsibility for systems at 50 sites in 16 states.

Today, as far as the electronics firm is concerned, it is AT&T's job to watchdog the performance of all these systems. When trouble knocks, it is now AT&T's job to pinpoint the fault, and to orchestrate the efforts of other vendors to put things right.

One AT&T-er sums up the complex logistics this way: "When a customer has one number to call — no matter when, no matter what — you'd better be ready to jump."

Free Offer: How does AT&T (or any vendor) work in harness with a com-

petitor? A recent AT&T/Hewlett-Packard white paper offers an inside look at the issues, the pitfalls, and the keys to success. For a free copy, please telephone 1 800 247-1212. Or you may write Mr. Dale Hegstrom, AT&T Information Systems, P.O. Box 1405, Morristown, NJ 07960-1405.



JEANS. AT&T now serves 7 million business customers. Some wear pinstripes, some wear jeans. They are a cross section of American business.

The biggest have more computers and communications gear than many *governments*.

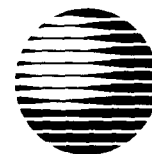
It is these big companies who feel most keenly the lack of integrated service and support. They expect us to lead the charge to fill this void.

They see it as part of our job.

Meanwhile, we have customers who have yet to buy their first PCs. For them, we are a telephone, an Operator's voice, and someone to call "in case." (AT&T service technicians aren't drawn from a hat. Like neighborhood cops, each one patrols a particular business beat.)

Small or large, no two of our customers are exactly the same.

Our job is to be there. No matter who calls. No matter when. No matter what. We're AT&T.



AT&T

The right choice.

cations for libel, he would charge me nothing, but warned me that a poor man has no chance in a libel suit—the costs would bankrupt him even if his attorney charged him nothing.

Eventually, a hundred writers were called before the McCarthy committee. All who were Communists or refused to swear they were not or who pleaded the Fifth Amendment were held for public hearing. On the day of my private hearing McCarthy emerged from chambers and told the U.S. press, "Rockwell Kent is held for public hearing tomorrow; Seldes is cleared." Not one newspaper in America, most of them guilty of red-baiting me, published the McCarthy statement. (I still wonder if there are three writers in America who can say they were cleared by the notorious Joe McCarthy.)

Your correspondent called *In Fact* a "scurrilous sheet." My weekly was founded with an advance subscription list of 6,000 members of the CIO, and when it had 176,000 readers, at least one third of them were CIO members. We published the news about the CIO, which the press in general suppressed. If not for Pearl Harbor, I would have addressed the next national convention of the CIO, under the sponsorship of George Addes, of the United Autoworkers Union, with a plan to make *In Fact* first a national CIO weekly and later a national daily paper, supported openly, of course, by the CIO.

Because it was the McCarthy era, I could not publish the names of all who supplied my items (something that your letter writer apparently found scurrilous). To date I have divulged only the names of those no longer living. For example, my Washington correspondents included Drew Pearson and Quentin Reynolds. The Hearst man who sent me several of the secret "Chief Says" orders from Hearst on crooking and faking the news was a much younger man; I hope he is alive, and I will not divulge his name. Of the twenty or more senators who subscribed and sent me items to publish, one became President; his name was Harry S. Truman. Another became a justice of the Supreme Court; his name was Sherman Minton. Many *In Fact* items were inserted in the *Congressional Record* by Representatives Sabath and Cellar; altogether, I had at least fifty subscribers in the House.

In Fact was destroyed by red-baiting, by scurrilous and false reports much worse than those resurrected by your

July correspondent. And you must realize that my record was thoroughly examined before I received the 1980 "annual award for professional excellence" from the Association for Education in Journalism, the Polk Award in 1981, and, in 1982, the Sigma Delta Chi award of the Society of Professional Journalists, via Temple University.

GEORGE SELDES
Windsor, Vt.

Ned Ludd was said to be feeble-minded, an assertion that Michael Sragow certainly would have us believe of Rambo ("Heroes We Don't Deserve," October *Atlantic*). Like the namesake of the Luddites, Rambo has provided a rallying name—to those who believe, to use Sragow's apt words, that "gutless bureaucrats" let Nixon and Kissinger run out on many captive Americans held in Southeast Asia. As a combat veteran, I am genuinely embarrassed by the Rambo faction, but I will not ignore overwhelming evidence of abandoned POWs merely because I fear being associated with the ludicrous pop-action-hero imagery.

I don't argue with the criticism that Rambo's "back-stabbing" theory of why our side lost in Vietnam is simple-minded, but why does that so easily convince old anti-warhorses that the POW theme is a fantasy? Rambo may be simple, even downright stupid, but in the new mythology, as in the Luddite resistance, there is an important element of accuracy in the suffering and injustice alluded to. Like the Cotton Lords of Lancashire, some Americans prefer to keep their ears stuffed and their eyes sealed from the consequences of the unexamined employment of machinery.

MICHAEL CARON
*Director, Project Prairie Fire
for POW Freedom
Lawrence, Kans.*

Ernst Havemann's "Death of the Nation" (October *Atlantic*) is the best fiction *The Atlantic* has carried since the frequent appearances a few years back of Ellen Gilchrist and Bobbie Ann Mason. Please take advantage of Mr. Havemann's "retirement" to win more such skillful stories out of him.

JEFFREY S. WOOD
Gettysburg, Pa.

As an American-born, latter-day-be-gun student of the Irish language, I was encouraged and delighted by Cullen

Murphy's article on that subject in your September issue ("Language: The Irish Question"). After several stays as a summer student of the language in various *Gaeltachtaí*, I too have come to expect the future of Irish to lie outside the traditionally Irish-speaking areas of the country.

However, to the middle-class and upper-middle-class areas of south Dublin mentioned by Mr. Murphy I would add some locations where Irish is staging an unexpected comeback. There is an interview in the current number of *An Gael*, a publication of the Irish Arts Center, in New York, with Bernadette Devlin McAlisky, in which she draws attention to the intense interest among the nationalist community of northeastern Ireland, especially Belfast, in fostering Irish. Indeed, Mrs. McAlisky would see the future of Irish among the nationalists of the north rather than in the state-supported programs of the south, because of what she sees as the political role the language plays there.

In neighborhoods of Dublin quite different from those mentioned by Cullen Murphy, working-class areas like Inchicore and Ballymun, the people, through lobbying and sit-ins, have forced the government to create all-Irish schools. One might ask what people of the inner-city ghetto hope to gain from the study of Irish. There the language seems to function as a social protest against the cosmopolitan features of the ruling classes today, very much as Irish nationalism seemed a hopeful foundation for a new society to a socialist and nationalist like James Connolly back at the turn of the century.

To these foci of the new enthusiasm for the Irish language might be added cultural groups in large market towns like Carlow and Tullamore, and the phenomenon of thousands of Americans who in the past ten years have rushed to Irish study both here and in Ireland.

All this considered, it is truly a strange fate for a language that just a short time ago seemed to be without a future.

JOHN F. WRYNN
*Saint Peter's College
Jersey City, N.J.*

In high school I read a lot of Russian literature, most of which I found boring and unnecessarily long and detailed. But "House" (September *Atlantic*) makes *War and Peace* seem short and lively.

KAREN PITCAVAGE
El Paso, Tex.

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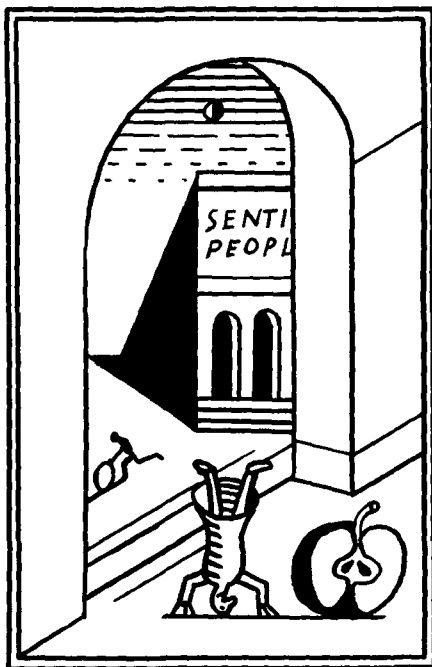
NOTES

A HANDLE ON THE NEWS

You ought to be ironical the minute you get out of bed.

—Ernest Hemingway, *The Sun Also Rises*

I THOUGHT OF THIS line from Hemingway one day recently when I found myself having to be ironical the minute I got out of bed. The news was making me feel that way—specifically, a report on National Public Radio that began with the question, Does an apple a day cause cancer? and went on to tell of Alar, a growth regulator widely used in arboriculture. More than likely, Alar is in the red apples you bought last week, and in

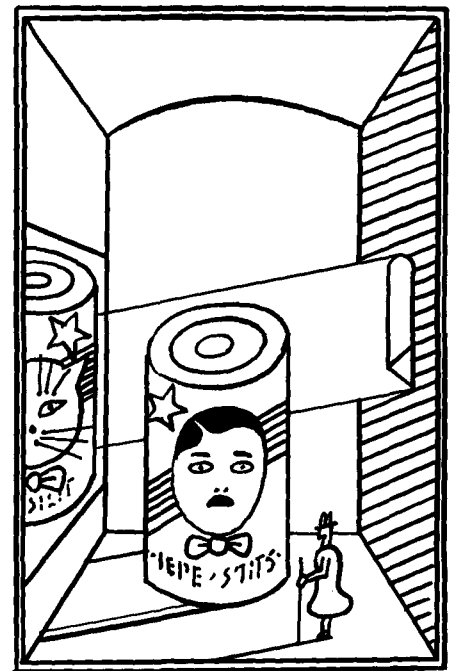


the applesauce and apple juice, as well. It may soon be banned by the Environmental Protection Agency, because it has been found to cause virulent cancers in laboratory mice.

I was still reeling from that dose of irony when I picked up the morning paper. "KHMER REBELS SAY POL POT IS RETIRING," a headline announced. According to the story underneath, the regime of "Mr. Pol Pot" in Cambodia "was marked by a reign of terror . . . that left as many as two million people dead. . . ." Since Cambodia had a population of only seven and a half million people when Pol Pot came to power, in 1975, his record makes him one of history's most dedicated mass murderers. Now, like any businessman or ballplayer, he is retiring—hanging up the old butcher knife after a career of carnage. Forty years ago the headline might have been "NAZIS SAY HITLER IS RETIRING."

By this point a smirk had stolen over my face. It bade fair to stay there permanently after my next brush with irony. This came when I noticed a picture of Tomás Borge under my coffee cup. Borge is Nicaragua's minister of the interior, and according to everything one reads about him, he is the most sinister of the five Sandinista *comandantes* who rule the country. In the article beneath the picture I learned that "Mr. Borge" had recently told a conservative member of the National Assembly that "within half an hour after the first American paratroopers land in Nicaragua, all the opposition leaders will be rounded up and killed." What, you might ask, is ironic about that? Nothing. The irony lay in the slogan Mr. Borge had caused to be painted on the wall of his ministry: "Sentinel of the People's Happiness." Orwell, I thought, thou shouldst be living at this hour!

—Jack Beatty



MARKETING

WHAT'S HOT, WHAT'S NOT

The difference between a successful product and a failed one is sometimes hard to discern

A NICE FROSTY CAN of Sweat would certainly taste good right now. That's Pocari Sweat, a popular Japanese soft drink. The naming of beverages is yet another area in which the United States lags behind Japan (where Sweat shares shelf space with Yogut, Sour White, and Fruit Calpis).

The can of Sweat that I am contemplating at the moment is not actually for sale. It is part of a display at the International Supermarket and Museum, in Na-

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ples, New York. The museum is the creation of Robert McMath, the chairman of Marketing Intelligence Service Ltd., a consulting outfit that tries to keep its clients abreast of worldwide developments in packaged goods. McMath is a tall, graying, good-natured man, who says that he sees about 70 percent of all the new products introduced in the United States each year. His museum (which is open only to MIS clients) is a sort of shrine to the best and worst in marketing.

"Being a Scotsman, I never throw anything away," McMath says. He means that literally. The museum, which is located in a restored nineteenth-century granary, looks like a cross between an art gallery and a grocery store. It displays about 5,000 items on a rotating basis. (McMath has tens of thousands of others stashed in another building.) Among them are disposable "denim" diapers, microwave browning spray, and bug-killing window cleaner from South Africa. McMath and his staff of twenty-one constitute a sort of Platonic ideal of unfettered consumption: simply not having something is enough to make them buy it.

The mainstay of MIS's business is *Product Alert*, a "weekly briefing on new product introductions throughout North America." The publication logs the arrival of new items and occasionally attempts to place them in a larger, historical perspective. When Struntzel Products, of Chicago, recently introduced a beverage called Watermelon Soda, *Product Alert* noted the existence of a precursor: "an old line of 'Mickey's Melon' soda using watermelon as the flavor—Mickey Rooney's favorite." MIS also publishes more-specialized reports and conducts seminars for clients. According to McMath, "A client will come to us and say, 'We want to know what's going on in the dry-mix business, not including baking mixes.' And we'll say, 'Okay, here are 2,000 different products from the last seventeen years.'" McMath's desk is invisible beneath a mountain of index cards. MIS's newest venture is CAT•TRACK, an ambitious service that employs a string of 250 free-lance shoppers to sleuth out interesting products in the United States and seventeen foreign countries. Swedish toilet-paper rolls, one learns, are among the largest in the world; Brazilian rolls are among the smallest.

The most arresting part of the museum is a section devoted not to new prod-

ucts but to failed ones. Eighty percent of all new products never make it past the test-market stage, McMath says, and some of the most forlorn losers end up on the shelves at MIS. One of McMath's personal favorites is Touch of Yogurt shampoo, a doomed extrapolation from the dairy case, but there are many runners-up: Gorilla Balls vitamin-enriched malt candy; I Hate Peas ("A Potato and Pea Recipe in French Fry Form"); AfroKola ("The Soul Drink[™]" and "The Taste of Freedom"); Nullo deodorant tablets; Yogurt Face & Body Powder ("contains a large amount of living yogurt culture and high quality smoothing ingredients"); Male Chauvinist "awfully arrogant aftershave" and "outrageously superior cologne"; Gimme Cucumber hair conditioner; Hair Trigger shampoo; Sillyclean mirror cleaner; Snack in the Mouth creamy freezer pops; Top Coverage hair-colored spray paint for bald spots (still sold to a loyal few); Northwoods Egg Coffee; Mister Meatloaf; Baker Tom's Baked Cat Food ("the *only* cat food that is actually baked in an oven the same way you bake at home").

In truth, the difference between a successful product and a failed one is sometimes difficult for a layman to discern. Coffee in tea bags failed; so did tea for instant coffee makers. Why didn't Chocolate Styling Gel? Why can you still buy I. T. cheese spray ("One can of 'instant taste' will flavor more popcorn than 4 lbs. of butter") but not Finger Frosting? The gods of marketing are fickle and inscrutable. I felt a small pang when I discovered a can of Silly String displayed ignobly among the losers. Silly String was a pink, extruded, plastic-y material that sprayed out of an aerosol can. You could sneak up behind your mother and blanket her with a great mantle of linguine-like bubble-gum-colored gunk. This is not possible anymore, although making Jiffy Pop is. Why?

Some failed products may have failed simply because their manufacturers didn't quite think them through. In the early 1970s Gerber guessed correctly that busy young adults would be attracted to foods that could be prepared in a hurry. But Gerber then made the fatal error of packaging its entry (Singles) in baby-food jars. The nation's singles, already grumpy about having no one to eat with, drew the line at dipping their spoons into tiny jars of creamed beef and Mediterranean vegetables. Pokems ("The neat drink in a bag," sold with its

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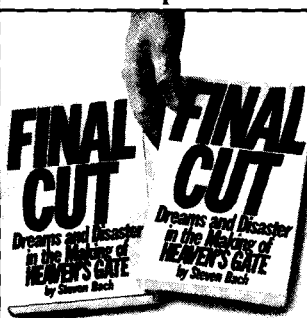
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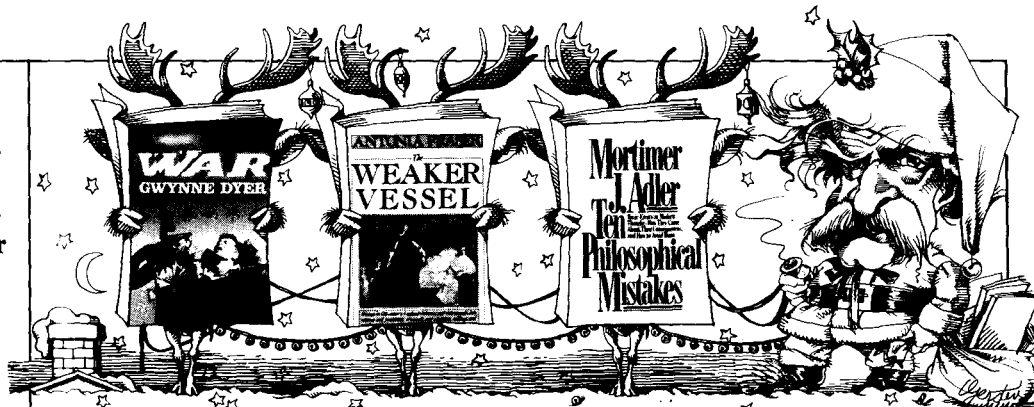
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own poking straw) looked an awful lot like those popular juice drinks that are being sold now in aseptic containers. But poking a Pokems was a bit like stabbing a water balloon. The promising new product soon went the way of Captain Cat cat-litter deodorant.

Other products disappeared no doubt because they didn't live up to the expectations they raised in the minds of consumers. Wine & Dine Dinners, instant meals packaged with their own miniature bottles of spiced and salted cooking wine, sold briskly to people who thought the wine was for drinking but who (*yuck! ptui!*) quickly discovered otherwise and never bought them again.

Walking through the aisles of failed products at the new-product museum, one quickly develops a sense of the implacable optimism at the heart of free enterprise. Parsnip Chips, Moonshine

Sippin' Citrus, Secret Valet Bathroom Deodorizer and Tissue Roll Holder—somebody once had high hopes for each of them, as high as Procter & Gamble's hopes for Pampers. Meetings were held, strategies were promulgated, consultants were consulted. The first cases rolled out with fanfare and enthusiasm, and—and nobody paid any attention.

Robert McMath's collection of failed products also makes it clear that American consumers have more self-control than is commonly assumed. For the most part, it is true, we buy what the people on television tell us to buy. But every now and then we rebel. When we were told to buy cheese-flavored cat food, we did. When we were told to buy cat food in numbered cans, we did. But when we were told to buy cat food that had been *baked*, we said, "Enough!"

—David Owen

linking arms outside the chamber entrance to prevent anyone from entering.

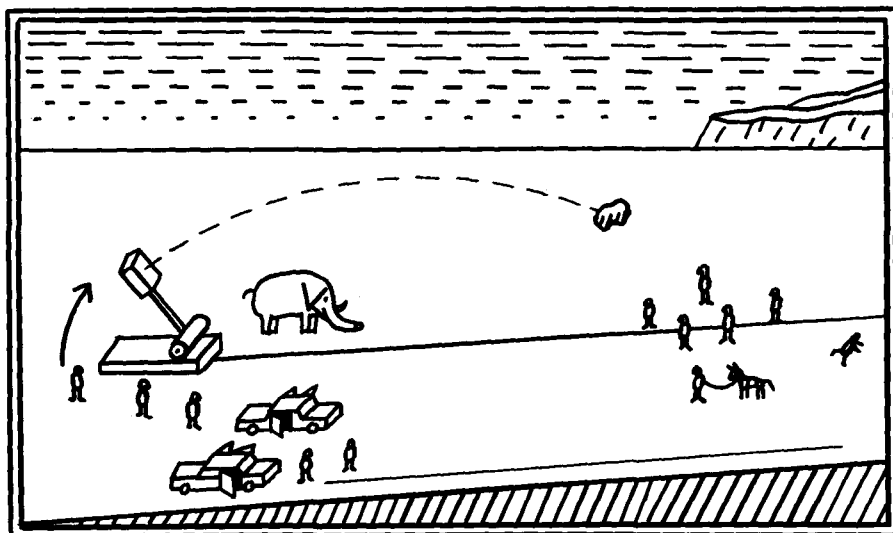
Passions quickly faded and cooler heads—aware of what anarchy in the House would do to the Reagan program—prevailed. The floor rhetoric died down, and the House began to work, slowly but somewhat harmoniously, on the agendas of the nation and the President. But under the surface the emotions and tensions lingered. They still do.

Just after the July 4 recess, as freshman Joe Barton was walking down the center aisle of the House to cast a vote, he found himself in the middle of an angry crossfire of epithets between Democrat Marty Russo, of Illinois, and Republican John McCain, of Arizona. Seven-letter profanities escalated to twelve-letter ones and then to pushes and shoves before the two were separated.

Russo and McCain were wrangling over bitter complaints from Republicans that they had been deliberately "short-counted" by the majority Democrats in the chair when they had asked for roll-call votes, an outrageous abuse of power which Democrats just as vehemently denied. Right before the July 4 break Dan Lungren, a Republican conservative, took to the floor to charge that Democratic Majority Leader Jim Wright had threatened to punch him and his colleague Bob Walker in the mouth when they complained about short-counting. Democrats previously had urged Bob Michel to curb his members' obstructionist tactics and rhetoric on the House floor.

Little incidents like these keep popping up. None is serious or approximates the real physical conflict that was common in Congress in the nineteenth century. But each verbal threat or physical confrontation underscores the deep and bitter partisan tension that permeates the House.

Republican Sherwood Boehlert, of New York, took to the floor after the Indiana election dispute to lament the problem. "Twenty-one years ago, in April, 1964," he said, "I came to this institution as a young staff member. There was a magic about the House, a real luster. But there has been a change. Somehow the magic is slowly evaporating. The luster is gradually tarnishing right before our own eyes. There is a dark cloud hanging over this chamber. The tolerance level is going down, down, and down. Motives are being questioned. Integrity is being challenged. Name-calling is rampant. Emotionalism



WASHINGTON MINORITY REPORT

*Ignored by their President, ill-used
by their Democratic colleagues,
House Republicans are in
a mutinous mood*

ON WEDNESDAY, May 1, the casual TV-channel-switcher who came across C-SPAN was treated to the closest thing to *Dallas* that public-affairs television has yet had. As the House of Representatives prepared to install Democrat Frank McCloskey in the disputed seat for the Eighth Congressional District of Indiana, Republican tempers boiled

over, and rank vitriol rose from the House floor, where exaggerated courtesies usually prevail. "You know how to win votes the old-fashioned way, Mr. Speaker," Bob McEwen, of Ohio, said. "You steal them." Georgia's Newt Gingrich accused the Democrats of having a "leadership of thugs." Other Republicans referred to their Democratic counterparts as "corrupt" and "rotten." The House Republican leader, Bob Michel, said, "Might does not make right." This case, he charged, "is but one example of a consistent abuse and misuse of power by the majority." A colleague said this was, "plain and simple, a rape." After the debate Republicans stormed out of the chamber en bloc. A few of the younger, more passionate members vowed to take drastic action, such as chaining themselves to the House podium or

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is at a fever pitch, with all too frequently nasty results. Mr. Speaker, it is time for all of us to do a little soul-searching. Clearly, and sadly, the House is out of order."

In the heat of the moment Boehlert may have exaggerated, especially about the luster of the good old days. Partisan tension and minority frustration have been staples of Congress since its beginning, and certainly were during the Republicans' long stretches of minority status in the 1950s and 1960s. It is never easy being in the minority, shut out of a major role in policy and lacking many of the ego-gratifying instruments—from committee gavels and extra staff members to network-television coverage—that devolve on those in power.

But fifteen or twenty years ago Republicans at least had some piece of the action. The power structure of the House was such that on most committees the chairman and the ranking minority member shared the major decision-making authority. There was a major and constructive policy role for senior Republicans to play, with such powerful models as John Byrnes, of Wisconsin, who was paired with Chairman Wilbur Mills on the tax-writing Ways and Means Committee, and John Taber, of New York, the Republican counterpart to Chairman Clarence Cannon on Appropriations. As one "old bull" of the House told me recently, "To a junior Republican there was something to look forward to, even if he wasn't going to be in the majority. It wasn't the same as being chairman, but it was the next best thing."

That situation was scant comfort to the rank-and-file Democrats, who despite their majority status received only a tiny slice of the policy-making pie. They pushed and implemented the reforms of the 1970s designed to change that, stripping power and staff from senior committee chairmen and spreading them to the much larger number of subcommittee chairmen and back-bench majority members. In the process ranking minority members were denuded of power, and some of the major perks that had been available to the minority were eliminated.

That frustrating development for Republicans was not undone by the election of Ronald Reagan in 1980. Democrats in the House were dismayed by a presidential campaign that focused on the House and especially Tip O'Neill, and an election in which they lost the

White House, the Senate, and thirty-three seats in the House, leaving them as close as they had been in twenty-six years to losing their majority. The Democrats did not react by offering an olive branch or a share of power to their Republican counterparts. Instead, they tried to shore up their forces to withstand the Reagan-led assault. Among other attempts to exploit the House rules to their full advantage, the Democrats moved to exaggerate their number on key committees like Ways and Means and Budget, in order to give themselves a working majority and offset any defections by "boll weevil" Democrats. In the process they did the Republicans out of coveted seats, and provoked immediate and long-lasting outrage.

The Republican discontent was aggravated by benign neglect from the Reagan White House (which took the House minority for granted and paid more attention to the Republican-led Senate) and by the 1982 election, with its discouraging loss of twenty-six seats, which nearly wiped out the dramatic gains of the Reagan landslide two years earlier.

To a party wandering in the desert of the minority for thirty years with no oasis in sight, and burdened further by the indignities of lessened power and cavalier treatment by the majority and even by their own President, 1985 proved the final straw. When on January 3 Democrats refused to swear in Indiana Republican Rick McIntyre along with the other certified freshman election winners, putting the seat on hold for a recount, and then, four months later, declared Democrat Frank McCloskey the winner of the seat by four votes and moved to seat him, the Republicans exploded.

To some degree, talking to Democrats and Republicans on this subject is like reliving *Rashomon*. Each side has its own distinct point of view and interpretation of events—and the overlap is meager when it comes to the Indiana case. But there are some areas of agreement. One is that the situation has intensified in the past few years because of a deliberate strategy of confrontation on the part of a cadre of young Republicans.

FOR AS LONG as Republicans have been in the minority, they have been split between those who want to cooperate with the majority in the business of the House, passing legislation, and those who want to act more as a mi-

nority in the British model, staunchly opposing the viewpoint of the majority party and eschewing any alliances with its members. After 1982 the latter group, a collection of junior conservatives, led by Newt Gingrich, Vin Weber, Bob Walker, and Dan Lungren, under the banner of the "Conservative Opportunity Society" (COS), moved to the fore, aggressively bringing some new techniques to the old approach of opposition. A number of other Republicans, including moderates but also staunch conservatives—for example, Mickey Edwards, of Oklahoma—were openly unhappy with this avowedly confrontational approach, but that did not deter the COS band.

Televised on C-SPAN, they applied taunting parliamentary tactics and inflammatory and accusatory rhetoric on the House floor, hoping to drive the Democrats crazy and engender an overreaction. At the very least, their denunciations reached millions of cable-TV viewers.

They succeeded, certainly, in provoking a Democratic howl. In May of 1984 Speaker Tip O'Neill abruptly changed the rules governing camera coverage to minimize the C-SPAN impact of the COS team. O'Neill required the cameramen to pan the entire House floor, because the COS fulminations were normally delivered to an empty chamber. When Gingrich vehemently protested, the Speaker took to the House floor and angrily denounced Gingrich and his colleagues.

All of this left Republicans—even those with little affection for Gingrich—outraged over the high-handed behavior of the majority, and Democrats, in turn, outraged over the personal attacks and provocative tactics of the COS Republicans.

The Indiana debacle and Republican feelings about Democratic parliamentary shenanigans have provided some measure of vindication for Gingrich and the rest of the COS team, countering the disdain with which they have been viewed by many mainstream Republicans. Diverse points of view on policy don't stand in the way of Republican unity when it comes to indignation about majority abuses of power. But many Republicans are troubled by their own feelings. Those who have close friendships with Democrats, and who have worked with them on policy solutions in subcommittees or committees, have to separate personal feelings from institutional ones. And most House Re-



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publicans remain very uneasy about using guerrilla tactics to disrupt the House; despite the enormous public and media attention paid to the Indiana affair, there was no great outpouring of public indignation. "Basically, we looked like a bunch of immature adolescents," one Republican admitted to me.

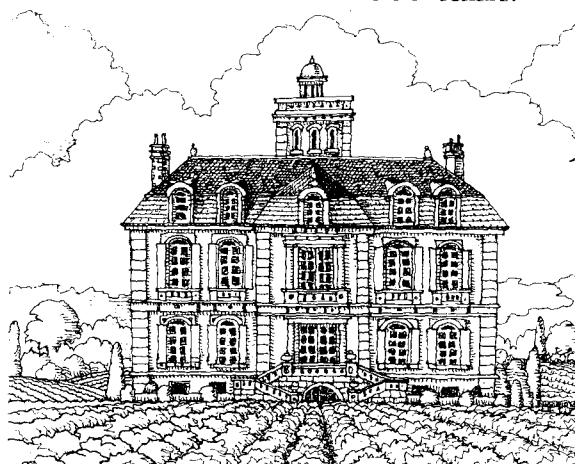
Tom Tauke, a mild-mannered Iowa moderate, is a co-chairman of a new group of issue-oriented centrist and moderate Republicans in the House, called the 92 Group. It serves explicitly as a counterweight to the COS group. Its approach is low-key, but its aim, like that of the COS group, is a Republican majority (the 92 in the name refers to its goal of winning a majority by 1992). Tauke, too, seethes over the treatment accorded Republicans by the majority. About the Russo-McCain fracas he says, "There were several times when Marty Russo was in the chair when he obviously and blatantly gave us short calls on votes." But Tauke sees the problem in broader terms: "It's an arrogance of power. It basically has to do with long-term dominance. It's their House, and has been for thirty years. They have no fear of being in the minority—and therefore, of limitations being put on their power. The Democrats don't say, 'We'd better not do this to the Republicans, because they could retaliate and do the same thing to us when they win the majority.'"

Tauke and the 92 Group don't like guerrilla warfare as a strategy. As moderates, they want to see their party broaden its base and expand its tent in the House, for they believe that a majority in the House will come only if the Republican Party can comfortably embrace the kinds of people who get elected from Democratic districts in the Northeast and Midwest. But the thirty or so members are a distinct minority of the minority.

Dan Lungren, a brawny, hard-charging Long Beach conservative whose district includes part of Orange County, takes a different point of view. Lungren is a collection of opposites. He is as conservative and aggressive as any member of the House, and was a founding member of the COS team, but he is also institution-minded, and was a leader in the Judiciary Committee and on the House floor last year in trying to put together a compromise immigration bill. Lungren instinctively wants to work within the House but is passionately bitter over the Democrats and their tactics. To him the COS tactics of pushing for embarrassing

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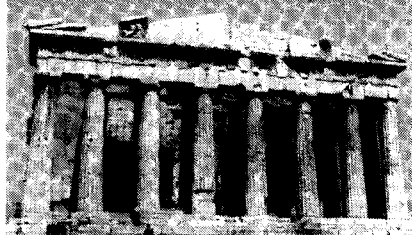


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roll-call votes on the House floor, using the votes to attack targeted Democratic incumbents, and employing harsh and personal rhetoric to provoke Democratic responses and engage C-SPAN viewers are legitimate hardball tactics. If Democrats express outrage over them, "me-thinks they doth protest too much," Lungren says. "After all, they call the tune to which the House dances."

But the Democratic tactics, including, he believes, regular short counts of Republican votes, abuse of proxy voting, the indignity of the McIntyre affair, and unfair committee and subcommittee assignments, are out of bounds. While much of Newt Gingrich's behavior is simply strategic, Lungren visibly exudes real indignation. It is clear that Lungren's feelings are in substantial part rooted in minority status; in the House he is a second-class citizen, and he can't stand it. He won't abide Democrats who rub that in through petty abuses of parliamentary procedure; neither will he be patronized. "Some Democrats have come up to me privately and said, What can we do for you? I said, It's not up to you or anyone to do anything for me. I'm a member of Congress. I just want to have the same rules apply to everyone."

Lungren is contemplating running for the Senate next year, in an uphill battle to win the nomination to take on Democrat Alan Cranston. It is a reflection, as much as anything, of his frustration with the House and with minority status; already several other bright young Republican leaders are contemplating bailing out for Senate or gubernatorial bids. Republicans who will remain in the House for the upcoming 100th Congress are concerned about losing good members out of frustration, concerned about a mass exodus after 1986.

Dick Cheney, of Wyoming, a White House chief of staff under Gerald Ford, is now the number-four House Republican leader (and heir apparent to the top post at some point in the future). He is not willing to concede that 1986 will be a bad election for the Republicans. But if historical patterns prevail, and if the potential for majority status is not achieved, Republican morale will sag even more. "Two things will happen," Cheney says. "More incumbents will move on—retire, or run for another office—weakening our existing base, and we'll have a harder time finding good candidates to come to Congress in the first place."

Tom Tauke is even blunter. "Eighty-

six is critical. If there is a loss of seats like we had in eighty-two, a lot of our guys will leave—and that does it for us for the rest of the century. We don't need to win seats—but we can't lose any."

IT IS THE NATURE of the House that members do not spend a great deal of time communicating their gripes in encounter sessions with opposing members. The job of a congressman is frenetic and fragmented; there is little time for reflection and no opportunity to stretch necessarily short attention spans. When members relax—for example, by working out or playing basketball in the House gym—they are by tradition off-limits for partisan conflict or discussion thereof. So House Democrats have not had intimate exposure to Republicans' psychic pain. The Democrats tend to break down into four types: the hard partisans ("if the Republicans don't like what's going on, the hell with them"), the fight-fire-with-fire tacticians ("they started it, and we have to respond in kind for self-protection"), the oblivious ("I wasn't aware that the Republicans felt that way"), and the institutionalists ("I'm concerned about the Republicans' problems, and I worry about what will happen to the legislative process").

Even the institutionalists have limited sympathy for the Republicans' plight—at least in part because they feel they have their own problems. "Sure I sympathize with the Republicans," Les Aspin, of Wisconsin, says. "But I'm more worried about whether a Democrat can be elected President in this century." Aspin's view was expressed in a pithier fashion by one of his colleagues: "I see a wildly popular Republican President winning more than his share of battles, a continuing GOP majority in the Senate, the Democratic edge in party identifiers in the country evaporating, and a Republican Party with \$100 million in the bank—and I should cry for the Republicans?"

Still, some Democrats have been sensitized by the raw emotions expressed by Republicans of all stripes during the Indiana debate and thereafter. Majority Leader Jim Wright, after that embarrassing confrontation with Dan Lungren, is one. Wright immediately apologized to Lungren for any offense taken when he said he'd like to punch Lungren in the mouth, insisting that he'd said it and meant it in a jocular fashion (a wholly believable claim, given that Wright is

sixty-two and that the thirty-nine-year-old Lungren likes to lift weights and practice martial arts). But Lungren's reaction stunned Wright and got him thinking, perhaps for the first time, about the deep frustrations of the permanent minority. Wright's feelings are especially important, since he is the odds-on choice to replace Tip O'Neill as speaker after next year.

Despite his apology, Wright too seethes about the tactics and behavior of the COS congressmen. If they wanted to get under the skin of the Democrats' most visible leaders, they have succeeded in his case. "Some Republicans aren't fazed if their own colleagues find them thoroughly objectionable. They are more militant than ever before, they try to attribute unworthy motives in a fashion that is nauseatingly prevalent. Gingrich, Weber, Walker, and the others, they're not content to debate issues on their merits. They're constantly in search of opportunities to allege that they're being cheated, mistreated, abused by crass, power-mad Democrats oblivious of the rights of a minority. They are increasingly engaging in a form of latter-day McCarthyism. They attribute un-Americanism, a lack of patriotism, to us. It is simply offensive to the civility that must be a concomitant of the legislative process." The attacks on the Speaker and the leadership are "like drops of water on a rock," perpetrated by people who are trying deliberately to wear the Democrats down.

For all his very real indignation, Wright recognizes that he will have to live with the COS group for a long time—and that their focus of attack will shift directly to him if he becomes speaker. That's one reason why he is so distressed over his lapse with Lungren. "I'm determined to make things better," he says. But his harsh feelings about the Republicans are shared by many Democrats, including the top candidate for Democratic whip, Tony Coelho, of California, the intellectual leader of the fight-fire-with-fire school. Whatever happens in 1986, things are likely to get worse in 1987. "If I were a Democrat, I wouldn't bank on the fact that we couldn't bring this place to a halt," Dan Lungren warns. With Ronald Reagan weaker in his last two years, the chances of a deadlock are greater.

There is one subject on which Democrats and Republicans agree: the House is becoming a much less pleasant place to be. Democrat Tom Downey says,



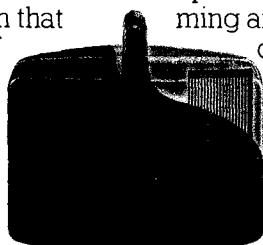
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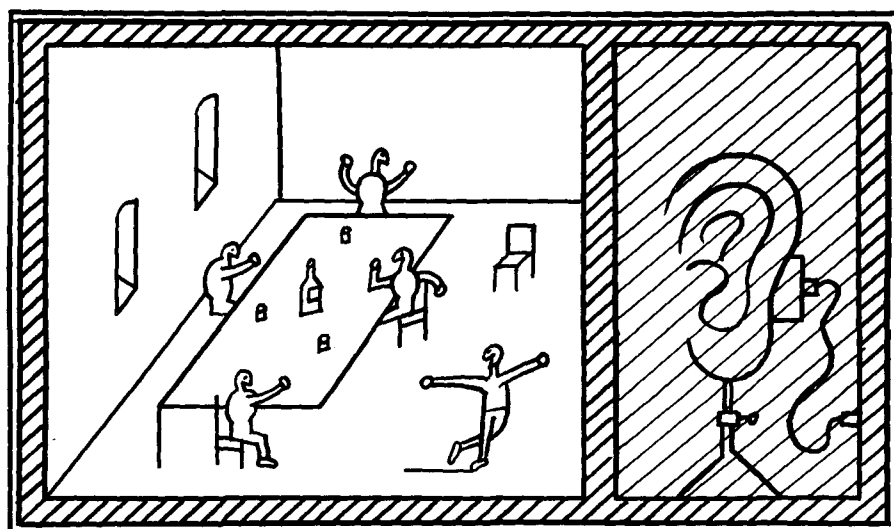
"It's a more frustrating place for everybody—and I can understand where the Republicans are coming from when you have to add minority status to that."

"The House is just not that attractive a place for middle-aged family people," Tom Tauke says. "It takes a tremendous amount of time—it's a year-round job, you have to go home to the district most weekends, and it puts a real strain on your family. The salary, given the expenses, is not what most members can receive in the private sector." Members constantly assess their options.

Perhaps the most worrisome problem is that the members most prone to dismay and frustration over the current situation—those most likely to ditch the House as a result—tend to be the best ones, who are institution-minded and leadership-oriented. Frustration with the job of a minority lawmaker was part-

ly responsible for the retirement last year of Republican Barber Conable, perhaps the single most respected member of the House, and has spurred the departures planned for next year of top House Republicans like Tom Loeffler, of Texas, John McCain, of Arizona, Carroll Campbell, of South Carolina, and Henson Moore, of Louisiana. Some of these men are leaving to run for Senate seats, but their colleagues think that they are abandoning promising House careers less out of ambition than out of discontent with life in the minority. "For the real ideologues, and for the mediocrities, the House will still be a fine place to spend time," one observer says. For the C-SPAN viewers looking for a rock-'em, sock-'em, *Dallas*-like experience, that might be nice. But it won't make much of a legislative body.

—Norman J. Ornstein



ATHENS DEMOCRACY ADRIFT

*Civil liberties are under fire in
Papandreou's Greece*

IN THE AUTUMN of 1982 a young Athens-based journalist named Paul Anastasi was working on the biggest story of his career: he had found evidence that the most popular newspaper in Greece had been funded and otherwise supported by the KGB. The *Ethnos* case, as it is known, pitted a young investigative reporter against one of the most powerful news organizations in the country. From the start, however, the case

seemed to resemble an Eric Ambler tale of the pre-war Balkans more than a saga from the era of Woodward and Bernstein. As the case has unfolded, over the intervening three years, it has also revealed the degree to which leftist dogma has come to influence the political life of Greece, the ease with which the crudest Soviet propaganda may be purveyed here, and the increasingly equivocal approach that the Socialist government of Andreas Papandreou has taken to civil liberties that are unchallenged almost everywhere else in the West.

Anastasi first learned of Soviet involvement in the breezy new tabloid *Ethnos* from Yannis Yannikos, an embittered Communist and longtime collaborator in Soviet publishing ventures. Working from the information that Yannikos gave him, Anastasi chronicled reg-

ular, often secret meetings between the newspaper's Greek publisher and several Russians who were nominally executives of the Soviet Copyright Agency but who have been identified by defectors to the West as KGB officials. The money to start *Ethnos*, Yannikos said, was funneled through the sale of a Greek-language edition of the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia* and other commercial deals offered by the Soviets. According to Anastasi, the publisher, George Bobolas, was less a committed Communist than an opportunist who benefited financially from his collaboration with the Russians on *Ethnos* and the encyclopedia, and from other companies, through which he hoped to buy American technology for shipment to the USSR. "It was the first case of its sort in the Western press, a mass-circulation newspaper with KGB connections operating in a NATO country," Anastasi says. A mild-mannered Greek Cypriot, he holds a degree in political science from the University of London and is a correspondent for *The New York Times* and the *London Daily Telegraph*.

Before the founding of *Ethnos*, the Greek Communist Party had one chief vehicle for its views, a doctrinaire daily, *Rizospastis*, which reached a readership of just 35,000. *Ethnos*, according to Anastasi, represented an innovative effort to win over sympathetic, non-Communist readers by presenting Soviet views in a putatively "independent," popular, and commercially competitive format. In a package patterned on British tabloids, Anastasi said, *Ethnos* habitually employed Soviet government texts, ignored major news that embarrassed the Soviet bloc, accentuated conflicts between Greece and the West, and rewrote unbiased news stories to conform to the Soviet view. *Ethnos* first hit the newsstands in September, 1981: by the summer of 1983 its circulation had reached 180,000, the highest of any newspaper in Greece.

News stories typical for *Ethnos* charged that the United States killed 2,000 people on the first day of the Grenada invasion, asserted that the Korean airliner shot down by the Soviet Union was a "prepared provocation" by the CIA, described the Afghan guerrillas who oppose the Soviet invasion of their country as "bandits and paid murderers," and referred to Greece's new civil marriage system as a "Soviet custom that is taking root in our country." Other stories persistently blamed Polish labor troubles on plots by the CIA and a sup-



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posedly Mafia-inspired Vatican. The Berlin Wall, according to *Ethnos*, was erected as a "wall of peace," to protect Eastern Europe from West German aggression. When a travel guide written in Hebrew was distributed to booksellers on Crete, *Ethnos* charged Israel with expansionist designs on the island. During NATO maneuvers last year, when American planes allegedly violated the airspace of their Greek ally, *Ethnos* reported the incident under the headline "AMERICAN MURDERERS."

Anastasi reported what he felt would be embarrassing facts about several of the newspaper's foreign correspondents. One of them, Carl Marzani, had served three years in an American jail for concealing, while working for the U.S. State Department as an intelligence officer in the 1940s, the fact that he had once been a member of the Communist Party. The paper's expert on British affairs, Stanley Harrison, is a former editor of the British Communist Party's official newspaper. *Ethnos*'s Cyprus correspondent, Akis Fantis, is the son of the Cypriot Communist Party's alternate secretary-general and an editor of the Party organ there.

Anastasi published his research in a Greek-language book released in June of 1983. As soon as it appeared, *Ethnos* attacked him as a "foreign agent" and his work as a "satanic fairy tale." Bobolas sued for slander and tried to obtain an injunction to stop the sale of the book. An Athens court rejected his request, ruling that "the author's presentation is thorough and accompanied by documents which are not disputed by the petitioner." The book, meanwhile, became a best seller. Six months later, however, a higher court ordered the book out of the stores, asserting that it had libeled and defamed the publisher by suggesting that he was a Soviet "agent of influence."

"I knew *Ethnos* would give me a tough time," Anastasi says, "but I was unprepared for all the dirty tricks that followed. First, my phones at home and those at the *New York Times* office were bugged and the paper published parts of the tapes, which they claimed proved I was a spy preparing to murder members of the *Ethnos* staff." Bobolas then paid Yannis Yannikos, Anastasi's chief witness, \$650,000 in a sudden out-of-court settlement of a long-standing suit, which Yannikos had filed against the publisher for shutting him out of lucrative Soviet publishing deals. Not sur-

prisingly, Yannikos then declined to show up in court as a defense witness. Yannikos's son, Christos, did appear, apparently shamed by his father's behavior. He corroborated what Anastasi had written, and reported to the court the words of a Soviet representative, Colonel Vasily Sitnikov, said to be the deputy director of the KGB's disinformation department, who had tried to dissuade Yannis Yannikos from his embarrassing suit against Bobolas: "You know," the Russian had said, "how important *Ethnos* is to us."

From the start of the *Ethnos* case members of the Papandreou government played an unusual role. The minister of information, Dimitrios Maroudas, who admitted that he had not read Anastasi's book, dismissed it publicly as a "thriller fit for holiday reading" and suggested that, in any case, a foreigner had no right to criticize the Greek press. One day before the case went to court, Anastasi's first lawyer, a legal adviser to the minister of youth and sports, was ordered to withdraw by his superiors in the Socialist government. The newspaper's chief lawyer, meanwhile, turned out to be none other than Stathis Alexandris, a former justice minister and currently the minister of the merchant marine in the Papandreou cabinet and a member of the central committee of the Panhellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK).

Alexandris denounced Anastasi's book in court as the "product of an international conspiracy designed to undermine democracy and the Greek regime" and attacked Anastasi's witnesses—including the Athens bureau chiefs of UPI and *The New York Times* and other Western correspondents—as "petty agents" representing "suspect publications and foreign interests." He asserted that the *Times* and the Western news agencies were "largely controlled" by the State Department and served as "channels of officially sponsored Western disinformation." He declared that *Ethnos* was "fighting the imperialism that America represents in Greece" and charged that Anastasi's ultimate goal in writing his book had been to destabilize the Greek government itself.

Instead of the vindication he expected, Anastasi received a sentence of two years in jail. Although his punishment was reduced on appeal to one year and finally, in December of 1984, invalidated on technical grounds, the case attracted widespread attention in the international press. Anastasi nonetheless

stands convicted of slander, and his book remains banned.

In April of 1985, in an attempt to defend *Ethnos* against charges of illegally publishing the tapes of Anastasi's private conversations, lawyers for the newspaper declared in court that Maroudas and Minister of Public Order Ioannis Skoularikis had been shown transcripts of the tapes and had encouraged their publication "in the national interest." Nonetheless, Bobolas and *Ethnos*'s editor were sentenced to five month's imprisonment for making illegal use of Anastasi's tapped telephone conversations. They were acquitted of doing the tapping themselves, since under the law they would have had to be caught in the act. They are free on appeal and will never go to jail; Greek law permits short sentences to be paid off at a rate of a few dollars a day. Anastasi is still seeking to overturn his conviction. The two-year dispute, which so far has involved more than twenty court hearings, is dormant for the time being. In early 1986, however, in a London courtroom, *Ethnos* is scheduled to confront *The Economist*, which it has sued for leveling charges similar to Anastasi's.

Although Anastasi declines to accuse the Papandreou government of complicity with *Ethnos*, he takes it for granted that his sentence was politically motivated and that individual ministers were covertly involved.

"The government did not want to seriously investigate my charges, partly because *Ethnos* is a strong supporter of the Prime Minister, and partly because they did not want to find out that my accusations were true," Anastasi says. "At first they hoped I would be intimidated and retract my charges. But I wouldn't do it. In the end they opted for a middle solution that still vindicated *Ethnos* but was not so harsh as to inspire more reaction abroad."

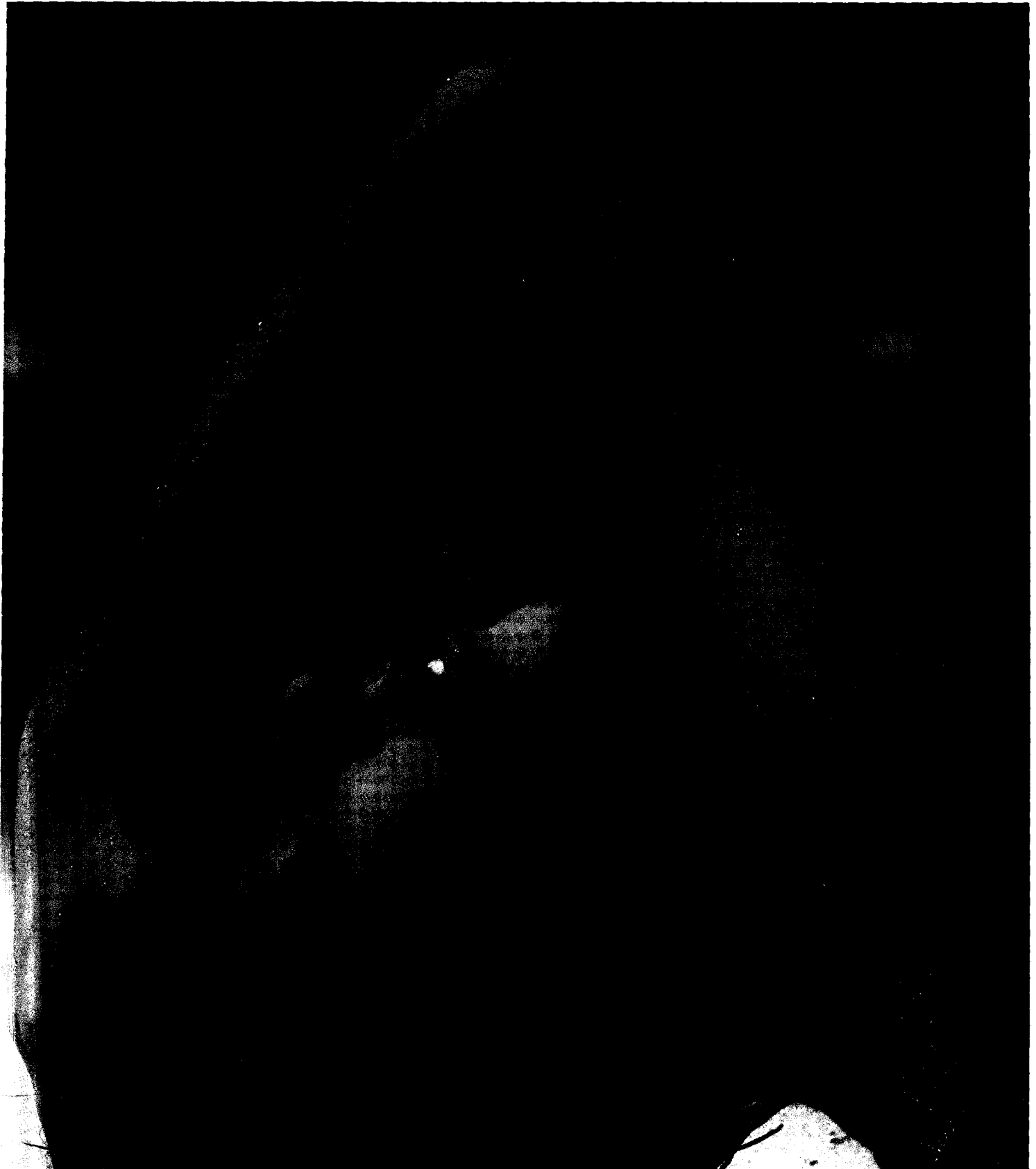
WHEN PASOK won control of the Greek government, in 1981, its victory seemed to promise the establishment of liberal values, overdue in a political realm long characterized by opportunism, intermittent military rule, and the exclusion of the left. Papandreou was American-educated, an internationally known economist, the son of a politician much admired for his strength and integrity. "What we hoped for but did not get," says a middle-aged economist who voted for PASOK four years ago but abandoned it this year, "was a Greek

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counterpart of the American Democratic Party."

In June the Socialists scored a solid victory, by a margin of 46 percent to 41 percent, over the conservative New Democracy Party of Constantine Mitsotakis. Although PASOK won only a plurality of the vote, the Greek system of proportional representation guaranteed the Socialists the significant majority of 161 seats in the 300-member Parliament. The Communist Party of Greece, which since 1981 has lost many voters to the often equally radical appeal of the Socialists, won just under 10 percent of the vote.

PASOK's victory confirmed the power of a party that has built much of its popular appeal on a potent blend of ultranationalism and radical rhetoric, and that for the past four years has fostered the spread of leftist dogmatism through Greek political life. That dogmatism has, in turn, led to an atmosphere in which intolerance of dissent, the intimidation of unpopular critics, and an apparent disregard for free expression have become increasingly common. The Papandreou government has not confirmed the worst fears of its most conservative opponents: no radical transformation of the Greek economy or society has occurred. Nevertheless, a steady stream of polemical propaganda sponsored or protected by the regime has increased suspicion of the United States and sympathy for the Soviet Union, and constitutes a potential threat to Greek democracy and the Western alliance.

As ludicrous as *Ethnos's* views may be, in many cases they are merely extensions of attitudes already contained in PASOK policy. In a speech to PASOK's party congress last year the Prime Minister described the United States as the "metropolis of imperialism," whose aim, "as it has always been," was "expansion and domination." The Soviet Union, meanwhile, was a "peaceful nation" that posed no threat to Greece. Papandreou refused to support the European Economic Community's sanctions against Poland after the suppression of Solidarity, or against the Soviets after they shot down the Korean airliner, which, he asserted, was "on a spy mission for the CIA." He has withheld Greek forces from most NATO maneuvers and has re-deployed his troops away from the Bulgarian front to face what he calls the Turkish threat. He has praised the Polish dictator Wojciech Jaruzelski as a "patriot" while condemning Solidarity as

"negative and dangerous," has persistently blamed the United States for failing to force Turkish troops off Cyprus, and has threatened to close the four American air and naval bases currently on Greek soil. The Soviet Union demonstrated its enthusiasm for Papandreou's politics last year with the appointment of Yuri Andropov's son Igor to be its ambassador to Athens.

The Prime Minister's abuse of the United States seemed to abate somewhat during the election campaign. However, the continuing tension in Greek-American relations was underscored again late in June, when Shi'ite terrorists hijacked a TWA airliner just after takeoff from the Athens airport. The New York Philharmonic canceled a visit to Greece in response to State Department warnings about lax airport security in Athens, whereupon the minister of culture, Melina Mercouri, termed the orchestra's withdrawal an "unfriendly act" and "an affront" to Europe.

The Greek Prime Minister consistently refers to the American bases' lease as a "timetable for departure," which he says will take place in 1988. The loss of these bases would isolate Turkey from the rest of NATO, puncture the alliance's southern flank, deny the United States a possible springboard to the Middle East, and, at least theoretically, open a corridor to the Mediterranean for signatories to the Warsaw Pact. Washington has thus far responded to PASOK's propaganda with restraint, in the conviction that any strident reaction could only give new grounds for the Socialists' resentment at "foreign interference." Western diplomats, who regard Papandreou as a nationalist above all, see no evidence that he would lead Greece into a Soviet alliance. And Soviet interests are, as one diplomat points out, perhaps better served by a troublesome and unreliable ally in the NATO camp than by a breakaway state that might encourage similar thoughts of independence by nations of the Warsaw Pact.

PASOK'S WORLD VIEW is based on an interpretation of history that rapidly gained popularity in Greece after 1974, when the seven-year rule of the military junta came to an end. Non-Marxists generally believe that the United States helped save Greece for democracy by forestalling a Communist coup during the 1946-1949 civil war, and made possible the long economic boom that fol-

lowed. To the lasting detriment of the United States in many Greek eyes, however, it maintained a high profile and was sometimes coercive at a time when leftists were ostracized from politics and a certificate of "healthy" political views was required even for a passport or a driver's license. Leftists who for the past decade have exerted great influence in political, academic, and cultural life boil this history down to simpler, more Marxist terms.

The leftists generally hold that the Communist guerrillas of the civil war were "freedom fighters" crushed by local "fascists" in collaboration with American "imperialism," and insist that, despite a growth in per capita income from \$305 in 1955 to \$4,298 in 1980, the American-Greek relationship has been essentially "colonial." From the guerrillas' defeat to the advent of PASOK, leftists maintain, a local oligarchy and the Americans exploited the Greek economy, oppressed workers, and prevented the establishment of Socialist-style democracy. The left has convinced countless Greeks of the arguable proposition that the United States planned the 1967 coup that brought the "colonels" to power and sustained their rule against the will of the Greek people.

Such perceptions are the stock-in-trade of many Greek newspapers other than *Ethnos* and are a good source of revenue for the publishing industry. More than half of the capital's highly polemical dailies purvey an approach to world affairs grounded in some variety of socialism, and non-Marxist writers complain that they have difficulty finding publishers, distributors, or booksellers willing to handle works critical of communism or the Soviet Union. Anastasi says, "No major publisher would take my book, and the independent printer I eventually found was afraid to put his name on it because of its theme. Many of the bookstores that are owned by leftists then refused to sell it."

According to Athanase Papandropoulos, a liberal writer who has published a book of interviews with Soviet and East European dissidents, most Greek publishers also refuse to take on such important foreign books as John Barron's *The KGB*, David Shipler's *Russia*, and Jean-François Revel's *The Totalitarian Temptation*. Nor, he adds, can Greek texts of Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Alexander Zinoviev, or any other Soviet dissident be found. Books by or about Karl Marx, Antonio Gramsci, Joan Robinson, and



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other Marxists are plentiful, but not a single volume is available in Greek by Milton Friedman, Joseph Schumpeter, Paul Samuelson, Adam Smith, or Raymond Aron.

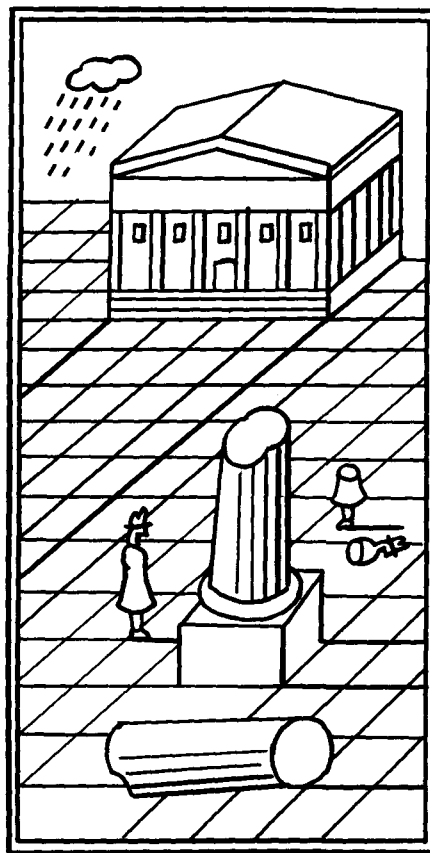
"Countless Greeks are intellectual prisoners of the left," Papandropoulos says. "In another country the Anastasi case would be a major journalistic and political event. But here no one speaks of it. The level of political discourse in Greece is so low that people cannot grasp the importance of what Anastasi has to say. Left-wing politics breeds oversimplification, and PASOK has simplified and simplified and simplified, to the point of meaninglessness. Oversimplification makes people vulnerable to political irrationality and mythmaking, and PASOK has created some very simple myths."

Perhaps the most potent single myth is the "Turkish threat," which fuses socialism with jingoism to portray Greece as a nation under siege by a malign force, in a way reminiscent of the "Red menace" that many American politicians peddled so effectively three decades ago.

Greece and Turkey are at odds primarily over the presence of Turkish troops on Cyprus, the exploitation of the Aegean's undersea resources, and the militarization of several Greek islands close to the Turkish coast. In their rhetoric, however, Greek Socialist spokesmen describe Turkey as a "fascist" state set on dismembering the Greek homeland. In Papandreou's speech to the party congress his harshest words were reserved for his nominal NATO ally to the east, whose "expansionism" in the Aegean, he claimed, was "tailored" to suit the geopolitical interests of the United States, which was "gradually turning Turkey into a sub-imperialist station in the region." So overcharged is Greek feeling on the subject that when shell fragments from a Turkish ship on maneuvers fell near Greek waters last year, papers in Athens declared shrilly that the country stood on the brink of war. According to polls, more than 90 percent of Greeks believe that Turkey poses an immediate danger. Virtually all Western observers disagree: "There is no actual Turkish threat to Greece," a knowledgeable European diplomat comments, "but the idea of a threat is a very real political fact in the minds of the Greeks." Indeed, the Papandreou government has, on occasion, gone to considerable lengths to see that Turkish views on the

points of contention do not reach the Greek public.

In February of 1984 Dino Nittis, a Greek-Cypriot teacher of social studies, asked his twelfth-grade class at Tasis Hellenic International School, an Athenian school whose classes are taught in English, to write an essay explaining the 1974 Cyprus invasion from the Turkish point of view. When Greek parents protested that Tasis was promoting "Turkish propaganda," inspectors from the Ministry of Education descended on the school, combed its library, and confiscated four Turkish booklets from a file of largely pro-Greek material on Cyprus.



"NEST OF SPIES!" a story in *Ethnos* instantly proclaimed. "What is the purpose of making a Greek student write against his own country?" asked a ministry official at the time. "Even the subject should not be taught in a lower school." Within weeks Nittis and the school's British headmaster were summarily expelled from Greece.

The educators' expulsion provoked no public outcry, no challenge from teachers' associations, no statement from the government on the importance of free debate. Nor, when Anastasi's book was banned, did more than a handful of journalists speak out in behalf of a

free and critical press; few Greeks seemed even to acknowledge that an independent voice had in effect been silenced. No Greek can buy Anastasi's book in order to decide for himself whether the reporter's charges are true. Nor can Greek students examine Turkish arguments to judge for themselves the merits of their government's claims.

WHEN THE SUPPRESSION of one set of opinions is taken for granted, the suppression of others seems certain to follow. The period of conservative rule demonstrated the truth of this proposition, and so did last spring's election campaign, when newsmen employed by the public television station, a state monopoly, often edited the conservative opposition's speeches to fit the image PASOK wished to convey, filmed opposition rallies and marches in a way that understated their size, and ignored opposition policy statements at will.

The harassment of troublesome journalists has become habitual. Early this year three editors of the conservative daily *Vradyni* were sentenced to two years in jail for accusing a pair of PASOK ministers of illicit financial gain. In May, Abdulachim Dede, a Greek editor of Turkish extraction, was sentenced to thirteen months in jail for "spreading false news" that the Papandreou government had abused ethnic Turks and had confiscated their land for public use. In June the owner, the publisher, and three reporters for the independent leftist daily *Eleftherotypia* were given jail sentences ranging from six to nine years—the highest on record for journalists—for publishing police documents that listed alleged members of a terrorist organization. In a separate case another reporter for the same paper, George Votsis, was charged with libel for calling the director of the state telecommunications agency a "spy of the police," who had sanctioned the tapping of his phone. According to Votsis and other critics, PASOK has used the agency to monitor the phones of several dozen journalists, members of the political opposition, and untrusted PASOK functionaries. "Every time I pick up my phone I know that I am not a free person," says Votsis, who considers himself a "libertarian Socialist." "It makes me angry, but there is nothing I can do. It can't be stopped, because there is no organization here to protect civil liberties which is strong enough to wage a campaign against the government."

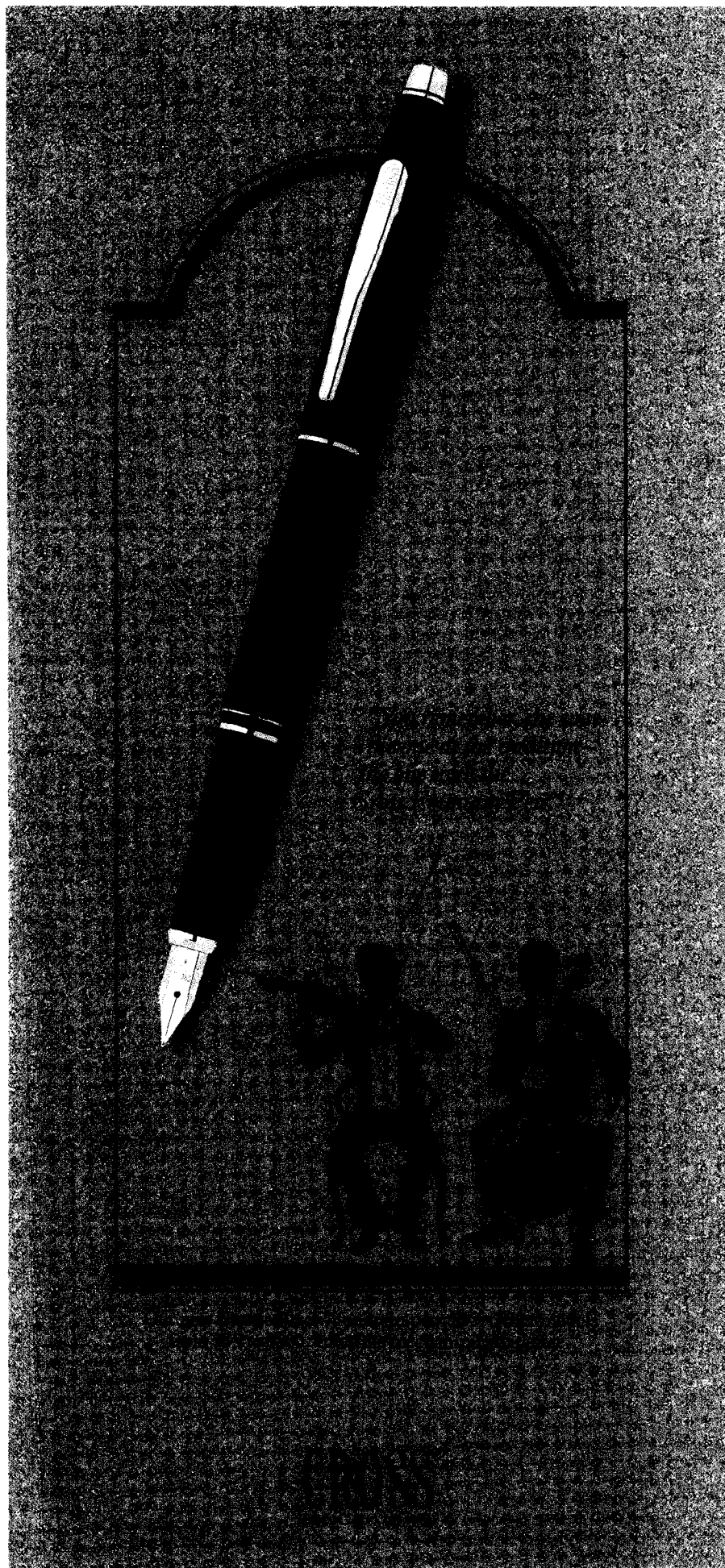
Western observers have for the most

part assessed Papandreou's behavior in terms of its effect on the Western alliance. The sanguine point out that the Prime Minister has not yet withdrawn from NATO or the EEC, as he once threatened to do, and has yet to take concrete steps toward expelling Americans from their military bases in Greece. Compromised by history and strategic interests alike, the United States has had little choice but to shrug aside the Prime Minister's barbs. Greeks assume, though the United States will not confirm the idea, that American bases in Turkey are already being expanded to replace those that may be lost in Greece. As one Western diplomat puts it, "Papandreou has promised so many times to get rid of the bases, it could be political suicide if he didn't do it come 1988."

The most visible victim of PASOK's behavior, so far, has been civil liberties in Greece. Modern Greek democracy has always been a rambunctious but fragile thing, passionate and combative, but it has been interrupted many times by the interference of monarchs, soldiers, foreigners, and a Balkan penchant for intrigue. Basic freedoms were suspended by the rightist regimes of the 1950s, and again by the military rulers who took over in 1967. Papandreou's conservative rivals in the New Democracy Party have claimed, too glibly, that the Prime Minister has already led Greece to a leftist dictatorship. But the government's interference with civil liberties seems to derive less from any methodical plan than from the cynical manipulation of popular hopes and fears for short-term political gain.

PASOK has neither strengthened civil rights nor protected dissent. Instead, the Prime Minister by both his words and his behavior has promoted a populist politics that has undermined respect for liberal values, deepened Greek vulnerability to the kind of propaganda embodied in *Ethnos*, and encouraged those elements in his party that might seek to twist Greek institutions toward authoritarian ends. "Greece still has not developed that open, genuinely liberal way of thinking that prevails in other Western countries," Anastasi says. "It is distressing that sympathy for totalitarian thinking is being cultivated in a country that so recently suffered from a dictatorship of the right. It is even more distressing to realize that Greeks do not see what is happening."

—Fergus M. Bordewich



CHRISTMAS BOOKS

BY JOHN HARRIS

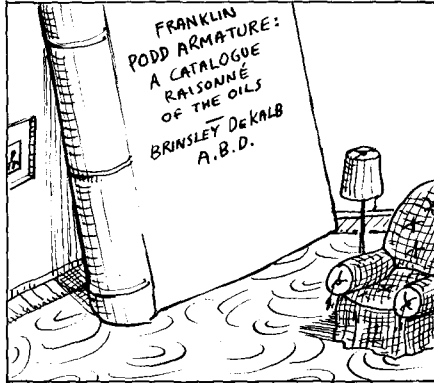
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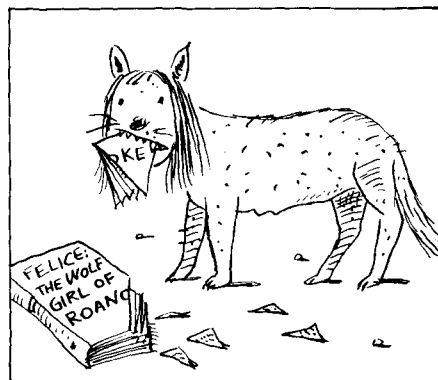
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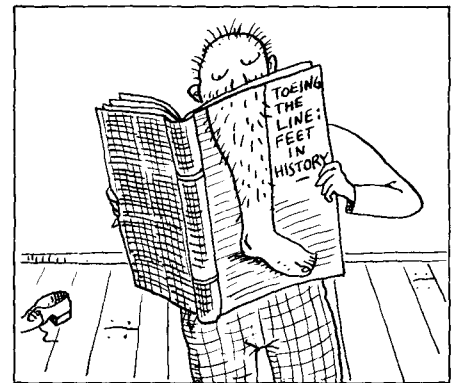
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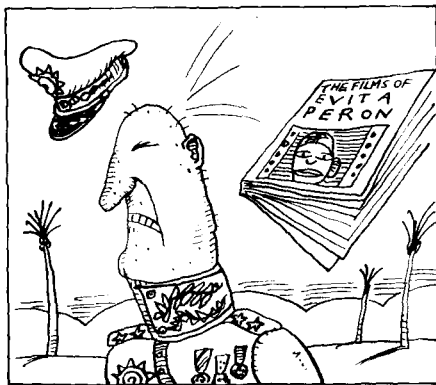


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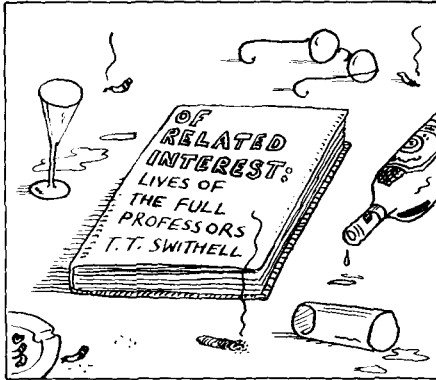
Blank and Pitiless: W. B. Yeats's Letters to Zenia Gonne, edited and with an introduction by Fr. James O'Shaughnessey, S.J. Only recently discovered, these letters tell the intriguing story of Zenia Gonne's unrequited love for the great Irish poet. Zenia, the younger sister of the better-known Maud, fell passionately in love with "Willie" Yeats and wrote to him daily for seventeen years. Her letters have not survived (all were burned upon receipt), but Yeats's replies to her are now available for the first time. 6 pp. \$5.95.

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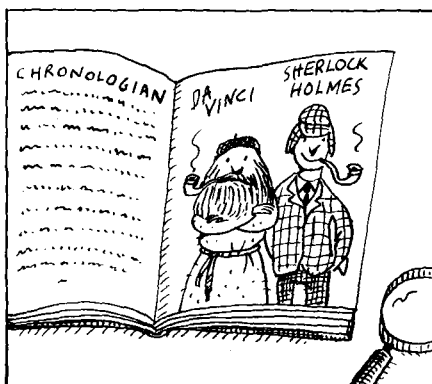
The Films of Evita Peron by Justin Sperling, B.S. Justin Sperling analyzes all facets of Evita Peron's brief film career, from *iSegundos Afuera!* to *La Prodigia*. Contains stills from her movies, plus pronunciation guide. Soon to be a major motion picture. 19 pp. \$9.95.

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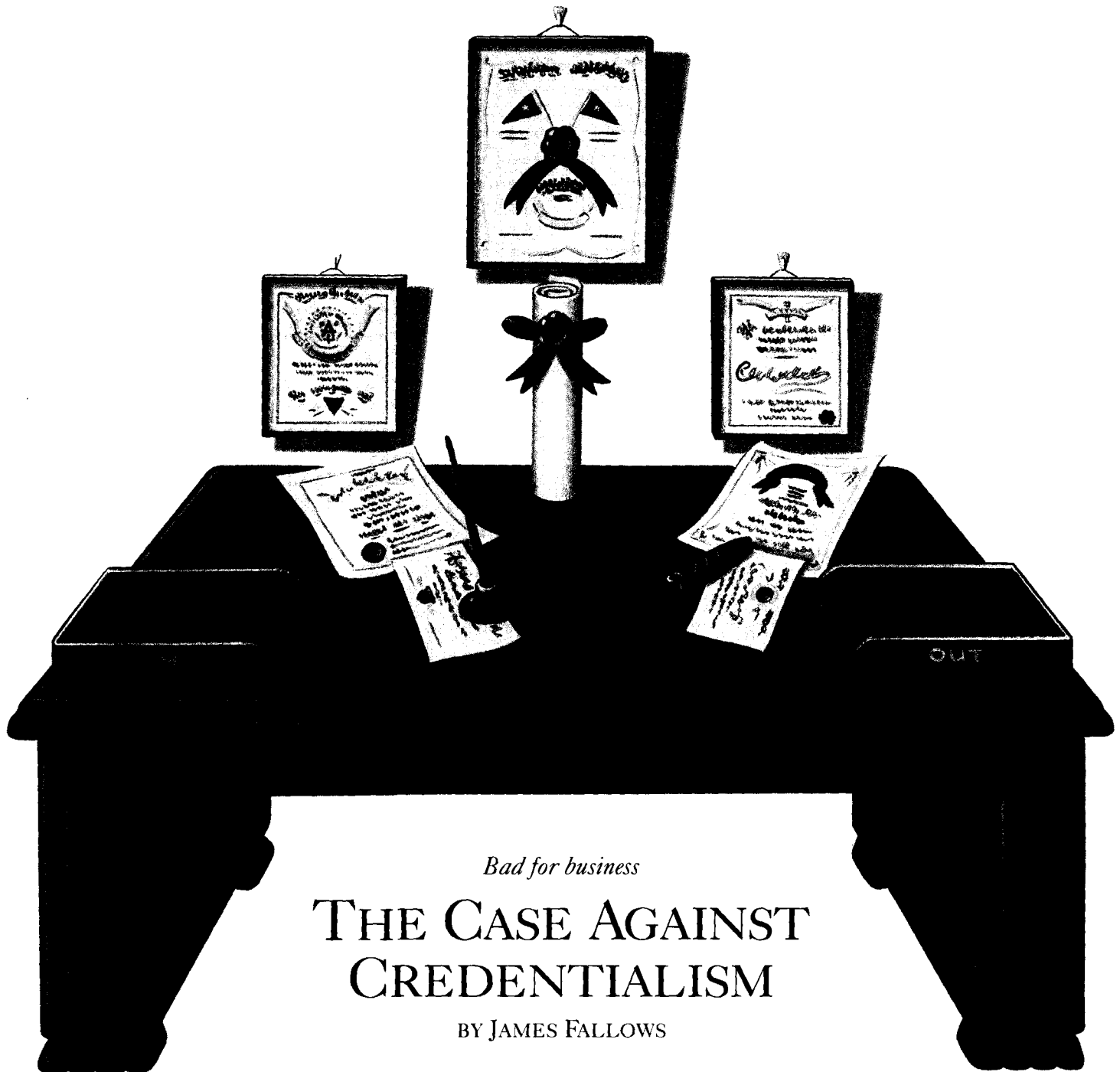
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THE CASE AGAINST CREDENTIALISM

BY JAMES FALLOWS

IN 1961 DAVID MCCLELLAND, A PSYCHOLOGIST AT HARVARD, published *The Achieving Society*, an extravagantly ambitious attempt to discover why certain cultures "worked" better than others. Why, among West African tribes, were the Ashanti and the Ibo so economically dominant? Why was so much of the commerce of Southeast Asia run by expatriate Chinese, and so little by the Malays among whom they lived? Why had Jewish immigrants to the United States risen faster than southern Italians?

McClelland's answer involved a value he called *n* Achievement, which varied from culture to culture and gave members of different societies ways to view the workings of fate. Some cultures taught that struggle was

fruitless, since success or failure ultimately depended on destiny and the gods. Others conveyed to their children the view that every person could control or at least influence his outcome in life. Luck mattered, but a prudent man could make his own luck. The odds might be long, but they were rarely insuperable. Indeed, in "achieving" societies people regularly underestimated the odds against them and launched ventures that on the facts seemed quite likely to fail. For indications about the *n* Achievement level of various cultures McClelland looked at nursery rhymes, children's stories, folktales, and other vehicles for the unconscious transmission of values.

When American culture was viewed through this lens,

its folktales seemed to promote an astronomically high level of *n* Achievement. Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, Thomas Edison, Andrew and even Dale Carnegie—these and countless other self-made men taught by their example what immigrants continued to prove, that hard work might well be rewarded and sights could never be set too high. Starting with *Poor Richard's Almanac* and running through the Horatio Alger series and such inspirational business tracts as *Acres of Diamonds* and *A Message to Garcia*, the flourishing self-improvement industry reflected the American faith that each person held the keys to success in his own hands.

With their regression charts and biographical data, sociologists have demonstrated that the saga of the self-made success was partly myth. The American business titan of the late nineteenth century was more likely to have been born to a comfortable, educated, urban family than to have been a son of toil. Still, McClelland never claimed that the folktales he analyzed—about bad fairies and magic spiders and friendly giants—were literally true. What mattered was that they were told and heard, and that they shaped a culture's attitude. Repeated in schoolrooms and parlors, emphasized in speeches, novels, and popular magazines, the folktales of American business successes emboldened the impressionable public to try. When the sociologist Ely Chinoy studied a community of autoworkers in the 1950s, many people told him that they viewed their jobs in the factory as temporary. Their real dream was to strike out on their own, with a farm, a gas station, or a store.

McClelland's most important point was probably his initial one: that there is a deep connection between the ways we hope to advance as individuals and the economic resiliency the entire culture displays. The nation's bookshelves now groan with analyses of America's productivity problems and competitive woes. Might part of what they seek to explain lie in the changing folklore of success and the private concepts of ambition?

To judge by the recent celebration of entrepreneurs, the American business folklore would seem to be as robustly *n* Achievement-laden as ever. Not since the 1920s has there been so little cynicism and so much public piety about the person who takes a risk, goes out on his own, makes it all work. But once we move past the admiring profiles of software titans and biotechnology kings, the idea that the United States has given itself over to a resurgent entrepreneurial culture is hard to believe. In fact, we are seeing a war between two quite different cultures of achievement, with quite different implications for America's economic ability to adapt and pay its way.

One is the assortment of informal, outside-normal-channels, no-guarantee, and low-prestige activities that is glossed over and glamorized by the term *entrepreneurialism*. Most of the entrepreneurs who rise to public notice have, of course, already proved themselves successful. When we read the inspiring chronicles of Jack Kilby, a co-inventor of the silicon chip, or Fred Smith, who founded Federal Express, we know that the early risks will eventually seem

prudent and the early scoffers will have the joke turned on them. But the thousands of people who are trying to develop tomorrow's new industries have no such certainty: they can't be sure whether they're starting the next Xerox or the next Osborne Computers. Perhaps more important, the world seems to suspect the worst of entrepreneurs. The term *inventor* still conjures up a character with a garage full of gadgets; how much more dignified is the sound of *banker*, *lawyer*, or *manager at IBM*. No one brags to friends about children who have signed up for the Learn Computer Repair schools advertised on matchbook covers, even though such self-help courses epitomize the *n* Achievement idea that individuals can improve their standing and control their own fate.

Parents brag, instead, about the son who has finished college or the daughter who has been accepted to law school. Even as modern America honors the successful entrepreneur, it reflects the tremendous pull exerted by the security, dignity, and order of the professionalized world. The basic tenet of this culture of achievement is that he who goes further in school will go further in life. American society is often described as a meritocracy, in the sense that those who show the most pluck and academic merit will prevail. The Houston housewife who labored in obscure solitude on her first novel, picked an agent's name out of a magazine, and then sold her book last summer for \$350,000 is a figure from the first culture, that of self-help; if she uses the money to send her son to Andover, Yale, and Harvard Law, he will be a citizen of the second, the meritocracy.

The rise to professional status is one of the most familiar and cherished parts of the American achievement ideal. What immigrant saga would be complete without the peddler's grandson receiving his M.D.? But such an ideal is also at odds with most analyses of what the society as a whole needs if it is to continue to achieve. If everyone has the tenure and security that come with professional status, who will take the risks?

NOWHERE IS THE TENSION BETWEEN THE TWO CULTURES, the entrepreneurial and the professional, more evident at the moment than in American business. At just the time when American business is said to need the flexibility and the lack of hierarchy that an entrepreneurial climate can create, more and more businessmen seem to feel that their chances for personal success will be greatest if they become not entrepreneurs but professionals, with advanced educational degrees.

In the past twenty years enrollment in graduate business schools has increased by a factor of ten. Next spring 67,000 new M.B.A.s will take their degrees to the marketplace. Alert to the workings of supply and demand, some business-school officials have predicted a glut; already, newer, weaker schools have been retrenching, and some recent graduates have settled for less attractive jobs than they might once have hoped to get. Still, overall enrollment

continues to rise, and graduates of the most prominent schools are heavily in demand. The business-school community closely studies each school's "return on investment" or "value added" ratio—how much an M.B.A. degree adds to a person's salary, compared with how much it costs to obtain. At Dartmouth's Amos Tuck School, the nation's oldest graduate business college, tuition this year is \$11,000, and the average starting salary for graduates is around \$43,000. "That four-to-one ratio has been constant for at least the fifteen or twenty years I've been aware of it," Colin Blaydon, Amos Tuck's dean, says. Harvard also reports a four-to-one ratio, down from the heady seven-to-one ratio of 1969, but not so far that Harvard has any trouble filling its admissions quotas.

The rise of the M.B.A. has occurred during precisely the era in which, as anyone who follows business magazines is aware, the content of graduate business training has come under increasing attack. "We have created a monster," H. Edward Wrapp, of the University of Chicago's business school, wrote in 1980, in *Dun's Review*. "The business schools have done more to insure the success of the Japanese and West German invasion of America than any one thing I can think of." "I'd close every one of the graduate schools of business," Michael Thomas, an investment banker and author, wrote in *The New York Times*.

The specific case against business schools is that they have neglected certain skills and outlooks that are essential to America's commercial renaissance while inculcating values that can do harm. The traditional strength of business education has been to provide students with a broad view of many varied business functions—marketing, finance, production, and so forth. But like sociology and political science, business training has gotten all wrapped up in mathematical models and such ideas as can be boiled down to numbers. This shift has led schools to play down two fundamental but hard-to-quantify business imperatives: creating the conditions that will permit the design and production of high-quality goods, and waging the constant struggle to inspire, cajole, discipline, lead, and in general persuade employees to work in common cause.

IT IS BY NOW CONVENTIONAL WISDOM THAT AN UNDER-emphasis on production and on leadership lay behind many of America's industrial difficulties in the 1970s. "Business is principally about design and building and selling, and basic management is not paying attention to those functions," says Thomas Peters, a co-author of the legendarily successful *In Search of Excellence*. "In business and in business schools we don't focus enough on how to lead people. Until you have managed people, you don't have any idea how complex it is. The difficulty now is that the youngster comes to business school without any experience or taste about managing people, so he or she can't ask challenging questions. So in the class you've got the standard business-school professor, who got a Ph.D. in statistics at age twenty and a half, talking to students who got

800s on their GMATs. It sure feels good to both parties, but it doesn't have much to do with business. I wouldn't let anybody in the place before age thirty."

In addition to what business school, because of its academic and theoretical emphasis, neglects, it is said to inculcate attitudes hostile to the flexibility and daring celebrated in today's entrepreneurial heroes. "The students I see are very concerned about résumé value, and *very* risk-averse," says Roger Muller, who got his M.B.A. in 1973 and is now the director of placement at Amos Tuck. "They don't want to take any chances. Someone will come in wanting to be an investment banker. He decides, I've got to work for Goldman, Sachs this summer, because that will give me a better shot at the job with Goldman, Sachs when I get out of here. They want everything to line up just right and are easily frustrated when things don't."

Goldman, Sachs is not an idly chosen example; investment banking and consulting firms are the most popular outlet for M.B.A.s, especially from the top schools, and they pay the highest salaries. When the Harvard Business School surveyed its class of 1984, nearly 40 percent said they had taken jobs in consulting or investment banking. Consulting, with a median starting salary of \$52,300, was the most lucrative field. Investment banking, at \$45,000, was second highest. Manufacturing attracted only a quarter of the class, and its most common starting salary was under \$40,000. The perversity of such a preference is that students are hoping to find security in the very pursuits that add such instability to the American financial structure. This fall *Business Week* featured a report on the "Casino Economy"—the tremendous increase in speculation, merger, corporate rearrangement, tax avoidance, and other forms of financial churning that make fortunes for investment bankers while ratcheting up the level of corporate debt. To such efforts are the best and brightest now drawn.

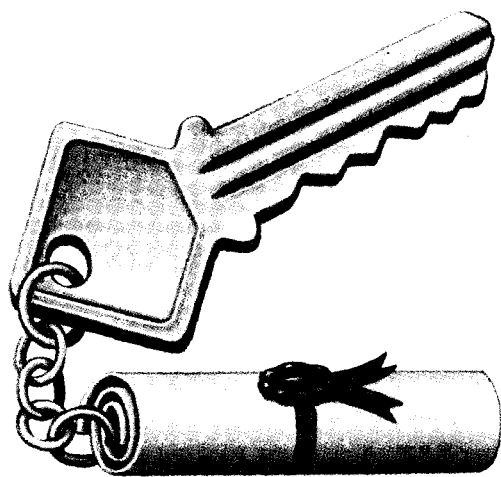
From the student's point of view, the continuing migration into business school and from there onward to consulting firms and banks is hardly mysterious. That is where the money is. But when we think about our culture and its parables of ambition, the rise of M.B.A.s and consultants raises a question like that posed by the prestige and prominence of the legal establishment. Why is so much raw talent creamed off for pursuits of such dubious economic value? Why are so many of our smartest people induced to spend their adult lives waging merger wars against one another and doing battle over the tax code? Even the factory workers who once dreamed of opening their own stores have, it seems, reset their sights. When Richard Sennett and Jonathan Cobb interviewed a group of working-class parents in the 1970s, the parents "did not speak about the good life for their children in terms of small business. It exists, most of them believe, in the professions, in medicine or college teaching or architecture. . . ."

Why did the professions become so attractive, and independent business so unappealing? Why has there been such a surge in the most "professionalized" form of business, investment banking, and such a decline (despite the

current romance of high tech) in designing, building, and selling America's goods? Through the years certain cultures have rewarded behavior that eventually proved ruinous to the society as a whole—the British upper class's desire to be free of the taint of commerce is the most famous example. Is a similar perverse process at work here?

One way to understand the professionalization of business is to step back from strictly commercial concerns and follow the course of an enormous change in American society over the past hundred years. The connection between education and occupation is now so firmly ingrained as to seem almost a fact of nature. To get a good job, you get a diploma; at one time a high school diploma sufficed, and then a B.A., but now you're better off with a J.D. or an M.B.A. When Richard Herrnstein, a Harvard psychologist, wrote a book called *I.Q. in the Meritocracy*, in 1973, parts of his argument were controversial but not his assertion that success in school was and should be a prerequisite to success in later working life. "The gradient of occupations is, then, a natural, essentially unconscious expression of the current social consensus," Herrnstein said. Society had to select and conserve its talent, and the best way to do that was through the schools.

Yet this familiar system, far from evolving "naturally" or "unconsciously," is the product of distinct cultural changes in American history. The process that left it on our landscape is less like the slow raising of a mountain range or the growth of oxbows on the Mississippi, and more like the construction of a dam. Three changes, which all took place in the past hundred years, produced the system that is now producing M.B.A.s. They were the conversion of jobs into "professions," the scientific measurement of intelligence, and the use of government power to "channel" people toward certain occupations.



THE FIRST CHANGE WAS PROVOKED BY THE GENERAL social chaos of the late nineteenth century. In fond recollection this is the era of ice-cream socials and horse-and-buggy outings and white linen suits, but for those alive then, it seems to have featured one moment of

terrifying uncertainty after another. Between the end of the Civil War and the beginning of the First World War the nation's population grew faster and migrated more frequently than ever before or since. Tens of millions of people poured through Ellis Island and into the New World; millions more left farms in Wisconsin and Tennessee to work in stockyards and steel mills in such brash new boomtowns as Chicago, Cleveland, and Detroit. Men and women who had grown up on farms or in small towns where everyone knew his neighbors, and where behavior was constrained by the knowledge that nothing could be kept secret for very long, now found themselves kowtowing to impersonal foremen and brushing shoulders with people who had only recently lived in Calabria or Minsk.

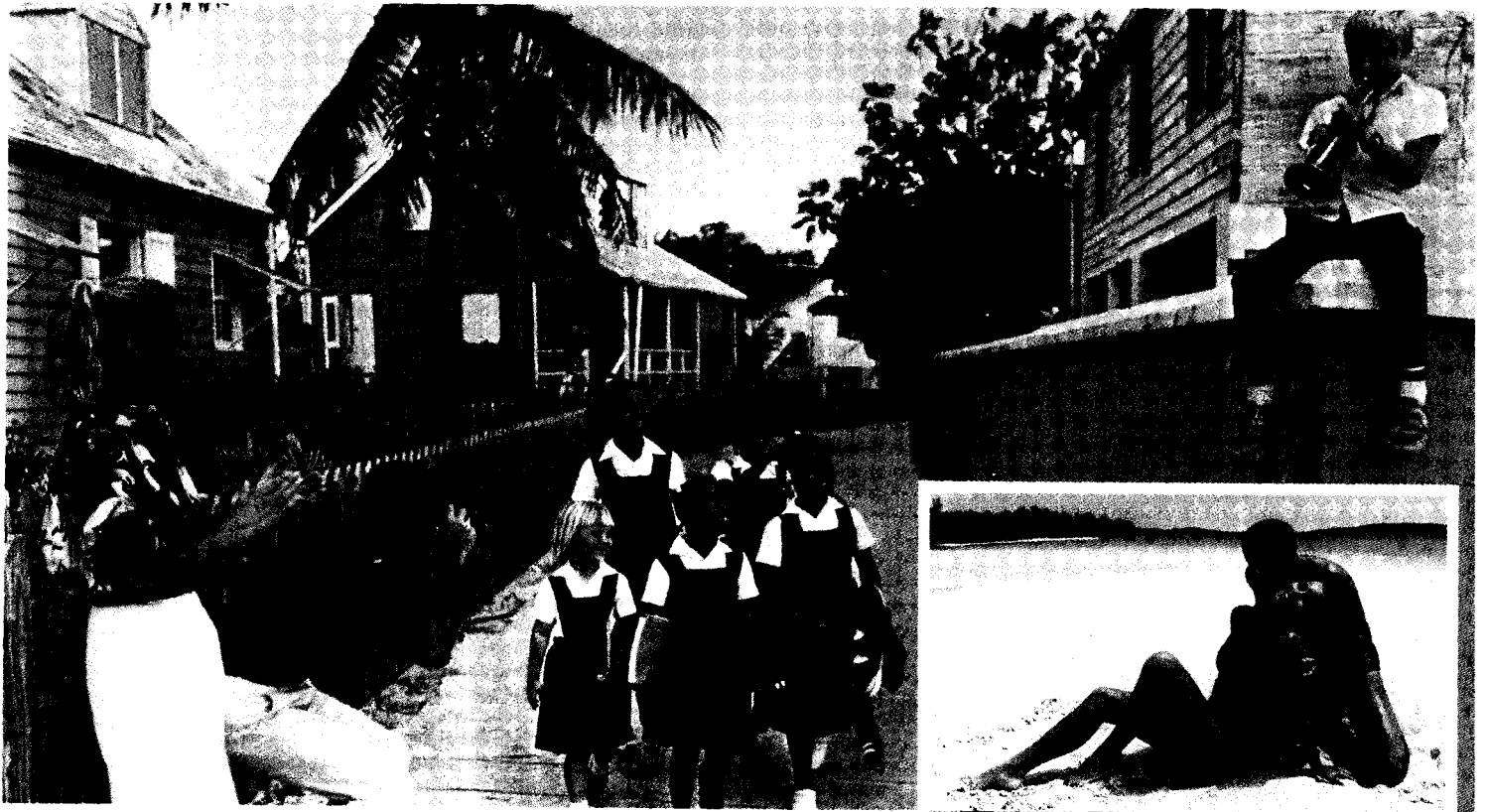
The social order and the traditional sources of security were repeatedly called into question. When the transcontinental railroad network was completed, the United States was for the first time something like a national market. Small-town merchants found they couldn't compete with the big chains operating out of Chicago and New York. With the growth of steamship lines and the cultivation of vast new tracts in Australia, Canada, and South America, farmers were exposed not just to a national but to a world-wide economy. A farm family in Kansas could till, sow, pray for rain, and harvest—only to find that a bumper crop in Argentina had destroyed the price for wheat. At the time of the Civil War more than half of the American work force could still be found on the farm. By the turn of the century only a third was still there. With the decline of the village and the farm, doors were closing on the man who wanted to work for himself and opening to those who were willing to sign on with Armour or Union Pacific or Standard Oil.

"An age never lent itself more readily to sweeping, uniform description: nationalization, industrialization, mechanization, urbanization," the historian Robert Wiebe wrote in his classic study of the era.

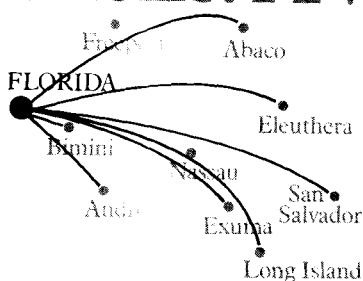
Yet to almost all of the people who created them, these themes meant only dislocation and bewilderment. America in the late nineteenth century was a society without a core. . . . A feeling [was] suddenly acute across the land that local America stood at bay, besieged by giant forces abroad and beset by subversion at home.

Wiebe's book was called *The Search for Order*; it stressed the different ways in which different groups struggled to recover the social and economic security they had lost. The farmers joined ranks in the anti-foreign, anti-immigrant, anti-bank, and eventually anti-black protests of the Populist movement. Immigrant and other industrial workers fought for protection through labor unions. The traditional American aristocracy of Roosevelts and Cabots tried both to hold off the immigrants who were reaching for control of city politics and to erect barriers of snobbery and taste with which to separate themselves from the grasping plutocrats of the Gilded Age.

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For the middling rank of dislocated merchants, craftsmen, and semi-professionals, the most promising route to security was to enhance the prestige of their occupations. Through the nineteenth century "anyone with a bag of pills and a bottle of syrup could pass for a doctor," as Wiebe put it; many doctors were socially ill-regarded beings, with earnings that fluctuated wildly and were chronically below those of businessmen. Lawyers, teachers, and engineers had similar problems. But a more complicated society had more demand for technical skills, and in the decades after the Civil War nearly every group now thought of as "professional," from lawyers to librarians to accountants to mechanical engineers, organized itself in an attempt to raise its standards and its status.

The economic advantages to be had from professional organization were most concisely explained by Mark Twain, who in *Life on the Mississippi* described the riverboat pilots' attempt to make themselves into a monopoly. At mid-century, when westward expansion caused the steamboat business to boom, the pilots' pay unaccountably began to fall. The reason, as the pilots soon deduced, was that any fool off the farm could sign on as an apprentice pilot, increasing competition and depressing the market. A few of the pilots formed a guild, or "association," asking an inflated wage. They slowly recruited members and agreed to exchange information about the river's constantly changing snags and sandbars only with other members of the guild.

"Now came [the] perfectly logical result," Twain wrote, with admiration. "The outsiders began to ground steamboats, sink them, and get into all sorts of trouble, whereas accidents seemed to keep entirely away from the association men." Insurance companies began to plump for association pilots; the steamship owners agreed to one wage raise after another, passing on the difference (and then some) in freight. Since no one could become a pilot without the recommendation of two existing pilots, the association could regulate its own competition. The pilots prospered until the entire, now overpriced industry was destroyed by the railroads and "the association and the noble science of piloting were things of the dead and pathetic past!"

The difference between the pilots' association and the countless other guilds that sprang up and survived was that the pilots were tied to one specialized industry and could be completely displaced, unlike doctors, teachers, lawyers, and engineers. But the economic logic that lay behind the pilots' association shaped the other organizations as well. They controlled entry into their fields, they often raised professional standards, and they sheltered their members from the more chaotic side of the marketplace.

The newly organizing groups could call themselves professions, and not simply resurrected medieval guilds, because their members' mastery of a new body of knowledge gave them claims to a competence beyond the amateur's reach. Doctors could take advantage of the new break-

throughs in germ theory and anesthesia, engineers of refinements in industrial technology. "A strong profession requires a real technical skill that produces demonstrable results and can be taught," a sociologist named Randall Collins wrote in a history of educational credentials. "The skill must be difficult enough to require training and reliable enough to produce results. But it cannot be too reliable, for then outsiders can judge work by its results." Indeed, when historians try to explain why engineers have never become as prestigious and independent as doctors or lawyers, one of their answers is that the engineer's competence is too clearly on display. (When a patient dies, the doctor might not be to blame, but if a bridge falls down, the engineer is.)

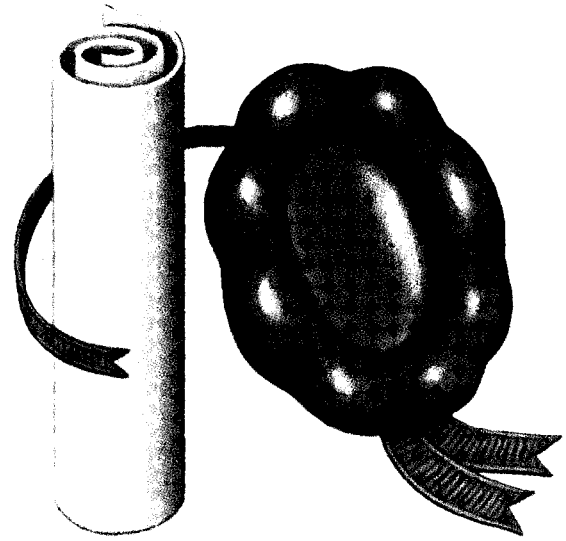
As a means of transmitting the knowledge on which their authority was based—and of reserving to themselves control over who would enter the field—the professions dramatically increased the educational requirements for new aspirants near the turn of the century. Before, practically anyone could declare himself a doctor or a teacher or a lawyer, and the choice about who prospered and who failed would be left to "the market," including people who died after trying to cure their cholera with snake oil. Afterward, those who wanted to enter the professions had to go to school, and once they had their credentials they enjoyed a near-tenured status they had previously been denied. Before the First World War not a single state required that its lawyers have attended law school, and fewer than a third of all North American medical schools required even a high school diploma for admission. By the Second World War professionals without advanced degrees were becoming an oddity.

Business managers began "professionalizing" about the same time that the other groups did, but their alliance with educational institutions developed more slowly. The new body of knowledge that turned business into a profession was created by the rise of huge, complex, integrated corporations. With the coming of railroads and telegraphs and nationwide trading firms, businessmen couldn't keep schedules or accounts in their heads any longer, as the small-town merchant had done. Resources had to be coordinated, inventory tracked from place to place, new systems of accounting worked out. In his history of American management, *The Visible Hand*, Alfred Chandler, of the Harvard Business School, described how the rise of multi-unit corporations killed off the owner-managers of a simpler era and created a demand for salaried, "scientific" management. Soon after the turn of the century professional management societies and scientific-management journals sprouted up everywhere. The early generation of professionally trained managers was mainly from engineering schools like MIT. "You needed an engineering background to know what was going on inside the factories," Chandler told me. "But when the merger movement began and you needed skills for more than just production, you had the first wave of business schools. At that point, they were indeed meeting a need."

By 1910 graduate business schools had been founded at Dartmouth and Harvard, as had undergraduate schools of business at New York University and the universities of Chicago, California, and Pennsylvania (the Wharton School). Still, until the eve of the Second World War specialized training in business was the exception. According to a national survey conducted in 1937–1938, only about half of all employers required that prospective managers have even a high school diploma, and only one eighth required a college degree. Thirty years later a regional study found that nearly half of all managerial jobs formally required either a B.A. or a graduate degree.

The first cultural change, then, was the evolution of distinct professions, requiring proof of academic training from those who hoped to join. In part the rise of credentialed professions reflected the greater precision of scientific knowledge and the greater complexity of modern business operations, but it also arose from a social choice. When it came to determining professional status, the trial and error of the marketplace would not suffice. Objective standards must be found. Shortly after the Civil War, Charles William Eliot, newly installed as the president of Harvard, had complained in his inaugural address that “as a people we have but a halting faith in special training for high professional employments.” There was “national danger” in the “vulgar conceit that the Yankee can turn his hand to anything [which] we insensibly carry into high places, where it is preposterous and criminal. We are accustomed to seeing men leap from farm or shop to courtroom or pulpit, and we half believe that common men can safely use the seven-league boots of genius.” The new ethic of self-regulating professions was the answer to this vulgar Yankee conceit.

Because meeting “objective” standards so often meant getting an academic degree, professional competence soon was measured by “input,” not “output.” That is, anyone who brought the right educational credentials and could pass the entry test was certified and from that point on was shielded from further formal tests of competence. Once a professional, always a professional, barring felony conviction or grotesque error. As part of the movement for professionalization, the U.S. Civil Service was converted from a high-turnover political-spoils system to a “merit” system, based on objective entry tests. In the old days practically anyone could be hired for a government job, but no one could count on staying very long. After the Civil Service was reformed, only those who met the standards could sign on—and once hired, they could practically never be dislodged. The corruption of the spoils system symbolized the social chaos that the professional guilds hoped to combat, not only in the government but also in business and the professions. The rigidity of the modern Civil Service illustrates how far the idea of professional tenure has gone. In five years in office Ronald Reagan has managed to replace fewer federal employees than Abraham Lincoln did in four, and in Lincoln’s day the government was one seventieth its current size.



THE SECOND HISTORIC STEP TOWARD A MERITOCRACY occurred at about the same time as the wave of professionalization. It was the invention of IQ tests and the dawning of the idea that “intelligence” was a single, real, measurable, and unchanging trait that severely limited each person’s occupational choice.

To the creator of the first intelligence test, the French psychologist Alfred Binet, *IQ* meant something very different from what it has come to imply. As has often been told, Binet was commissioned by the French Ministry of Instruction to develop a test to identify children in need of remedial schooling. He came up with a list of simple tasks that would illustrate the child’s “mental age”—a normal three-year-old should be able to point to his nose, eyes, and mouth, a normal ten-year-old should be able to make a sentence with the words *Paris*, *fortune*, and *gutter*, and so forth. The ratio between mental age and chronological age, of course, yielded the “intelligence quotient,” or IQ, with 100 defined as normal.

Binet never viewed “normal” children as appropriate subjects for his test, which, like the white-blood-cell count, was designed to indicate the presence of disease, not to rank degrees of health. He went out of his way to denounce the idea that IQ could be thought of as a fixed, innate value. As he saw it, an IQ test was, to use another analogy, something like a physical-fitness exam given before a conditioning program, which would indicate areas of weakness and serve as a benchmark for future progress. He prescribed a course of “mental therapeutics” to build mental strength and raise IQ. He began his chapter “The Training of Intelligence” by saying, “After the illness, the remedy.” As a young student, Binet himself had been told he would never have a truly philosophical spirit.

Never! What a momentous word. Some recent thinkers seem to have given their moral support to these deplorable verdicts by affirming that an individual’s intelligence is a fixed quantity, a quantity that cannot be increased. We must protest and react against this brutal pessimism; we must try to demonstrate that it is founded upon nothing.

Something happened to Binet's concept of IQ when it was translated into English. In both England and the United States, IQ was seized upon as a way of quantifying the long-suspected mental differences among individuals and races. In response to the seemingly unstoppable flow of immigrants, American theorists had developed elaborate schema of the mental standing of different ethnic groups—"Nordics" highest, Eastern Europeans and blacks lowest—but for proof they had had to get by with comparative cranium measurements and photographs of deviant physiognomies. The IQ tests gave the new science of psychometrics—mental measurement—the kind of objective, hard data it had so sorely lacked.

By the beginning of the First World War psychometrics had come so far that millions of American recruits were screened for IQ with the famous Army Alpha and Army Beta tests. (The first ten questions from an Army Alpha exam are listed below.*) When the results were correlated with the recruits' social and ethnic backgrounds, they confirmed what everyone had suspected: the immigrants and blacks were overwhelmingly subnormal, with the most recent arrivals proving to be the most defective. The only unforeseen and unsettling wrinkle was that *most* people were subnormal: the average mental age for white draftees was thirteen. The chief administrator of the tests, Robert Yerkes, noted that if the results were taken seriously, 47 percent of white draftees must be classified as morons. He concluded, "Thus it appears that feeble-mindedness . . . is of much greater frequency of occurrence than had been originally supposed."

The 900-page analysis of the Army exams was made public in 1921. Ever since then arguments about intelligence tests have centered on whether the tests are "fair." If the IQ test and all its progeny, from the Army Alpha to the Scholastic Aptitude Test, really did seek out raw talent "fairly," regardless of social setting, why have all of them, from the beginning, shown that the people with the best jobs, the most money, and the best bloodlines also have the highest IQs? Had American (and English) society become so perfectly meritocratic by the early 1900s that the smartest people had already reached the occupational summit, despite nativist passions, Jim Crow laws, and the brutalized condition of the urban working class?

* Army Alpha Test 8

1. The *apple* grows on a *shrub vine bush tree*
2. *Five hundred* is played with *rackets pins cards dice*
3. The *Percheron* is a kind of *goat horse cow sheep*
4. The most prominent industry of *Gloucester* is *fishing packing brewing automobiles*
5. *Sapphires* are usually *blue red green yellow*
6. The *Rhode Island Red* is a kind of *horse granite cattle fowl*
7. *Christy Mathewson* is famous as a *writer artist baseball player comedian*
8. *Revolvers* are made by *Swift & Co. Smith & Wesson W.L. Douglass B.T. Babbitt*
9. *Carrie Nation* is known as a *singer temperance agitator suffragist nurse*
10. "*There's a reason*" is an "ad" for a *drink revolver flour cleanser*

But beneath the drawn-out arguments about fair and unfair measures of IQ a more powerful concept has often lain unchallenged. Everyone seems to agree that if only we could find a way to determine IQ "objectively," we would be more than halfway to determining where people should end up in life. Even most critics of the tests don't question the current structure of the professions. Their concern is giving everyone a "fair" shot at an M.B.A.

Forging a link between intelligence and occupation was explicitly the goal of the early psychometricians, even though it was not a goal of Alfred Binet's. Lewis Terman, one of the movement's leaders, wrote in 1923 that

preliminary investigations indicate that an IQ below 70 rarely permits anything better than unskilled labor; that the range from 70 to 80 is preeminently that of semi-skilled labor, from 80 to 100 that of the skilled or ordinary clerical labor, from 100 to 110 or 115 that of the semi-professional pursuits; and that above all these are the grades of intelligence which permit one to enter the professions or the larger fields of business. Intelligence tests can tell us [to which group] a child's native brightness corresponds. . . .

The most important word here is *permits*. If the first major social change, the rise of professions based on advanced educational degrees, dramatically increased the importance of higher education, the second change implied that only a few people would be recognized as having the raw intelligence to handle long years in school and the careers that would follow. The results of this perception were spelled out by Richard Herrnstein, in his book on the meritocracy. "The ties among I.Q., occupation, and social standing make practical sense," he wrote. "If virtually anyone is smart enough to be a ditch digger, and only half the people are smart enough to be engineers, then society is, in effect, husbanding its intellectual resources by holding engineers in greater esteem, and on the average, paying them more."

Surely some people are more talented than others, and some are not fit to be doctors or artists or musicians. Still, there are reasons to be skeptical of the idea that IQ is usually the limit on occupational ascent. For example, one of sociology's longest-running and most thorough surveys, known as the "Kalamazoo Brothers" study, followed thousands of boys from their childhoods in Kalamazoo well into adulthood. A recent analysis of its results revealed that of the men who ended up as professionals, 10 percent had as children been considered "high-grade morons." (That is, their IQs were 85 or below, placing them in the bottom sixth of the population. During the first half century of intelligence testing, people with scores below 85 were known, in descending order of intelligence, as morons, imbeciles, and idiots. Now scores below 70 are associated with severity of retardation, from "mild" to "profound.") Michael O'neck and James Crouse, who analyzed the Kalamazoo data, found that a third of all the professionals and 42 percent of the managers had childhood IQs below 100, which is by definition subnormal. As a group the man-

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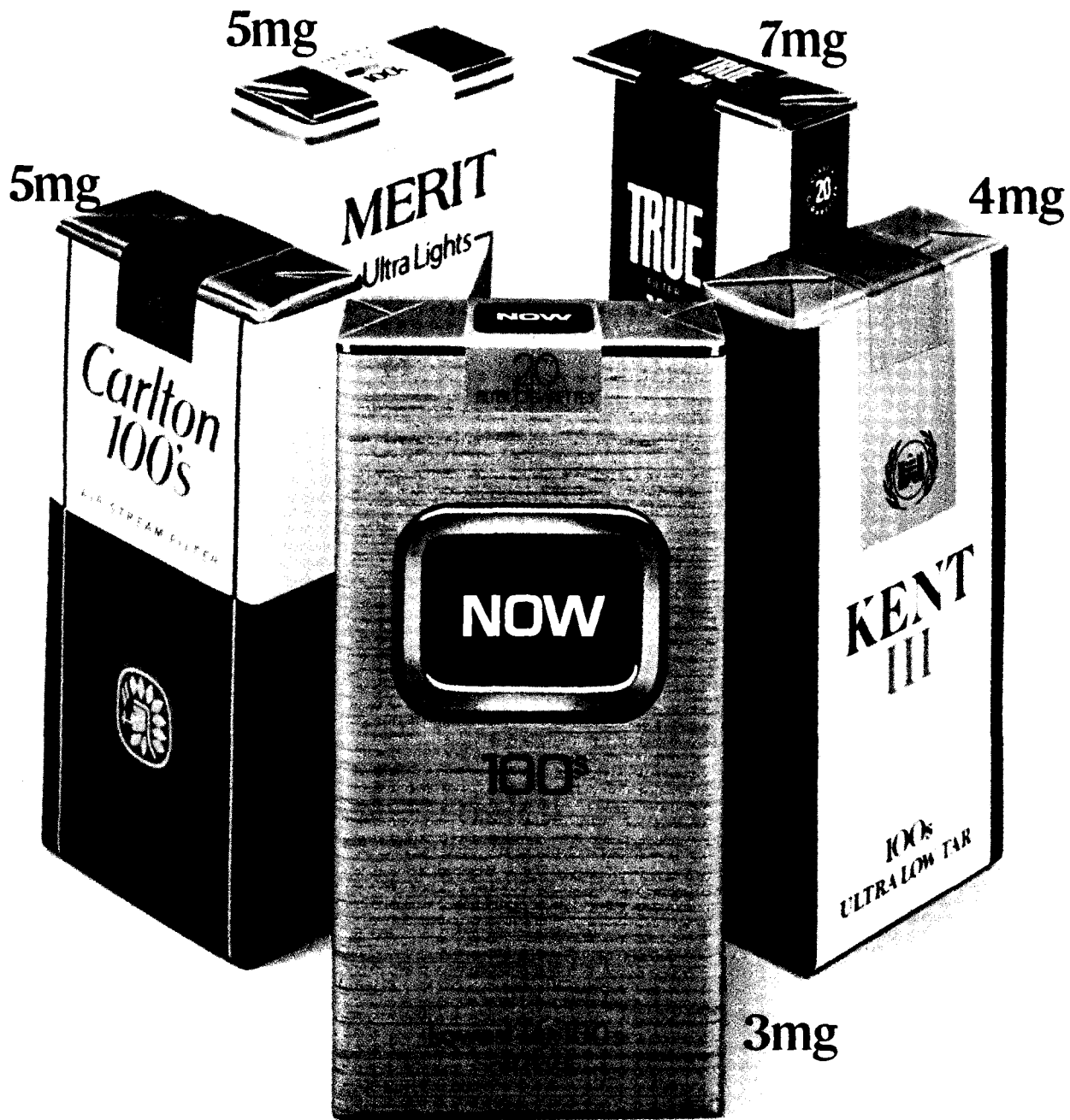
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agers had above-average IQs, but a large number of individual managers did not. According to pure meritocratic theory, Olneck and Crouse observed, the greatest diversity of IQ scores should be found at the bottom of the occupational pyramid (since some people have the brains but not the gumption or the opportunity to move up) and the least diversity at the top (where everyone would have to be smart to make the grade). When Richard Herrnstein compared the IQ scores of Second World War recruits with their occupations before induction, he discovered just such a pattern. But Herrnstein's subjects were young, starting out in their careers; the Kalamazoo study, which traced its subjects until much later in life, found that the IQ-and-occupation pattern was in fact the reverse. The greatest diversity of IQ scores was found not among unskilled laborers but among professionals. "It appears that the capacity to succeed in [professional and managerial] jobs is rather widespread, and is not confined to men who score well on tests," Olneck and Crouse concluded.

Another illustration that people can often do more than their IQ "limits" suggest: After the Second World War the GI Bill financed a college education for 2.3 million men, including half a million whose backgrounds suggested that they were not "college material" and who said they would not otherwise have gone to school. James B. Conant, the president of Harvard, called the bill "distressing," because it did not "distinguish between those who can profit most by advanced education and those who cannot." In the same spirit Robert Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, warned that when the GIs came home, "colleges and universities will find themselves converted into educational hobo jungles." In other words, this was a scheme to push people beyond what their intelligence would permit. Of course, when the returning GIs enrolled, they confounded all predictions and proved to be famously mature and successful in class. Researchers found that those who would not have gone to college without help from the GI Bill did slightly better in course work than other equally able veterans.

If the linkage between jobs and IQ were as strong and automatic as the meritocratic theories proposed, how could the Kalamazoo morons have succeeded in business and the professions? How could the population of Europe have switched from an overwhelmingly agricultural to an industrial society, with its more demanding skill level, within three or four generations? Where could the United States have found the extra talent to manage an even more rapid transition—the proportion of professional and managerial jobs has quadrupled just since 1900—at precisely the time that its gene pool was "deteriorating" because of dysgenic flows from overseas? Obviously, during the agricultural era the limit on human performance was not the stockpile of native intelligence but the primitive level of technology and social organization. Through most of history most people have been capable of far more than economic organization has permitted them to do. It would be remarkable indeed if in the 1980s we had reached the pre-

cise point of equilibrium at which the supply of human talent exactly matched the high-skill jobs that exist to be done.

Nonetheless, the lasting effect of this second social change was the belief that an individual's IQ placed firm limits on how extensively he could be educated—and, because of the emerging link between education and work, on the jobs to which he could aspire. Since a person's intellectual ability was genetically fixed, predictions about his specific limits could be made early in life, as soon as he reached school. The third change began as a logical sequence of the first two: the conversion of the schools into a "channeling" mechanism.

UNTIL THE EARLY TWENTIETH CENTURY "REFORMING" America's schools meant persuading more people to attend. Through the mid-nineteenth century compulsory-school-attendance laws were all but unknown, and only about two percent of the high-school-age population was enrolled in high school. By the turn of the century more than half the states had passed school-attendance laws, and the long nineteenth-century crusade for publicly financed "common schools" serving the general public had been victorious. But the very success of this crusade created new complications. What was to be done about the "plain people" who were being given the once-rare gift of a diploma but would find that it took them no further than to factory or field?

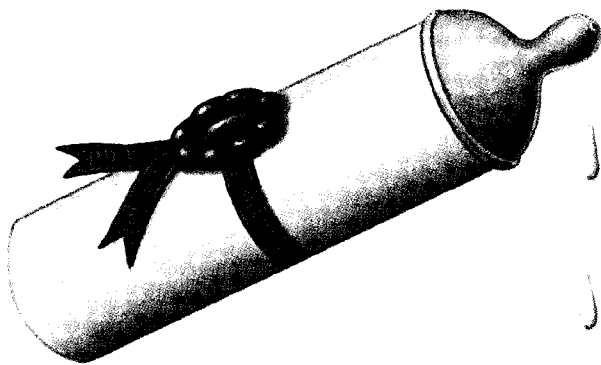
The resolution of this conflict involved the creation of different classroom "tracks" and vocational, as well as academic, schools. But, like IQ testing, manpower channeling took sudden leaps, because of the demands of war. During the First World War, which the United States entered late, mass mobilization did more for the psychometricians than they did for the war effort, since it gave them their first opportunity to collect data on a grand scale. Twenty-five years later, as the United States girded up for total war, its strategic planners knew they had to use human resources as efficiently as rubber or tin. Their principal tool for deploying manpower was the power to draft or defer, and for thirty years, from 1940 to 1970, the Selective Service system played a crucial role in, and offered a window on, the evolution of the meritocracy.

General Lewis B. Hershey, whose military career had begun not at West Point but with a National Guard unit in Angola, Indiana, had as the first Selective Service director vigorously advanced a "no deferments" policy during the Second World War. He was especially hostile to student deferments, arguing that they would turn into a collaboration between colleges (which wanted to keep their enrollments up) and privileged students (who preferred to stay away from the front lines). But in such sentiments Hershey soon proved to be on the wrong side of social history. In the Cold War era the prevailing view was that the United States could not afford to misallocate its intelligence and talent if it hoped to prevail against the Soviet Union.

In 1948 an advisory group assembled by Hershey recommended the creation of a new draft classification, covering any young man "whose educational aptitude suggests he is of potential special value." Men could qualify for the deferment on the basis of their grades in school and their score on what was essentially an IQ test. The plan represented everything that Hershey detested, but he accepted it, apparently out of his bureaucratic desire to keep the Selective Service system alive. He contracted with the Educational Testing Service to write the test, and when he began calling men for service in Korea in 1951, anyone who scored above 70 (out of a possible 100) on the test could remain in college and be sheltered from the draft. Eventually the IQ-test deferment evolved into the 2-S deferment that proved so catastrophically divisive during the Vietnam War.

In a way, the IQ deferment plan was merely symbolic. The number of deferments for married men and fathers, members of ROTC, and those classified 4-F vastly exceeded deferments granted through the IQ test. Still, as symbolism it was potent indeed. By the middle of the twentieth century differences in legal standing based on wealth and skin color were on their way out. The time was long past when a slave was legally three fifths of a man or only property owners could vote. Such distinctions had come to seem unacceptable—but not the idea that the state would scientifically seek out its most intelligent people and grant them extra rights.

This third change, then, instituted the idea that the state, through its school system and its ability to compel military service, would put the science of mental measurement to work, by helping to steer people toward their proper level of education and most appropriate jobs. By the 1950s the evolution of manpower channeling had, along with the two other changes, given us the modern meritocracy.



WITH ITS EMPHASIS ON THE EARLY DETECTION OF intelligence and on extended education as the route to professional success, the meritocratic order has produced such familiar symptoms as the frenzied competition for places in private nursery schools (presum-

ably to improve the odds of admission to Harvard Law School twenty years hence), the bleak prospects that laid-off and uncredentialed industrial workers face when the mills close down, and even the proliferation of consultants and M.B.A.s. But has it in any fundamental way affected America's prospects as a functioning economy or a cohesive democratic state?

If anything in David McClelland's model makes sense—if an earlier national folklore of wide-open opportunities persuaded Americans to take risks that sheer logic might have ruled out—then the rise of the meritocracy has to have had an impact. As the definition of *success* has been altered to give more encouragement to the professional and less to the rough-and-ready entrepreneur, the achievement motive has also changed. If talent is unchangeable and genetic endowment so precisely limits what each person can do, then why fight the inevitable? The logical response to a low IQ score would be resignation to fate.

In measurable economic terms the rate of social mobility in the United States has changed very little in at least a hundred years: people still rise out of poverty and fall from affluence about as frequently as in the days when no one had heard of IQ or tracking or M.B.A.s. American society is more open than most others, but it still rewards the wisely chosen birth. Researchers who dug through estate records in Cleveland in the 1960s, for example, found that if a man was born into the wealthiest five percent of families, the odds were two out of three that his own adult annual earnings would exceed \$47,000 (in 1985 dollars). If he was born into the poorest 10 percent, the odds were one in a hundred. As far as economic historians can determine, at most points in American history actual mobility rates have been about the same as they are now.

What has changed with the coming of the meritocracy is the air of scientific inevitability that surrounds the results. If only one man in a hundred makes it out of the lowest rank, is it because the other ninety-nine just aren't smart enough? Even while angrily denying that a college degree is necessarily a sign of intelligence, or that executives and members of the clean-hands class deserve the privileges they enjoy, many working-class Americans seem to nurse the fear that they really *aren't* good enough to make it anymore. If the "famous self-confidence" of the businessman, as David McClelland put it, made a tangible difference in the growth of American industry, might not this induced self-doubt do equivalent harm?

"I used to go past Johns Hopkins all the time, practically every day," Robert Ward told me earlier this year. Ward is a gruff, wisecracking novelist in his early forties who had recently published *Red Baker*, a book about the travails of a laid-off steelworker. Ward himself grew up in a working-class Baltimore neighborhood similar to the one he described in the novel.

"I went past there probably a thousand times, and it just never occurred to me that somebody like me could go there. It wasn't like, Gee, I wish I could go there and isn't it too bad I can't. *It never entered my mind!* I wasn't ever bit-

ter about it, because I just understood deep down in my soul that of course I'd never go to a place like that." In the end Ward applied at the last minute to Towson State, "only because my mom asked at the end of the summer what I'd think about going to college." He moved on to teaching English at a variety of private schools, wrote his novels, and this year became a story editor in Los Angeles for *Hill Street Blues*.

"When I'd seen a little more of the world, I started thinking, Hey, I could've gone there! I'm as smart as these people! But it wasn't till years later that I saw how you're tracked unless somebody happens to push you in a different direction. One of my teachers used to tell me, 'You're smart, and the only person we've got to convince of that is you.'"

"You're taught never to be certain about what you know," Peggy Miller had told me in Baltimore several years earlier. Miller was a slight woman in her early thirties, with dark hair, round dark-rimmed glasses, and a grave air. She had grown up in a working-class area of Pennsylvania, had earned a doctorate in psychology, and was studying certain aspects of how parents raised children in the neighborhoods that surround Baltimore's steel mills. "Myself, I feel compelled to be a hundred percent sure of something before I'll say that it's so when many other people say it's the case if they're fifty-one percent convinced. One of the reasons, of course, is that a standard of success in the professional world is a kind of glibness and self-confidence. When you ask a worker about something he actually knows in detail, what he'll say is, 'I know a little about that' or 'I have a little bit of experience with it.'"

Their own life stories might seem to contradict what Ward and Miller say—after all, each of them has risen in the world. But they offer testimony about an attitude to which most of their friends succumbed. Surrounded by indications that they just weren't good enough to earn a berth in the college-degree world, many were persuaded not even to try. There is a more powerful illustration of this destruction of human capital: the behavior of lower-class black teenagers, especially boys, who inspire from most of their fellow citizens a mixture of fear, despair, and a desire that they be kept at bay. The tangled history of race in America may make the situation of the black underclass seem unique, but what is racial prejudice if not a concentrated version of the meritocratic message that certain people are so defective that they deserve to fail?

"When you watch these young men playing sports, you know the enthusiasm, the creativity, the competition, and the standards are all there," Irving Hamer told me one afternoon last year. Hamer is the headmaster of the Park Heights Street Academy, in Baltimore, a private school designed to give a second chance to students who seem bright but have run into trouble in the public schools. The Street Academy is located in a cleaned-up row house in the Baltimore ghetto. Hamer, who was raised in central Harlem by his mother, is a tall black man in his late thirties with broad shoulders and a slender waist.

"Sports is different, because it's the one place where adolescent black males believe there is an outlet for themselves. The determination and energy they show there doesn't translate itself into other areas, because they think they're unavailable. Apart from sports, there is nothing that brings them the message that an upbeat approach can pay off. The subtle message that leaps from their experience and reinforces a sense of self-hate is that they shouldn't even try. How do you get a handle on a social pathology that makes people hate themselves?" Hamer ran down a list of his graduates and what had become of them in the few years since Park Heights had opened. About half have gone on to the nearby community colleges, and many have joined the Army. "The military has become a convenient way out for a lot of them, and it kills me. The military simply doesn't demand the performance or level of achievement they should be capable of. And those CETA programs—what terrible, unkind assumptions they make about young people, that they can only make it if all the standards are lowered for them. These kids figured out fairly early that little was expected of them."

When I talked with Park Heights students and asked why they had quit or floundered in public school, I nearly always got the same reply. The teachers were robots; nobody cared about anything except the paychecks; it was a waste of time even to show up. With all proper allowances for teenagers' vast capacity to deflect responsibility away from themselves, by the twentieth time I heard such an account I was convinced—convinced not simply that the urban public schools, deserted by the middle class, have become a trap for those who can't buy their way out but also that when people are told they will fail, most of them do. Is it merely a coincidence that so many immigrants, whose potential has not been ascertained, rise as if they do not know where they are supposed to stop? At the time of my visit to Park Heights, in the spring of 1984, Jesse Jackson's campaign for the presidency was beginning to gather steam. One wall of Hamer's office was dominated by a super-life-size portrait, in which Jackson stood resplendent in a business suit. His dimensions and his beatific smile made him look like a happy god. "Why do you think he's getting all the black votes?" Hamer said. "He sends a message that you can succeed."

"People are always saying, 'Why don't these local blacks try harder, when so many of the black-skinned immigrants do so well?'" Juan Williams said early this year. Williams, a young reporter for *The Washington Post*, is himself a black-skinned immigrant, born in Panama and brought by his mother to Bedford-Stuyvesant when he was two. "When people do well, it's because their parents gave them the feeling that great things were expected of them and *were within their grasp*. My older sister went off to this fancy college and came home all fine and uppity. You start thinking, I want that too. What mattered was having practical models of what you could achieve."

By persuading people on the bottom of the heap that they probably can't succeed, then, the educational meri-

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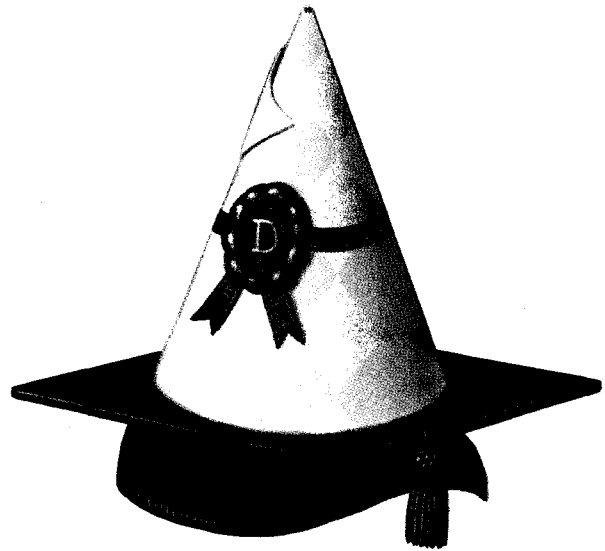
tocracy destroys talent on which we might otherwise draw. By teaching people that they are stuck where they deserve to be, it promotes the resentment that is so destructive to economic and democratic life. Within the past decade, as American businesses have looked with anxiety at Japan and with envious curiosity at successful domestic firms, the conventional business wisdom has emphasized the danger of creating a rigid class structure within a firm. From the Delta executives who handle baggage at Christmastime to the GM Saturn workers whose pay will depend on the plant's profitability, the anecdotes on which the new folk wisdom is based have had a Frank Capra-like democratic theme. Everyone has to feel important, has to think that his efforts are needed and will be rewarded. These days the "us-against-them" mentality of recalcitrant unions and thickheaded managers is widely denounced, but the caste system created by educational credentials has a similarly divisive effect.

For much of my adult life I have lived among those who have "had it good" on the meritocracy's terms. Because of their intellectual promise, they were better educated than most others, and given longer to explore options and make choices. What I find striking about this class is how few of its members are involved in the sort of creative economic efforts that nearly everyone now professes to admire. From college and graduate school I know lawyers, consultants, and analysts aplenty, but few people who have started their own businesses or created jobs for anyone besides themselves. There are exceptions, but most of the real entrepreneurs I know lack the track record of impeccable schooling and early academic success that is supposed to distinguish the meritocracy's most productive members. What kind of merit system is this, if it discounts the activity on which the collective wealth depends?

A few years ago it was fashionable to blame the distaste for enterprise on the anti-business attitudes of an over-educated "new class." I wonder whether such an explanation is necessary or sensible—especially since the behavior persists even while the well educated have become the main cheerleaders for America's entrepreneurs. Isn't there a more obvious reason, based on calculations of risk and reward? Despite all the pious encomiums that risk-takers now receive, few people seek risk when they can rely on a sure thing. To a degree only dreamed of by Mark Twain's river pilots, the professions now represent America's surest thing. Not many professionals become truly rich, but neither do many doctors, lawyers, consultants, and (today's business students hope) M.B.A.s fall out of the upper tier of income and status. An entrepreneurial society is like a game of draw poker; you take a lot of chances, because you're rarely dealt a pat hand and you never know exactly what you have to beat. A professionalized society is more like blackjack, and getting a degree is like being dealt nineteen. You could try for more, but why?

Thus, in addition to depressing the "unmeritorious" a meritocracy can corrupt its professionals, making them care more about keeping what they have than creating

something new. For at least thirty years after the Depression families refused to borrow, socked away their extra dollars, dared not give up tedious but secure jobs, lived in dread that bad times might return. Such caution was based on a fear of ruination; the lack of entrepreneurial daring in today's professional class seems to come instead from a sense of entitlement. Nearly everyone admitted to a professional school graduates; most of those accredited live well. If an "achieving" society requires a balance between confidence and anxiety, can it afford a swelling class whose chief ambition is one day to "make partner"?



"ALL OF OUR WORK HAS GIVEN ME A VERY STRONG view," Richard Boyatzis told me one afternoon. The consulting firm Boyatzis heads, McBer and Company, was founded by David McClelland in 1963. Its specialty has been analyzing what people actually *do* in business jobs—not what their job descriptions say, but how they spend their time and which skills seem most important to their success. "I've come to see that whenever a group institutes a credentialing process, whether by licensing or insisting on advanced degrees, the espoused rhetoric is to enforce the standards of professionalism. This is true whether it's among accountants or plumbers or physicians. But the observed consequences always seem to be these two: the exclusion of certain groups, whether by intention or not, and the establishment of mediocre performance standards."

Mediocre performance is a grave charge, since the principal justification for a meritocracy is that it sends the right talent to the right jobs. The baleful consequences for working-class morale, the professionals' quest for tenure—these might seem to be the costs we inevitably pay for competence. But the implication of work done at McBer, along with other studies, is that the academic-credentialing system that has evolved over the past century is deficient by its own most basic standard, that of guaranteeing high performance. At every step of the way what is rewarded is excellence in school, which is related to excellence on the job only indirectly and sometimes not at all.

"Because the credentialing and licensing process uses input measures, mainly years of schooling, to determine who gets into the field, we end up licensing people who are good at *studying* law or business, which is not necessarily the same thing as being good at the job," Boyatzis said. "Occasionally a licensing procedure will require a demonstration of relevant skills—craft unions or accountants, for example. But even in those cases they have no way of assessing whether the skills and knowledge have atrophied in all the years afterwards. The physicians are a perfect example. They've agreed to a system for continuing education—which they can satisfy not by passing a test again but by showing that they've gone to a few courses each year."

Within the professions there are abundant illustrations that the skills on which credentials are granted are different from the performance that matters most. For example, in 1979 Daniel Hogan, a lawyer and social psychologist at Harvard, published a four-volume study called *The Regulation of Psychotherapists*. Its ambition was to examine the day-by-day workings of psychotherapy at every level, from social worker to licensed psychoanalyst.

Hogan devoted his first several hundred pages to an analysis of the traits and qualities that distinguish effective psychotherapists from ineffective ones. In judging effectiveness he concentrated on "output"—changes in the patient's condition—rather than "input," such as how much effort the therapist applies, how much he charges, or how long he spent in school. Then, in the second half of that volume, and with the same painstaking thoroughness, Hogan went through the qualities demanded of those who want to be certified as psychotherapists. There was little overlap between the two lists.

"Contrary to much professional opinion . . .," he said, "the effectiveness of therapists is more determined by the presence or absence of certain personality characteristics and interpersonal skills than technical abilities and theoretical knowledge." The skills that make a superb psychotherapist are mainly common-sense human skills—warmth, empathy, reliability, a lack of pretentiousness or defensiveness, an alertness to human subtlety, an ability to draw people out. "The necessary qualities are very similar to those one looks for in a good friend." These are not traits that can be detected on a multiple-choice exam, but they are real, and can be measured in creative ways. In half of the "effectiveness" studies that Hogan surveyed, non-professional therapists did better than professionals in helping patients, despite their lack of formal education. In one study conducted in 1965, for example, five laymen (only one of whom had finished college) were given less than 100 hours of training in therapy skills. Then they were put in charge of patients who had been hospitalized, on average, for more than *thirteen years*. Under their treatment more than half the patients improved.

Hogan contrasted such subjective skills with the traits the profession considered essential before issuing a license, most of which were based on academic proficiency. "For traditional psychotherapy, psychiatrists stress an un-

derstanding of human biology, neurology, and psychopharmacology; psychologists stress personality dynamics and interpersonal behavior; and social workers believe that a theoretical understanding of environmental influences on behavior is essential." As Hogan pointed out, such "hard" scientific preparation was necessary in some cases, to be sure that the patient's complaint did not arise from chemical imbalance, from injury, or from a tumor. But once those possibilities had been eliminated, Hogan's findings showed, advanced technical training counted for nothing in restoring most mental patients to health.

If psychotherapy seems too "soft" a discipline to provide a fair test of meritocratic standards, what about air-traffic control? In 1970 Ivar Berg reported on a study conducted by the Federal Aviation Administration, which wanted to understand what made 507 highly competent air-traffic controllers good at their jobs. The question was whether advanced educational requirements would produce competent controllers; the answer was no. As Berg explained,

This complicated job . . . might well require, not merely the details of engineering or management science or mathematics, but all the supposed "correlates" of education—a disciplined mind, for example—and the more personal qualities that education is supposed to produce—reliability, steadfastness, responsibility, ability to think quickly, motivation, etc.

Common sense might suggest that the better controllers would be more educated—but the FAA found that fully half the top-ranked controllers had no formal education beyond high school. Many of them had come directly to the FAA for rigorous technical training specifically related to the jobs they were expected to do. Berg said,

Because it was "stuck with" less educated men . . . the FAA became a little laboratory in which the relevance of education for attainment of, and achievement in, important managerial and technical positions could be examined. Education proves not to be a factor in the daily performance of one of the most demanding decision-making jobs in America.

The implication of examples such as these is not that talent is equally distributed or that minds are limitlessly malleable or that advanced training is always destructive. A liberal education is good for its own sake, and schooling of any sort can impart a broad perspective that can help in any job. Rather, the charge against credential requirements is that they are simultaneously too restrictive and too lax. They are too restrictive in giving a huge advantage to those who booked early passage on the IQ train and too lax in their sloppy relation to the skills that truly make for competence. No nurse is allowed to hang out a shingle and collect professional fees for the many medical functions she can competently perform; any psychiatrist is legally entitled to perform open-heart surgery or read x-rays of your knee. If sports were run like the meritocracy, the Miami Dolphins would choose their starting lineup on the ba-

sis of high-school times in the forty-yard dash and analyses of the players' muscle tissues to see who had the highest proportion of "quick-twitch" fibers. If the Dolphins actually did this, they'd face a long losing season: the coach cares about speed but finally chooses the players who have proved they can catch the ball or stop the run.

Nearly fifteen years ago David McClelland wrote an article called "Testing for Competence Rather Than Intelligence." It said, in effect, that what Don Shula does for the Dolphins the testing and licensing system should do for the professions. While some people are brighter than others, and while the variations in their abilities matter in some jobs, differences in IQ scores should not be the central concern of professional licensing. The proper function of licenses is to ensure that when passengers enter an airplane, they can count on the pilot's knowing how to fly, and that anyone who offers to argue a case in court or prepare a tax return is competent in those tasks. Designing tests of these specific skills might be slightly harder than drawing up yet another IQ test, McClelland said, but the obstacles would hardly be insuperable. Social competition would be more open, the economy would be more flexible, and standards of performance would be higher if credential requirements gave way to tests of specific skills.

In business the companies that are growing and changing the fastest, and where flexibility and performance are presumably more crucial than anywhere else, already tend to overlook credentials and behave like armies in wartime, rewarding people for what they can do today, not for their background or what their theoretical potential might be. "We do a lot of college recruiting to find our new people," says Steven Ballmer, a twenty-nine-year-old vice-president of Microsoft, the phenomenally successful software firm that Ballmer's contemporary and college classmate, Bill Gates, founded after dropping out of Harvard. Ballmer dropped out of Stanford Business School to join him. "We go to colleges not so much because we give a damn about the credential but because it's hard to find other places where you have large concentrations of smart people and somebody will arrange the interviews for you. But we also have a lot of walk-on talent. We're looking for programming talent, and the degree is in no way, shape, or form very important. We ask them to send us a program they've written that they're proud of. One of our superstars here is a guy who literally walked in off the street. We talked him out of going to college and he's been here ever since."

Such established firms as General Electric and AT&T have long been known for recruiting college graduates and then offering management training, as necessary, inside the firm. Of the 4,500 entry-level professionals General Electric hires each year, only fifty are new M.B.A.s. Most of the others have technical backgrounds; as they move up, they are given brief courses inside the company rather than being formally sent back to school. "As far as we're concerned, there's no broad incentive for technical companies to go out and get M.B.A.s," says James Baughman, who formerly taught at Harvard Business School and now

supervises management training at GE. "It's a heck of a lot easier to change a technical person into a businessman over the years than the other way around."

As an alternative or supplement to judging academic credentials, many firms have developed "assessment centers," in which employees handle simulated business problems, in a setting as close to real life as possible, to demonstrate their competence or indicate the need for training. Candidates for administrative jobs, for example, might work their way through a sample in-box. "Bosses find those promoted because of their assessment center scores to be competent, the candidates feel the system is fair, and assessors believe that the process has given them the chance to measure important characteristics," wrote Robert Klitgaard in his recent book, *Choosing Elites*.

A number of firms, from McDonnell Douglas to Mobil to Digital Equipment, have turned to McBer for its "competency" analyses of specific jobs. The results are sometimes surprising. To manage its new-product-development lab, for example, one firm had habitually looked for freewheeling, creative types; the lab's researchers were innovators, so naturally their boss should be too. "It turned out that those with the best performance were actually less creative and risk-taking than others," Richard Boyatzis says. "The most creative people held onto ideas way too long. What distinguished the superior performers were other traits, like being able to informally steer people and to get engineers, market researchers, and scientists to pull together."

Equipped with such knowledge, the company was able to select more-competent directors; more important, it was able to train a broader range of people to succeed. McBer's view of "competencies" is very similar to Binet's view of intelligence: after the illness, the remedy. Boyatzis says, "The most positive message we consistently get is that people do want to improve themselves, but usually they don't know *exactly* what to work on. When you can give them good feedback on specific goals, that releases the natural internal inclination to improve."

IS IT POSSIBLE TO COMBINE THAT BASIC DESIRE FOR improvement and upward mobility with standards that ensure high performance? Can a society be both efficient and open? One of the most successful, and least credentialized, assessment procedures suggests that it is.

Among lawyers, accountants, and M.B.A.s incompetence may be a nuisance, but in airline pilots it is a catastrophe. In the early days of commercial flight the airlines bore the responsibility for training and certifying their pilots, but they soon begged for government regulation, so as to spread the responsibility when crashes occurred. Like the licensing procedures for doctors, lawyers, and engineers, these standards were supposed to protect the public from incompetence, but they were of a very different nature from those of the professional guilds. The pilot-licensing system was built on the premise that competence

was divisible: people can be good at one thing without being good at others, and they should be allowed to do only what they have mastered. As opposed to receiving a blanket license, the way members of other professions do, pilots must work their way up through four certificate levels, from student to air-transport pilot, and be specifically qualified on each kind of aircraft they want to fly. What's more, a pilot must demonstrate at regular intervals that he is still competent. To keep his license a pilot must take a review flight with an instructor every two years, and the pilots for commercial airlines must pass a battery of requalification tests every six months. "A small but regular percentage is washed out each time," John Mazor, of the Air Line Pilots Association, says. It is reassuring to know they are gone, but what about their tenured counterparts in the other professions?

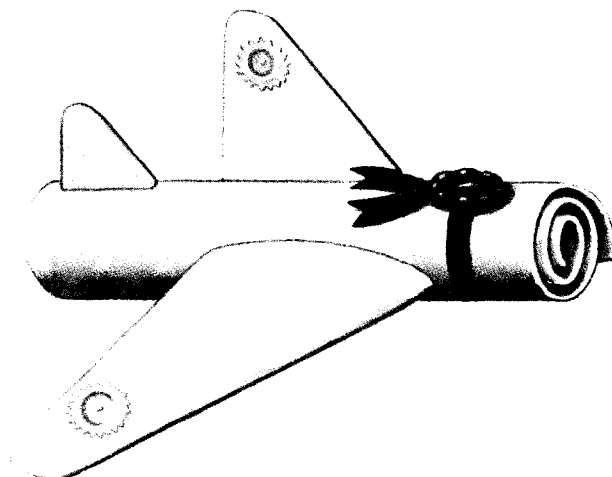
The results of this licensing scheme are a high level of proficiency and a profession more open socially than the rest. Most pilots of big jets learned to fly in the military, since that is the least expensive way to put in the 1,500 hours of flight time necessary for an air-transport license. But the remainder slowly worked their way up, putting in flight time on their own or working for small air-taxi outfits until they could move to the next level of licensure. Imagine what other professions would be like if they operated this way. The sociologist Randall Collins's prescription for medical training follows a similar pattern:

All medical careers would begin with a position as orderly, which would be transformed into the first stage of a possible apprenticeship for physicians. After a given number of years, successful candidates could leave for a few years of medical school (2 years seems sufficient background for most practitioners . . .) and then return to the hospital for advanced apprenticeship training of the sort now given in internship and residency programs. . . . Advanced specialties could continue to be taught as they now are—through further on-the-job training; only medical researchers would be involved in lengthy schooling.

In theory business is better positioned than the professions to resist the worst effects of a meritocracy. The professions depended for their creation and growth on credential barriers that kept people out; business depends for its survival on making the best and most flexible use of all its resources, including talent. Even dominant firms must face the possibility that somebody who may not have gone to the right school and may not have the right degree might still come to market with a better, cheaper product.

Because successful business practice depends to some extent on appearances, business may never be as completely open as America's one true meritocracy—sports. (It didn't matter that Babe Ruth was fat, slovenly, and ungrammatical, so long as he could hit the ball.) But why shouldn't sports, rather than the professions, epitomize the meritocracy to which we aspire? American professional sports have their sins and excesses, to be sure. But with their relative openness to newcomers and disregard for background (most teams have hired no-name free agents and waived famous first-round draft choices) and their faith that ruthless and continuing judgments of performance will finally lead to equal opportunity, sports seem more admirably meritocratic than the system of early selection and later tenure that *meritocracy* has been perverted to mean.

Perhaps the cultural changes that have professionalized America are irreversible. The economist Mancur Olson has gloomily hypothesized that most societies tend to separate into inflexible castes, except when warfare or other cataclysms disrupt the social order and unleash new talent. The United States has renewed itself in less traumatic fashion—by continually populating new regions, by absorbing varied immigrant groups, and by taking deliberate steps, such as the GI Bill, to give more of its people a chance. As we drift toward a neater and more predictable social order, we might reflect on the rough-and-ready adaptation to experience that brought us this far, and ask ourselves whether we need it still. □



A Short Story



CATEGORY Z

BY LEE K. ABBOTT

AT SIX A.M. THE SERGEANT ORDERED US TO BOARD the bus. He spit a lot and called us pansies, ladies, queer bait. He wore his garrison cap like a hoodlum, was built like a hammer, and had the whitewall haircut Uncle Sam preferred. He took away our lunches and radios and told us to shut up; this was the Army's day.

"For the next twenty hours," he shouted at us, "you're mine." I looked out the window. We would be going from Lordsburg through Deming and Las Cruces to Fort Bliss, in El Paso—almost two hundred miles of desert, lonely and stark as the moon. "Do nothing, girls, abso-goddamn-lutely nothing, to make me mad. Am I clear?"

This guy is a joke, I was thinking. He is John Wayne, Sergeant Rock, a dufus.

We were twelve, all Chicanos except for my pal Ray Reed, me, and Cooter Brown, a kid we knew from high school. For some, me among them, this was only "pre-induction," but for others, including Ray Reed and Brown, this was induction itself. We were all 1-A, which in 1969, the year some of this takes place, meant that we seemed headed for what Cooter called Veetnam.

"I ain't going," he said. "No way."

He sat in front of us, and Ray asked what made him so special. The sergeant—Krebs was his name—sat by the driver, drinking coffee from a thermos.

"I got a note," Cooter said.

He unfolded a square of paper—from a Big Chief tablet, I think. *Dear United States Army*, it read. *Please excuse Master Wm. A. Brown from his draft physical. He has ringworm, tetanus, and a little polio. Yours sincerely, Dr. August T. Weems, M.D., Esq.* It read like a tardy note at school.

"You wrote this," I said.

His was the smile of a first-time father.

"Damn straight," he said. "Pretty good, huh?"

Ray Reed and I were a lot alike—often excellent in the subjects we liked, and handsome enough to be in love every year—but this boy Cooter was what we called a dweeze, a word for which we knew of no synonym in the English that teachers ask for. One month he was fat (put you in mind of the Pillsbury Dough Boy), another he was skinny. He had graduated a year before us and worked sometimes as a night irrigator for my father, Avis Buell, who was the golf pro at our country club. I had also seen Cooter a few times at the Elks Lodge, playing drums for Uncle Roy and the Red Creek Wranglers. Cooter had the singing voice of a chicken.

"Between you and me," he was saying, "I gotta know."

"What's that?" I said.

"You scared?"

I'd been reclassified for two months, but this was my first physical, and I had a back problem. Besides, I was going to college.

"What about him?"

Next to me, Ray Reed was asleep, his mouth open. He had the expression of a man dreaming about money. Or women. Ray weighed about two hundred—he was an All District (AA) outside linebacker—and had fist-fought Coach Mirmanian during two-a-days in September. He rode cycles—dirt bikes, mostly—and I could think of nothing that frightened him.

"What about you, Cooter? You scared?"

"Hell, no," he said. "This is political, man. I'm a peacenik, honest. What about you—dove or hawk?"

In those days, I'll admit now, I was nothing but a semi-grown teenager, a B- student, fair in algebra and such world history as we had, a reader of books that made the brain race, and, best of all, the recipient of a full golf scholarship to the University of Houston. I was a lot like the thirteen-year-old son I have now: as nice-minded as, say, your first barber, and unable to see further than the hundred miles I knew here in my desert. I had a love of the game, a girlfriend named Sally Whittles, a brand-new set of Arnold Palmer irons, and no larger desire than to be one of those tanned sportsmen you see on our country's most famous links.

"I'm conscientious," Cooter was telling me. "I'm tapped in—SDS, Venceremos Brigade, YDF, the whole works. This is protest, Buell. Jimi Hendrix, Country Joe, Abbie Hoffman, the Chicago thing—it's a collective, man. We have a common soul."

Sergeant Krebs had turned around.

"Brown," he yelled.

Cooter waved his hand. "Back here."

"Shut your face."

In Las Cruces the bus pulled into a truck stop near the Palms Motel.

"You may use the latrine," Krebs told us. "You may smoke, you may shoot the breeze. You have fifteen minutes."

In the men's room Cooter described us as meat, fodder, dog leavings. He mentioned Che Guevara, Emerson and Thoreau, a California professor named Marcuse. We heard

language like *proletariat* and *serving class*, and listened to what Cooter knew about corporate crime and about what the dread Du Pont was doing to us.

"Where'd you get all this?" Ray Reed asked.

"Books," Cooter said. "*The New York Times*. I'm radical, man, an objector."

"Cooter Brown," Ray said, "you're a dipstick."

From my stall I could hear Cooter telling a couple of the Chicanos about "the heritage of the oppressed." Like them, he said, he was disenfranchised, fit for consuming only, a 3-D thing that ate, slept, and lived in debt. "I'm displaced," he said. "Dispossessed, too." His older sister, Francine, was a waitress at the Ramada Inn—"a victim of sexual politics!" His father, Tully, was a working stiff, a mechanic at Ellis Lincoln-Ford. "No profit-sharing," he said. "We're the underclass, boys. We want peace, am I right?" In the next few minutes I learned that his mother had died of cancer two years before. He'd had a dog once, a pound breed named Fuzzy, part collie, maybe part sheep—"a big sucker."

After I washed my hands, he dropped his jeans.

"Holy Christ," I said, "what's that?"

The two Chicanos were backing out the door, flabbergasted. I could hear Sergeant Krebs telling Ray Reed a war story that seemed to take place in a Baltimore slum.

"These, my friend," Cooter was saying, "are one-hundred-percent-pure India silk, hand-sewn, reinforced-crotch, ladies' bikini underpants."

Here it was that a thought came to me, and I took one step backward. Cooter Brown was indeed scared, he was frightened for his life—and I liked him. There, in one of America's nasty men's rooms, I was looking at a kid with the high forehead of a comic-book egghead and the pinched lips of a milk snake, who had seen something—himself, I guess—in a vision, in a nightmare. He had seen himself, I believe, as a smear of blasted flesh, a ruin of himself, a crawling, drooling, weeping thing, and I had this question: If he's scared, how come I'm not?

"Those Army medics," Cooter told me, "are going to



take one look at me and throw me out as 4-F—count on it. I'm twenty-million F, Buell. They're gonna put me in the Z category, as positively undesirable as a human can be."

Back on the bus Ray Reed sat by himself, on the seat behind Krebs. They were having a conversation that involved rope and what man is.

"What's *his* big problem?" Cooter asked me.

"He's a patriot." I remember trying to make the word sound sensible. "He wants to get out of town, see other places. His recruiter told him he could go to Germany, Greece."

Just south of Las Cruces, where I-10 lay flat and straight on the mesa above the Mesilla Valley, Cooter asked if I smoked reefer.

"Sure," I said. "A little Mexican weed."

"I had some this morning," he said. "Pure Colombian. Really screws up the coordination."

Up front Ray Reed was laughing with Krebs, so I told Cooter about my back, how I'd had five vertebrae

fused when I was in the ninth grade. I'd been in a car wreck on the way to the Phoenix Open with my father.

"I did some speed, too," Cooter whispered. "That's why I'm blabbing so much. My blood pressure's gonna ring bells."

I was thinking about my girlfriend, Sally Whittles, and where we might be in ten years, when Cooter told me what was in his overnight bag. Candy, he said. M&M's, Mars bars, Three Musketeers. "Gets the blood sugar up," he said. "They'll think I'm diabetic. A certified vampire."

I'd heard they kept you overnight, I said.

"I'll be blind," he told me, rolling his head and slapping the seat. "I won't talk. I'll French-kiss somebody, a general."

For the next hour Cooter went on about the things he'd do—spit in his urine sample, masturbate, grab ass—but I watched the landscape, the scrub-covered Franklin Mountains on the left and on the right that part of my world that went on parched and white and lit up forever. I couldn't imagine Vietnam. The TV I watched made it seem unbe-

lievably lush—too green and wet and noisy. It was Oz, I thought. It was old, and full of murder. Mr. Cronkite said its people believed in tree spirits. The rainy season lasted forever, its plants had souls, and in it were 500,000 young people like me that I was glad I would not join.

At about 9:30 we reached the outskirts of Fort Bliss, and Cooter rose up in his seat. Outside stood ranks of barracks, wooden and identical—no place at all to live. We could see signs with official lettering that made no sense as language. We rolled by an obstacle course—hurdles, tires,

EXECUTION

The last time I saw my high school football coach
He had cancer stenciled into his face
Like pencil marks from the sun, like intricate
Drawings on the chalkboard, small *x*'s and *o*'s
That he copied down in a neat numerical hand
Before practice in the morning. By day's end
The board was a spiderweb of options and counters,
Blasts and sweeps, a constellation of players
Shining under his favorite word, *Execution*,
Underlined in the upper right-hand corner of things.
He believed in football like a new religion
And had perfect, unquestioning faith in the fundamentals
Of blocking and tackling, the idea of warfare
Without suffering or death, the concept of teammates
Moving in harmony like the planets—and yet
Our awkward adolescent bodies were always canceling
The flawless beauty of Saturday afternoons in September,
Falling away from the particular grace of autumn,
The clear weather, the ideal game he imagined.
And so he drove us through punishing drills
On weekday afternoons, and doubled our practice time,
And challenged us to hammer him with forearms,
And devised elaborate, last-second plays—a flea-
Flicker, a triple reverse—to save us from defeat.
Almost always they worked. He despised losing
And loved winning more than his own body, maybe even
More than himself. But the last time I saw him
He looked wobbly and stunned by illness,
And I remembered the game in my senior year
When we met a downstate team who loved hitting
More than we did, who battered us all afternoon
With a vengeance, who destroyed us with timing
And power, with deadly, impersonal authority,
Machine-like fury, perfect execution.

—Edward Hirsch

barbed wire—and Cooter tapped me on the shoulder.
“I don’t think I can do it, Archie.”

He might have been ready to cry, and I knew what he was talking about.

“I know what’s gonna happen,” he said. “They’re gonna tell me to jump and I’m gonna say, ‘How high?’ I ain’t political, Archie. I’m a wimp.”

Sweat was running down his temples.

“What about the panties?”

He shook his head. “Took ‘em off,” he said. “They’re my sister Francine’s.”

We turned a corner and a group of recruits—a platoon, maybe—came into view, marching and chanting about gore and how happy they were to be sons-of-bitches.

“Jerks,” Cooter said.

It was uttered the way you and I say “Amen” in church, half-swallowed and hardly even voluntary. Then I didn’t hear any more until the bus stopped and Krebs, calling us females, told us to grab our gear and get out.

YOU COULD SAY MY DAY TURNED OUT FINE. A FRECKLED doctor named Finkel took one look at my back and told me to go away. I was putting on my sneakers when Ray Reed found me. “I’m in,” he said.

“What about Brown?”

Ray didn’t know. I’d heard Cooter’s voice a couple times. He was saying “Yes, sir” with real enthusiasm.

“Here,” Ray Reed said, a key in his hand. “You take my bike. I’m gonna stay; they can have me now.”

And that was it. I went home that evening, me and a few Chicanos who were missing fingers or had the misfortune to be deeply ignorant, and in time I put aside most of the foregoing. That fall I left for Houston, played three years on the golf team, and then went to Florida for PGA school. I took a month qualifying but got my A card, played on the satellite tour in Honduras and Guatemala and twice in Mexico City.

Only once did I hear from Ray Reed. In his letter he spoke of Army Mickey Mouse and where he wanted to be in the next life. Every day, he said, was as lousy as the last.

As everyone had expected, Sally Whittles and I had married, and after my dad put together a syndicate of club men—Dr. Weems, Buzz King, Billy Newell—I spent two years trying to make a living as a professional. At the Tallahassee Open, I won enough for a new Buick and real meal money; in 1973 I qualified for the U.S. Open at Winged Foot but didn’t make the cut. Then, following my father’s heart attack, I came back here, to Lordsburg, to be the assistant pro. I sold cardigans and NuTonic spikes, gave lessons, bought a house near the course, and thought little about Ray Reed and Cooter Brown.

Ray must have been back about a month when I saw him at the Labor Day party at the club. He was working for his dad on their ranch, north of town.

“Still got the Yamaha?” he asked me.

He was thinner, beginning to lose hair, with no lines

at all in his face to say what he'd seen, what he'd done.

"Yes," I told him. I hadn't ridden much but I'd kept the cycle in good repair. "It's in my garage. When you gonna come by?"

"Soon," he said. "Real soon."

He didn't turn up, of course. Years went by. And sometimes I'd go out in the garage, start up his cycle, lose myself in the racket it made. In high school we'd been best friends. We'd partied together, cruised Main Street, even lost our cherries to the same Juarez whore. One summer we'd gone to Pacific Beach, in San Diego, taken Ray's old Nash. We had known each other since first grade, and now that seemed all gone. So one Saturday I bought a helmet, gloves, and steel-toed boots for my son, Eric, and took him into the desert to show him how to ride fast and not get hurt.

Then Cooter Brown appeared.

I was on the practice tee, trying to keep Mrs. Baird's right elbow from flying out on her backswing, when I saw a guy by the door to the men's locker room. It was late afternoon, the sunlight sharp and white, and for a time, while Mrs. Baird flung herself at a bucket of balls, I kept my mouth shut and wondered who it was.

I thought about my wife, Sally, and how she looks waking up, sleep-soaked and radiant. I listened to the wind, saw the contrail of a plane miles overhead, and wondered if I was cold and alone.

"Who are you?" I asked myself. "Who are you now?"

Then I told Mrs. Baird she could finish by herself—"Head down," I said, "and tuck that elbow"—and walked toward that man in the sunlight.

"Cooter Brown," I said. "Long time."

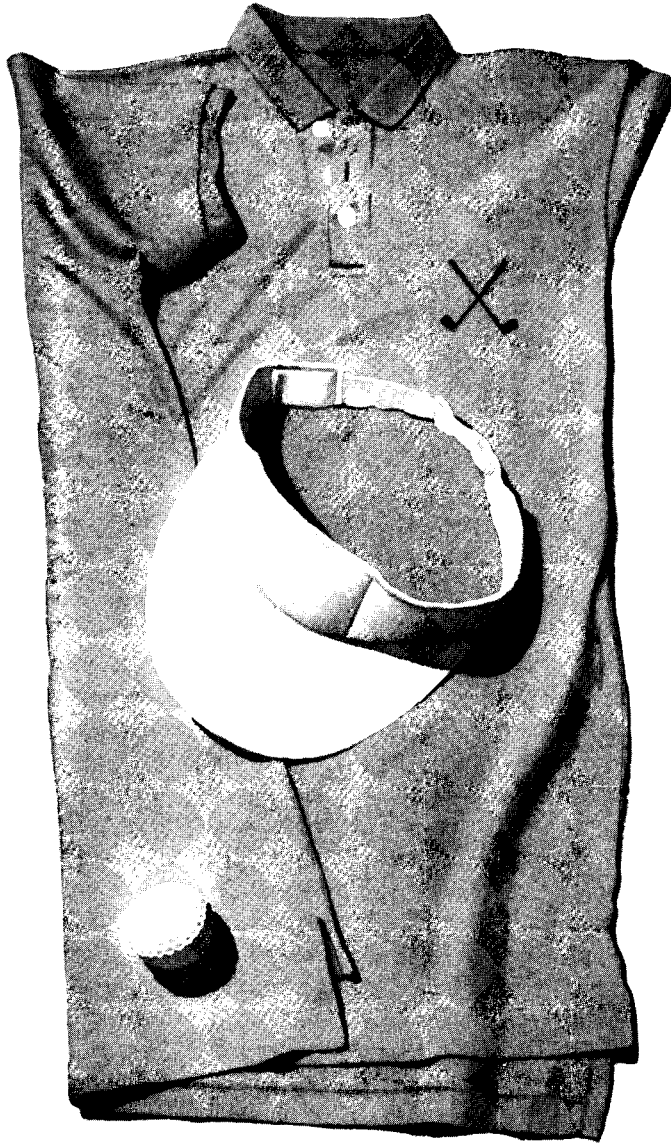
He had the well-cut hair and square shoulders of someone who is very proud.

"William," he said. "I'm called William now, or Will."

I had my hand out for a shake, and he took it.

"Ray Reed said you'd be out here. You're doing all right, he says."

Fifteen cars were parked in the lot, and I could hear



Casper Lutz in the pro shop singing a ballad he liked. I felt awkward, stupid as a cow, and I wanted to apologize for the too colorful clothes I wore.

"I'm in Hollywood now," he said, "flying choppers." The Army had made him a warrant officer, given him a million jobs to do in the air. He had the touch, he said. The aptitude, the facility. A superior sense of equilibrium, good eyes, poise. Now he was flying stunts for the movies. TV commercials, too.

"You ever see *Reruns*? Or *Going Away*?"

I said no. Then he told me that Ray Reed was going to meet us at the Grange, a bar on Ormond Street.

"You knew Ray over there?"

"Some," he said. "Ray was at Tay Ninh for a time. We were tight."

At the bar I called Sally and said I'd be home late.

"What's wrong, Archie? You sound weird."

Except for Cooter, me, and the bartender, Jimmy Sample, the place was empty, and I had nothing to look

at but scribbling on the wall by the pay phone. I saw the names of some people I knew, and I felt as I had when I stood over a five-foot birdie putt I knew I would not sink.

"You remember Cooter Brown?" I asked.

"The guy in the panties?"

He was standing by the jukebox. He would play something twangy, I thought. A tune a Nashville cowboy had invented about bad love.

"I'm having a drink with him now."

"Oh," she said, and that was all until I said good-bye.

Ray Reed walked in about eight, and he and Cooter made a little war noise saying hello. We had a table in the corner, from which we could see the Grange fill up and grow smoky.

"How's your dad?" Ray asked.

"Good," Cooter told him. "Gonna retire in three years. Francine's in Albuquerque, married to a guy named Wilson. Got two kids."

We drank to that and to several other things in the next hour—good health, money, making love. They told Viet-

nam stories. I heard about a black corporal named Philly Dog and a place called LZ Thelma. Some names I recognized: DMZ, Westmoreland, Saigon. But most were unfamiliar, private: First Corinthians, the Battle of Bob Hope, Firebase Maggie. Ray Reed told about life in II Corps, how the land lay, what you'd sweat when you heard the wrong sound in the wrong place at the wrong time. Cooter Brown told about his remarkable life in the skies—descent, rotor wash, skids, China Beach. Once, they toasted a woman named Madam Q.

"Right on," Ray Reed said.

"You bet your ass," Cooter said.

Many beers later I told them I'd been a rabbit.

"What's that?" Cooter asked.

It was a golfer, I said, who showed up on Monday to qualify for one of the few open spots in the tournament that began on Thursday. "I played with Jack Nicklaus once," I said, "at the Kemper."

"I'll drink to that," Cooter said, and I went on. I liked being married, I said, being a father. And for a time, as I talked and in a way I can't explain, I felt the years had fallen away between them and me. It was practically spiritual, I think now, as if I could say anything, as kids do, and wishing would make it so. I felt dumb, too—dumb in the way of lucky men when the jackpot comes their way for a second time.

Then Ray Reed said he was going home.

"Take care," Cooter told him.

"You, too," Ray said. "Good to see you."

Cooter's Chrysler was large and had every gadget he could afford—power windows, automatic door locks, a computer that figured how far you could go on the gas you had. On the way to my house he played the tape deck, rock-and-roll, particularly a song that rhymed, in a manner I thought wonderful, *docket* and *rocket*. Cooter told me he knew lots of actors—Lee Majors, Fess Parker, the guy who played Batman.

"California," he said. "Party state, Arch. You ought to come out."

He was nervous, embarrassed, and I didn't want to say much before I said adios.

"Turn here," I told him, and in a few minutes we stopped outside my house. A light was on in the garage.

"I did the right thing," Cooter said.

Next door the Risners were having a party, and for an instant I wanted to be there with the two men on the porch. They held drinks and were looking eastward with smiles.

"You want to come in?" I asked. "Say hello?"

He held a cigarette he didn't seem to enjoy.

"Your wife's Sally, right?"

The two men on the porch were joined by another who looked just as content.

"I remember her," Cooter said. "You're lucky, Arch."

He had more he wanted me to know, and for the longest time, while the men went inside, I waited to hear it. I aimed to count stars and attend to what my heart was doing, but for some reason—perhaps because of the moon we had and the blackness everywhere—I thought about Sergeant Krebs and the war he'd be fighting next.

"I'm a prole, Archie," Cooter told me at last. "I do what I'm told."

Then he left, and I had my indoors to look forward to.

THERE IS A MOMENT IN GOLF—AS THERE MUST BE IN other sports, or what in life sports stand for—when you strike the ball with such authority and accuracy that you know it will go where you planned it to go. I have described that moment to Sally as a flash of purest intelligence—poetry, if you will—when nothing at all stands between you and what you imagine. It is more mystical than what gurus practice, and often more religious than the Baptist state of mind. More than luck, it is a peacefulness—as whole as we think love to be—and, for a time, it spreads its shine to all you do thereafter. It is the way I felt, that same night, when I walked down the hall in my house to find my son, Eric, in the garage.

"What's the matter?" I said.

Spread out, in a pattern that would make you say a Buell had done it, were dozens of parts from Ray Reed's motorcycle.

"It was misfiring pretty bad today," Eric said. "Besides, it needed cleaning."

"Kind of late, don't you think?"

He was scrubbing part of the clutch assembly with an old toothbrush and turpentine, and doing a good job.

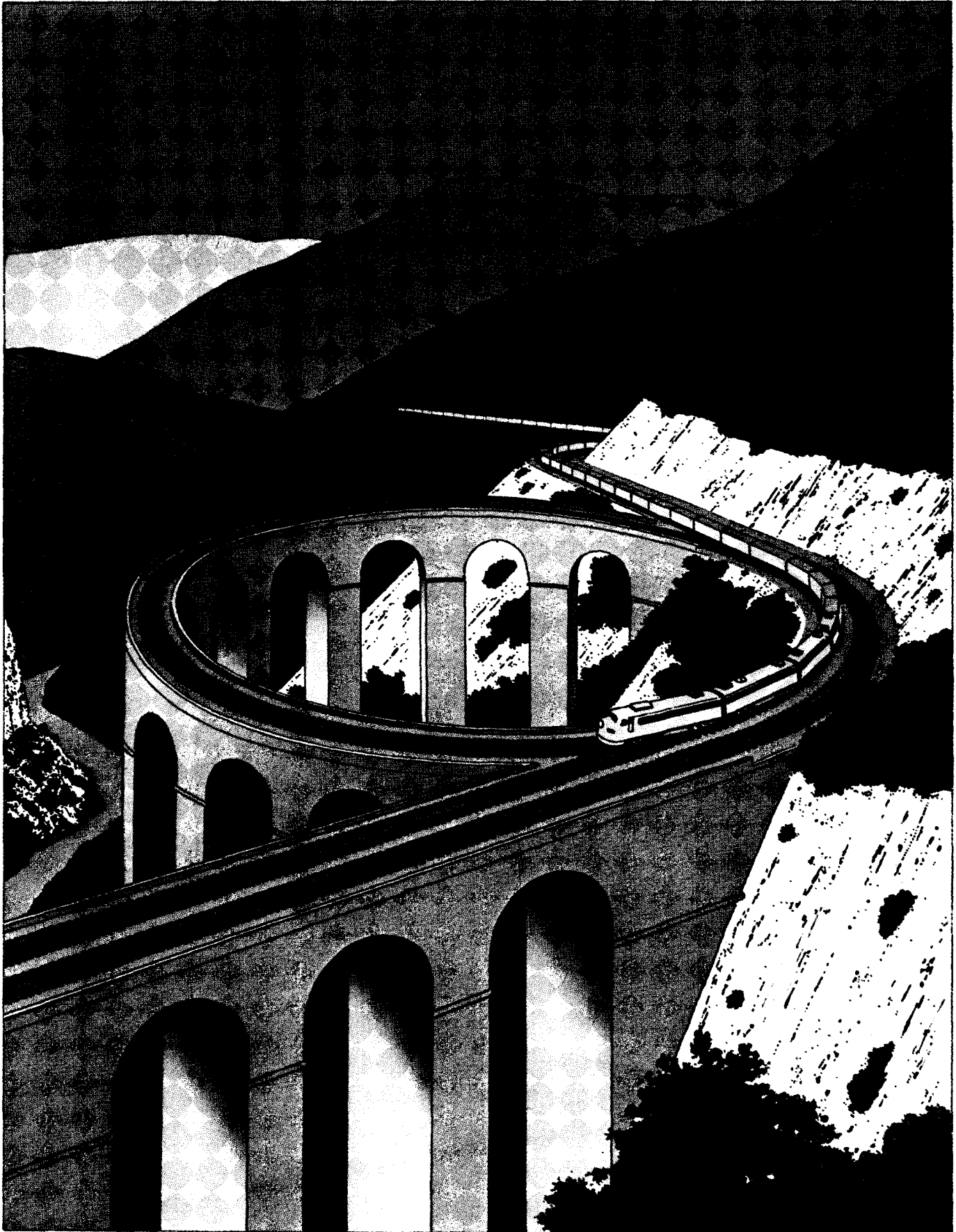
"Yeah," he said. "I'll put this away."

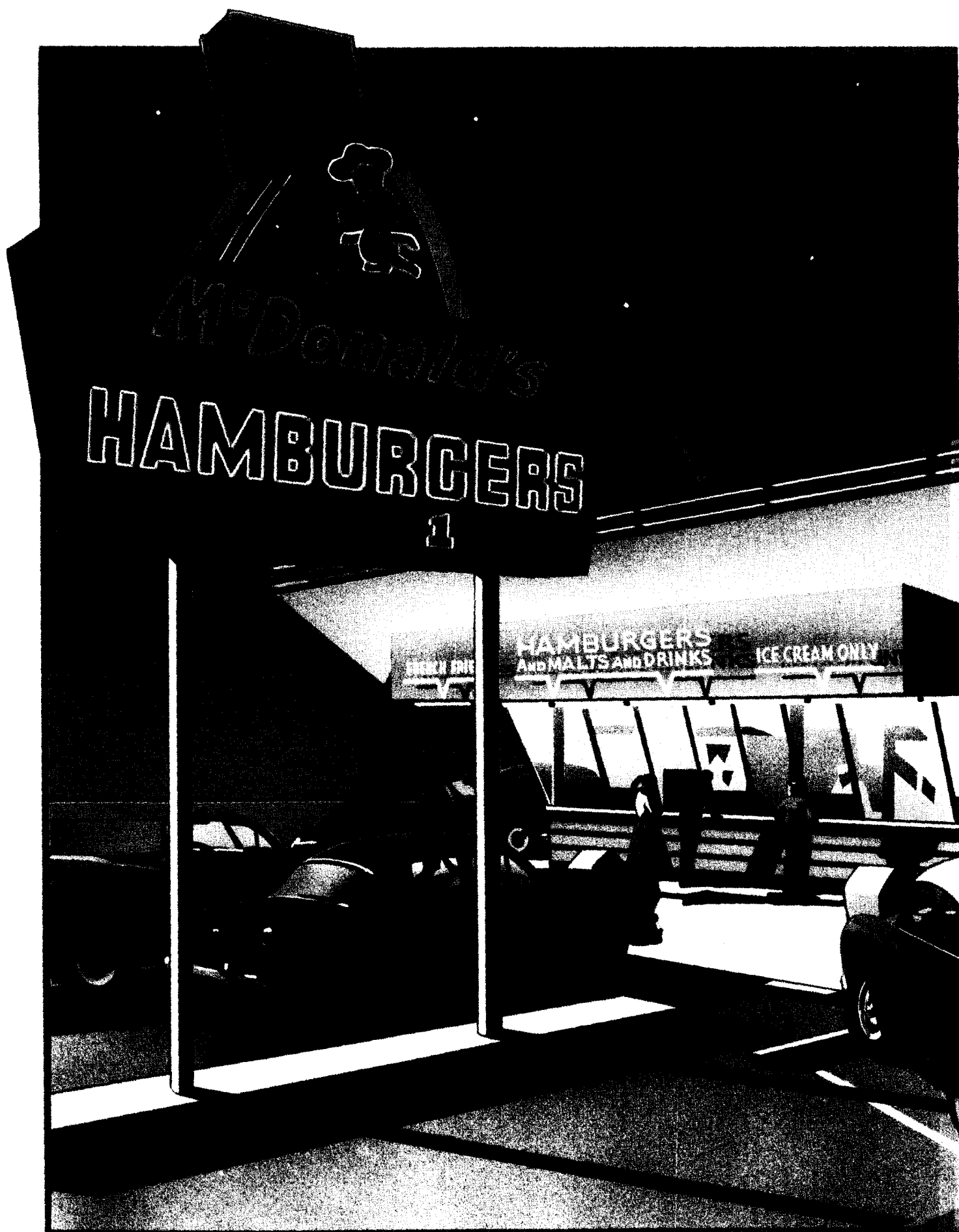
"Never mind," I told him. "I'll do it."

I waited until he went inside before I sat in the midst of the parts of Ray Reed's motorcycle. The party at the Risners was breaking up, nothing would be on TV, and I suddenly had a lot of time. If I worked the rest of the night, I believed, I could get the Yamaha back together. Then tomorrow—or the next day, or the day after that—I could take it south in the desert, toward Hatchita, maybe twenty miles. I'd have a helmet, work boots, a jacket, and then I'd see how fast I could go getting back. □

LOOP

BY GUY BILLOUT





*How the evolving
architecture of fast-food chains
has shaped the character
of America's roadside landscape*

"BURGERS! SHAKES!"

BY PHILIP LANGDON

ROADSIDE AMERICA—WHAT AN INSISTENT JUMBLE IT is, with its jarring mix of gas stations and garden centers, car washes and convenience stores, motels and muffler shops, eating places, parking spaces, night spots, sales lots, and a thousand other manifestations of commerce at its most competitive.

The American highway has always felt the hand of commercialization. William Dean Howells, in the 1880s, had a character in one of his novels boast about the number of New England boulders he had painted with three-color advertising. But by far the most extensive impact of business on everyday roadside surroundings has occurred since the Second World War.

It has been a period in which the structures housing ordinary commercial activities have had to accommodate the automobile and attract the traveler's attention; that much everybody knows. What makes the phenomenon intriguing is the way in which these buildings have reflected the instincts of building owners, the attitudes of some unusual times, and the influence of eminent designers—all while meeting their primary business objectives.

Three years ago I set out to trace the architectural evolution of the one kind of building that has been pervasive enough, conspicuous enough, and malleable enough to embody the changing character of our roadside surroundings—the chain restaurant, and in particular the fast-food restaurant. Fast-food-chain outlets respond to new conditions more rapidly than perhaps any other retail structure. The designer of a chain restaurant, unlike the architect of a church, a museum, or some such serious cultural monument, can respond wholeheartedly to the spirit of the times, without worrying about how the colors, textures, and forms will look thirty or fifty years in the future. In the restaurant industry it is assumed that daily wear and tear on the interior, not to mention the periodic need for a fresh decorating scheme, will mandate renovation within a few years. Chain restaurants act as a barometer of the public mood.



Fast-food chains are especially significant from an architectural point of view, because they are ubiquitous. McDonald's, which was considered a large chain in 1960, when it had 238 restaurants, entered 1985 with more than 6,500 outlets in the United States and more than 8,000 worldwide; it has recently been adding a new outlet every seventeen hours. Each day over six percent of the American people

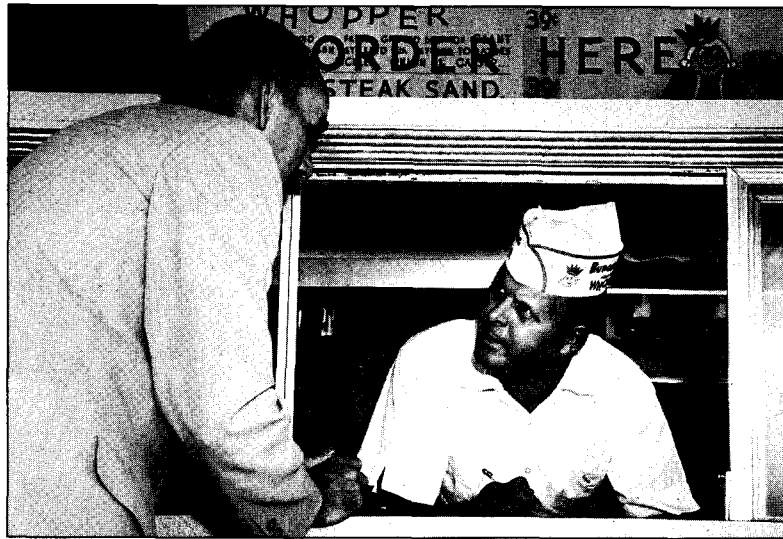
eat at a McDonald's restaurant. Kentucky Fried Chicken has 4,500 U.S. restaurants, Pizza Hut has 4,300, Burger King 3,500, Wendy's 3,300, and Hardee's 2,400. In all, more than 340 chains are supervising 60,000 fast-food restaurants in the United States, and substantial numbers of other chains exist outside the fast-food segment of the industry. Denny's, the leader among coffee shops and family restaurants, runs 1,100 restaurants. It is estimated that two fifths of all the restaurant employees in the United States now work for chains.

Fast-food restaurants have succeeded in deploying their standardized images from coast to coast. In a country of highly varied climate and terrain, thousands of cities and towns now look as if they were put together with interchangeable parts.

THE STORY THAT EVENTUALLY UNFOLDED SO DRAMATICALLY throughout the United States began in San Bernardino, California, in 1952. Richard McDonald sat in the office behind his drive-in restaurant on E Street, sketching what he hoped would be the restaurant of the future. On a sheet of typing paper he drew a building with columns like those on the spacious two-story Colonial-style house where he lived with his wife and his brother and business partner, Maurice ("Mac"). The sketch left him dissatisfied. Colonial lacked the power he wanted, and besides, the columns would get in the customers' way.

The McDonald brothers—Richard forty-three, Maurice fifty—needed a new design because, in that autumn of 1952, they were about to begin selling franchises for the "McDonald self-service system," a method of restaurant operation that they had pioneered with enormous success.

In 1940 restaurants were paying out almost 27 percent of their gross income as wages. This constituted the highest percentage for wages in any sizable segment of retailing, and by 1947 the figure had climbed to the worrisome 35-



A Burger King walk-up window, 1950s

and dismissed their carhops. Self-service was the dominant trend in retailing. In clothing stores, for instance, customers could pick through merchandise displayed in the open instead of always having to ask clerks for assistance. Why wouldn't self-service work at a drive-in?

Within a few months the McDonald's drive-in's exceptional speed, combined with low prices and the elimination of tipping, attracted a sizable following—first painters, carpenters, mechanics, and clerks who wanted lunch quickly, and later teenagers and families looking for something inexpensive to eat in the afternoon and evening. Lines began to form at the windows, where fifteen-cent hamburgers, ten-cent French fries, and twenty-cent milk shakes were dispensed.

The new McDonald's system was predicated on careful attention to detail. The McDonald brothers shortened the spindles on their Multi-Mixers so that shakes and malts could be made directly in paper cups; there would be no metal mixing containers to wash, no wasted ingredients, no wasted motion, no wasted time. They developed dispensers that put the same amount of catsup or mustard on every bun. They installed a bank of infrared lamps to keep French fries hot. They used disposable paper goods instead of glassware and china. They installed a microphone to amplify the customer's voice and reduce misunderstandings about what was being ordered. By 1952 the McDonald brothers' employees, all men dressed neatly in white, were said to be capable of serving the customer a hamburger, a beverage, French fries, and ice cream in twenty seconds. Word of their proficiency began to spread through the restaurant industry.

In May of 1952 the makers of Primex, a shortening used by the McDonalds, took out a two-page advertisement in *American Restaurant* magazine, the industry's premier publication, to tell about this compact, self-service drive-in capable of selling 30,000 orders of French fries a month. Two months later McDonald's, whose self-service system had chopped labor costs to less than 17 percent of gross in-

come, was featured on the magazine's cover. By that time the sign out front announced that McDonald's had sold six million hamburgers and the brothers had been pestered by so many people interested in the details of their operation that they had begun preparing a franchise program. The cover story bolstered their confidence.

"When this hit all over the country, that is when people really began to flock out, so we knew that we had something that was going to make us some money," Richard recalls. "Sometimes there'd be probably seven or eight different people from different parts of the country out there with a piece of paper, sketching." The brothers occasionally became perturbed at people who would buy hamburgers and sit in their cars, surreptitiously taking notes, but even the clandestine copiers reinforced the McDonalds' conviction that restaurateurs (fast-food purveyors disdain the classier *restaurateur*) would be willing to pay a fee to duplicate the San Bernardino drive-in's equipment, procedures, layout, and menu. The McDonalds thought that the franchising package needed one more thing—a building more up-to-date than the octagonal structure that had stood in San Bernardino for a dozen years. So strongly did they want the new franchised building to be efficient that they had their employees draw the floor plan in actual size, forty-four feet wide and thirty feet deep, in chalk on the tennis court behind the McDonald home; there they meticulously worked out the placement of windows and equipment to eliminate any unnecessary movement by the personnel.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE NEW BUILDING PROVED TO be a more difficult challenge. Richard McDonald consulted a couple of architects and was disappointed when they suggested what he considered to be "low, squatty little buildings." He drove to Los Angeles to talk to Douglas Honnold, an architect known for imaginative drive-ins, but it proved to be an icy encounter. After listening to McDonald lay out his ideas, Honnold replied, according to McDonald, "If you're going to tell me how to design a building, you'd better do it yourself."

"I said, 'Thank you very much,'" McDonald recalls. "I'll maybe do that."

So McDonald went on sketching. "I thought, There has to be some way to spark these buildings up." One rainy night, when business was slow, he

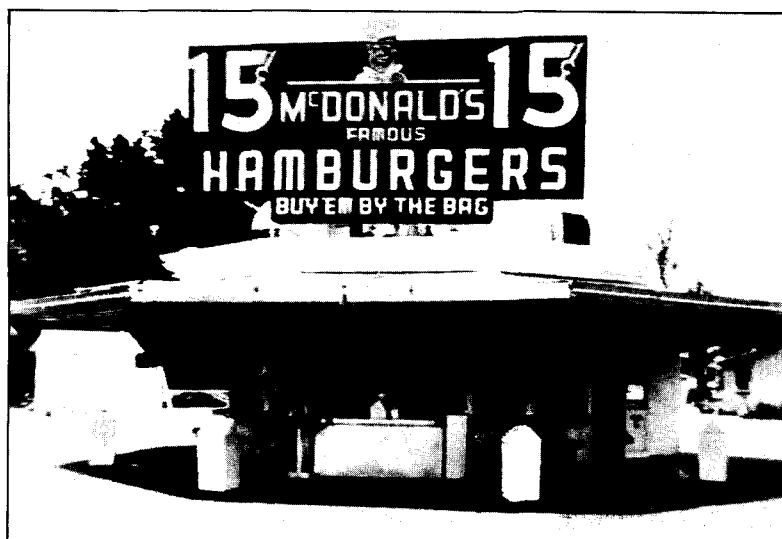
drew a building with the roof tilted upward toward the front. "I was trying to give the building some height. Tilting the roof with a big overhang helped, but it was still on the low, squatty side." To the tilted roof he added a single arch across the front. "Well, this didn't look too bad, but it didn't look too good, either. So then I sketched in the two arches running from the front of the building to the back, and, well, that seemed to pick the building up. So at that point I showed it to my brother, and he said, 'Hey, that looks pretty sharp.'

"So we took it to one architect, and he thought it was terrible. The basic building, he said, wasn't bad, but the terrible arches, those have got to come out. So we didn't do any business with him."

Next McDonald went to Stanley C. Meston, an architect in nearby Fontana who had worked in the 1930s with the Los Angeles restaurant architect Wayne McAllister. McDonald showed Meston his increasingly detailed idea for a rectangular building that would get structural support as well as visibility from two large arches. "He wasn't too enthused about the arches either, so I told him, You go draw the building, leave the arches off." Then McDonald visited his neon-sign supplier, George Dexter, in San Bernardino. Dexter liked the arches and encouraged McDonald to insist on them—as decoration if not as structural support. By then it was clear that if Meston wanted the McDonald brothers' commission he would have to work with their ideas, and he did. He accentuated the roof shape by designing a thick, tapered soffit, for a strong, wedge-like profile. He specified large windows canted outward, like those of an airport control tower, and he accommodated the McDonalds' request for exterior walls surfaced with shiny horizontal bands of red and white tile. These would be sleek, conspicuous, and easy to maintain—and the cherry red on the walls conformed with the color preferences of the architectural profession during the fifties.

Richard McDonald's sketch had called for rounded arches.

By the end of the design process the arches instead projected upward in a sharp parabolic curve, a shape that strikingly evoked the spirit of modernism. Any recent architectural graduate—indeed, anyone familiar with modernism in design—would by the early 1950s have seen parabolic arches. Meston's chief draftsman, Charles Fish, who worked on the McDonald's project, had used a parabolic curve the



The McDonald brothers' octagonal restaurant, San Bernardino

COURTESY DON E. MILLER

year before in one of his student projects at the University of Cincinnati. Simple parabolic curves had been marching into the architectural mainstream for more than three decades, ever since the French engineer Eugene Freyssinet had designed and built parabolic vaulted dirigible hangars at Orly airport, outside of Paris, in the early 1920s. The most celebrated of modernists, Le Corbusier, proposed using a huge parabolic arch to support an auditorium for a Palace of the Soviets in Moscow in 1931. Eero Saarinen's 630-foot-high Gateway Arch on the Mississippi riverfront in St. Louis, though not constructed until the 1960s, received a great deal of publicity in 1948, when it won the Jefferson Westward Expansion Memorial national competition. The acclaimed architect Matthew Nowicki decided in 1949 to use two gigantic parabolic arches to support the roof of the North Carolina State Fair stadium. The sheet-metal arches at McDonald's—fabricated whole and tied to the walls, with the roof built around them—might be smaller than their illustrious predecessors, but they would partake of the same buoyant spirit—a feeling of skyward momentum, symbolic of an aerospace age in which man could hurtle himself into the heavens.

The propagators of structurally adventurous modern design—such architects and engineers as Freyssinet, Le Corbusier, and Pier Luigi Nervi, of Italy—had wanted to span great distances without obstructions or to explore new

technologies or to enclose a maximum volume of space with a minimum of material. The restaurant industry felt free to ignore these considerations. What mattered was the futuristic *look*. Richard McDonald, in injecting the appearance of dynamic structural modernism into a roadside hamburger stand, wasn't bothered that the arches, as they were finally built, had no function other than the strictly visual. He said later that it was probably fortunate the arches were not structural, since if a vehicle had run into one of them, it might have done serious damage to the building.

The McDonald brothers considered painting the arches red but, according to Richard McDonald, they chose yellow because it offered contrast with the red and white of the walls. Attached to each arch was neon tubing in white and reddish-pink, a color combination that, Richard McDonald believed, "gave the entire building a pleasant glow at night." In the fifties architects began to equate neon with commercial vulgarity, but the public as a whole had not yet turned against it. After the austerities of the Depression and the scarcities of the war years, an explosion of light and color was more cheery than irritating. The arches, incidentally, were occasionally called "golden arches" by the McDonald brothers, but the term didn't become widely known for several years, perhaps because they were golden only during the day. When restaurant magazines searched for a way to describe the building, they usually referred instead to "rainbow-shaped arches illuminated with neon," which, at McDonald's locations in the West, insistently flashed on and off in the night. The pink and white of the neon in the arches were repeated in a sign near the street—a single arch with a little chef, "Speedee," who had what was referred to as a round hamburger face.

The first of what came to be called "candy-striped" buildings was a franchised unit that opened in Phoenix, Arizona, in May of 1953. A second franchised McDonald's, also conforming to the design, opened in August, 1953, in the Los Angeles suburb of Downey. The McDonald brothers granted additional franchises in Los Angeles, Sacramento, Alhambra, Azusa, and other California communities. A system of standardized, eye-catching buildings was well into development when, in 1954, the McDonalds were visited by Ray A. Kroc, a Chicago distributor of milkshake mixers who had heard of the brothers' phenomenal business.

Though Kroc arrived after thousands of other people had already discovered the McDonalds, timing worked to his advantage. The McDonalds wanted to avoid the travel that a franchising program required, and illness had recently forced their first franchise agent, William Tansey, to resign after working less than three months. So Kroc became the McDonald brothers' second franchise agent, with rights to license outlets throughout the United States. He accepted the building essentially as the McDonald brothers had commissioned it, adding only such elements as a basement and built-in benches along the side windows (the

EGYPTIAN ONIONS

Athwart, nudging each other,
the fat Egyptian onions teeter
as if they were dozing on guard
in the garden of Ceres; stiffen
and pale, contending with aster
and ragweed, each plump column
flaring, bowed with the weight
of its berry-bunch capital; a little temple
sprouting the ruin of itself.

Blisters of tiny onions, bitter
lilies, nod to the wind,
white wisps of minuscule root hairs
curling in the afternoon air
like the thinnest beard of the wisest sage,
like the vestige of yearning for darkness,
loose skeins trolling the air
that yet might fall
to the fuming soil, and drink, and begin.

—Stephen Sandy

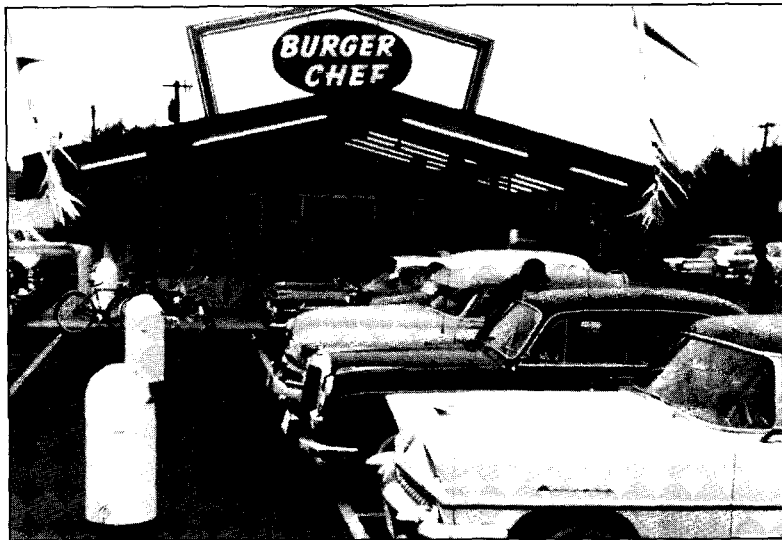
benches were tiled so that they could be hosed down easily) when he erected the first McDonald's of his own, in Des Plaines, Illinois, in 1955—the same year the McDonald brothers demolished the octagonal restaurant in San Bernardino and replaced it with a standardized building. About 1959 Kroc began fitting the arches with fluorescent bulbs and yellow plastic covers, not only making

them more sturdy than neon tubes but also producing a consistent color—bright yellow, day or night. Advertising began to urge: “Look for the Golden Arches.”

In 1961 Kroc bought out the McDonald brothers for \$2.7 million. Even after doing so he clung to the basic elements of the design they had conceived in 1952.

THE EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS OF MCDONALD'S made it a model and gave it an enormous impact on the character of the restaurant business and of the man-made environment. Entrepreneurs throughout the United States launched competing chains with similar formulas—walk-up windows, low prices, limited menus, simple cooking procedures that could be easily taught to inexperienced, low-paid workers, and an absence of carhops and indoor seating. Many of them copied either the specifics or the spirit of the McDonald's building.

The basic shape of the structure—leaning forward, as if poised to leap toward the highway—was what some chains mimicked. In 1954 the Bresler Ice Cream Company, of Chicago, started a chain of self-service hamburger outlets named Henry's, in honor of the Bresler brother who had died the previous year. By 1958 Henry's Hamburgers had adopted the tilted roof, the thick, tapered soffit, and the horizontal bands of tile used by McDonald's. Henry's had no arches, but the Breslers did erect a metal sign framework that was made to appear as if it had burst through the center of the roof. In 1956, in Gary, Indiana, the Tastee-Freez Company, of Chicago, built the first outlet of a hamburger chain that the Tastee-Freez chairman, Leo S. Maranz, called Carrols, in honor of his daughter. Customers ordering fifteen-cent hamburgers at Carrols stood outdo-
 under an extended, sloping roof, as they did at McDonald's and at Henry's. Behind a kitchen exposed by large windows on the front and sides was a boxy rear area for storage and lavatories, the walls decorated with the ever more common red and white stripes—in



A Burger Chef in 1959: fast service, no seats

this instance with the stripes running vertically instead of horizontally. The most striking architectural feature, however, was a pair of big blue boomerangs—“wings” or “fins,” the company called them—one attached to each side of the building, as if it were ready to fly into the sky. Here, for the first time, was a major fast-food chain exploiting dynamic modern architectural imagery just as aggressively as McDonald's had.

In 1958, after two years of experimentation, the executives of a restaurant-equipment manufacturing company in Indianapolis started Burger Chef, a chain that at its peak, in the late 1960s, had more than 1,000 outlets. Its standard building, designed by the Indianapolis architect Harry Cooler, and its roadside sign, devised in conjunction with the Grate Sign Company, of Joliet, Illinois, had what the signmaker Tony Grate terms “the kite look.” McDonald's “had the arches that added height to their building,” Grate says. “We did the same thing, but Burger Chef didn't have the financial capability of McDonald's, so we had to do it cheaply.” A vaguely kite-like, or diamond-shaped, framework rose from the floor of the ordering area and extended above the roof. When a thin glass-and-metal storm front was added to the building, the angles were reproduced in its frame. The angles gave Burger Chef a visual tension, a sense of upward and outward thrust restrained only by the strength of the frame, and the tension made the building more compelling.

Some roadside eating places remained calm exceptions to the rule of ostentation, if only because they hadn't yet invested much money or attention in their exterior images. But as chain operations proliferated, as competition intensified, and as highway traffic gathered speed, the majority of franchisers moved toward highly visible “image buildings,” almost of necessity. Bold structural or pseudo-structural elements showed up even in restaurants that had once gotten along without them.

This shift of style was evident at Burger King, a chain founded in Florida in 1953. In 1952 Matthew Burns, of Long Beach, California, had invited his stepson, Keith G. Cramer—the owner of Keith's Drive-in, a carhop operation in Daytona Beach, Florida—to fly to California and witness the enormous success of the McDonald brothers' self-service drive-in. Cramer accepted the invitation and then joined with his stepfather to acquire the right to use the newly invented Insta automatic broiler, which could cook as many as 400 hamburgers an hour, expelling patties into a

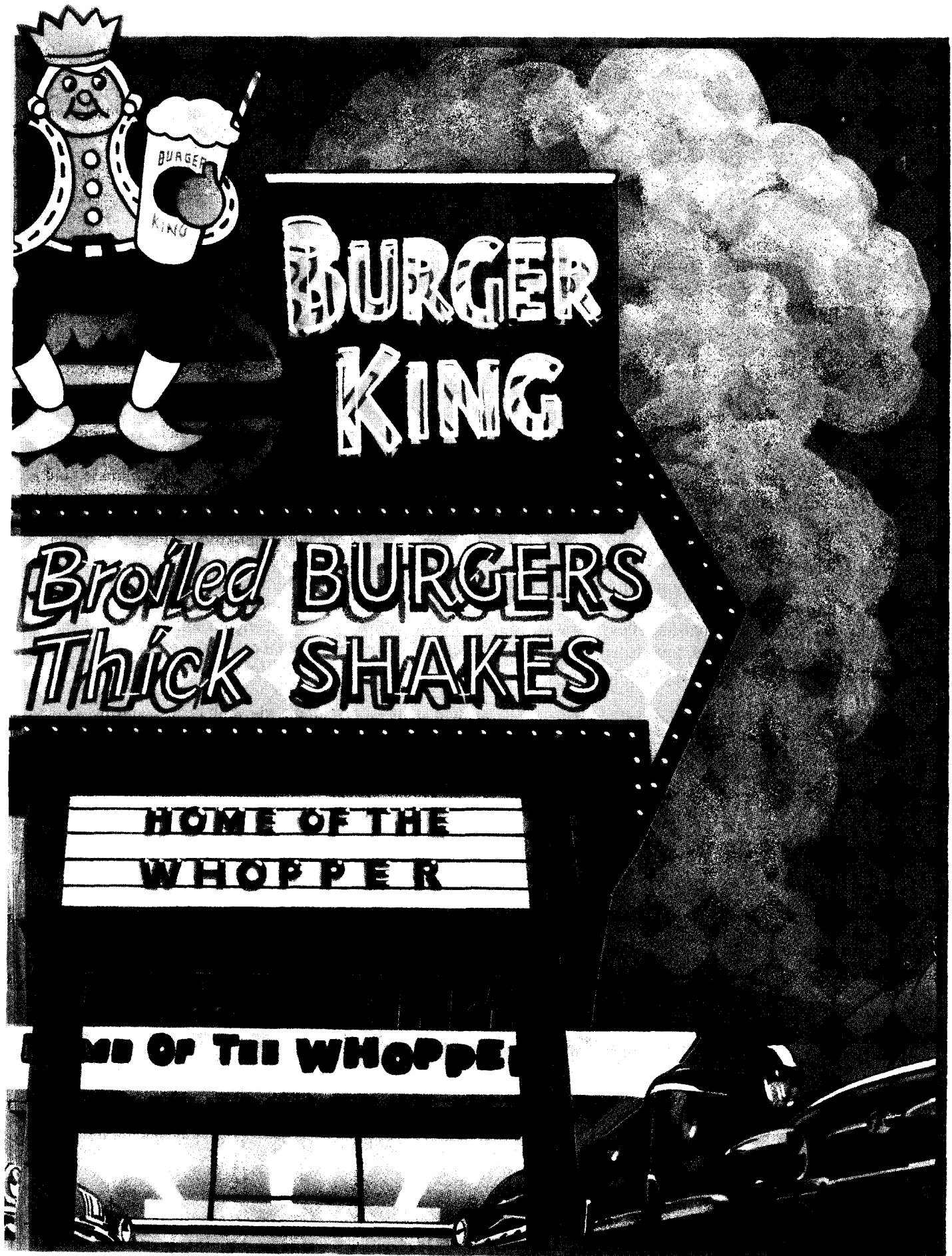
receiving pan of warm sauce and depositing toasted buns in a separate pan. Cramer and Burns went to Jacksonville and in the summer of 1953 built the first Burger King, a self-service drive-in on Beach Boulevard.

"When we came to Jacksonville," Cramer recalls, "there were a lot of sign restrictions by the city. We just made the sign an integral part of the building to get around the restrictions." This was not, of course, an unusual advertising technique. A variety of businesses across the country, including A&W Root Beer, had already achieved the same integration of sign and structure with a rectangular pylon growing out of a rectangular building. Burger King's pylon tapered, growing wider as it rose through the slightly slanted roof. Emblazoned on it was the company's advertising—BURGERS, SHAKES, and a circle nearly five feet tall around the price, 18¢. Within a year Cramer and Burns built a second unit, on Main Street in Jacksonville. There the top of the pylon carried a sign bearing the company's new symbol, a king sitting on a hamburger and holding a milk shake. Similar designs were adopted by other Burger King units, which were rapidly opened by Cramer and Burns in northern Florida and by franchisees in other regions.

To Cramer and Burns, who had formulated their plans while looking at the original McDonald's in San Bernardino, not at its exuberant arched successor, this seemed good enough. But in Miami, David R. Edgerton, Jr., one of the earliest owners of a Burger King franchise, became dissatisfied. The expense of reinforcing the pylon well enough to satisfy South Florida's hurricane-resistance standards, along with the refusal of some municipalities to allow a business to erect both a roadside sign and an advertising pylon, gave Edgerton an excuse to do away with the pylon and introduce elements much more graphic. In 1957 Edgerton erected a large sign at the front of a new Burger King's property, eliminated the pylon, and installed on the rooftop the chain's first pair of garish metal "handlebars."

Had metal elements like these handlebars appeared on top of a large building designed by a modern architect, they undoubtedly would have been structural, helping to hold the building together. Burger King, occupying a concrete-block building of little more than 500 square feet, had no need for out-of-the-ordinary structural support, but it did need a strong, memorable image, and this the company achieved by putting the two angular appendages on the roof and painting them red. Like McDonald's, Carrols, and Burger Chef, Burger King realized that architectural modernism—the kind of modernism that glorified exotic engineering techniques—could be exploited for its advertising potential. Edgerton and his partner, James W. McLamore, installed glowing red neon on the handlebars, later replacing the neon with backlighted red plastic. In 1961 Edgerton and McLamore acquired national franchise rights to the company, then active primarily in Florida and a few other parts of the Southeast, and they began putting hamburger stands with radiant rooftop appendages along highways throughout America.





Most architects would have disapproved of this penchant for treating modernism as a cosmetic device—it was a matter of form faking function. Nonetheless, flamboyant restaurants did constitute a tribute to the remarkable acceptance that a gymnastic brand of modernism had achieved. Fast-food businesses would have found other ways to make their buildings stand out if the public mood had been unreceptive to this kind of architectural statement. The fifties was a time for brashness at most levels of design. Certainly, those who set the tone for serious discussion within the architectural profession indulged in their own celebration of the bold and bright. The same year that Burger King raised its red handlebars, *Progressive Architecture* approvingly featured a motel that the magazine said was “planned with the conviction that a colorful, well-illuminated building is worth more than any sign!”

The roadsides on the outskirts of America's cities grew ever more gaudy, with screaming signs (BURGERS! SHAKES!), blinking lights, and irregularly shaped buildings. In 1958 eating places in the United States made annual sales totaling \$11 billion, up 59 percent from a decade earlier. Refreshment stands and carhop-service drive-ins flourished at the same time that fast food was becoming commonplace. From 1950 to 1961 the number of Dairy Queen stands jumped from 1,400 to 3,400. A&W Root Beer drive-ins more than quadrupled in number, from 450 to 2,000. The burgeoning number of eating places competed visually with vaulted-roof bowling alleys, car washes with spiky structural projections, motels with outward-leaning façades, and other equally insistent commercial buildings.

BY THE BEGINNING OF THE 1960S, HOWEVER, THE PRO-fusion of clashing modern forms had started to incur a public backlash. In January, 1961, the prominent conservative political philosopher Russell Kirk told the nation's architects that “we have done more damage to our country's artificial and natural beauty since the Second World War than we were able to accomplish in the hundred years preceding.” One of the nation's leading town planners, Catharine Bauer Wurster, complained of “arbitrary forms and fascinating surfaces, competing for novelty,” and warned, “their effect on less able designers and the commercial vernacular is horrible to contemplate.” The jurors for *Progressive Architec-*

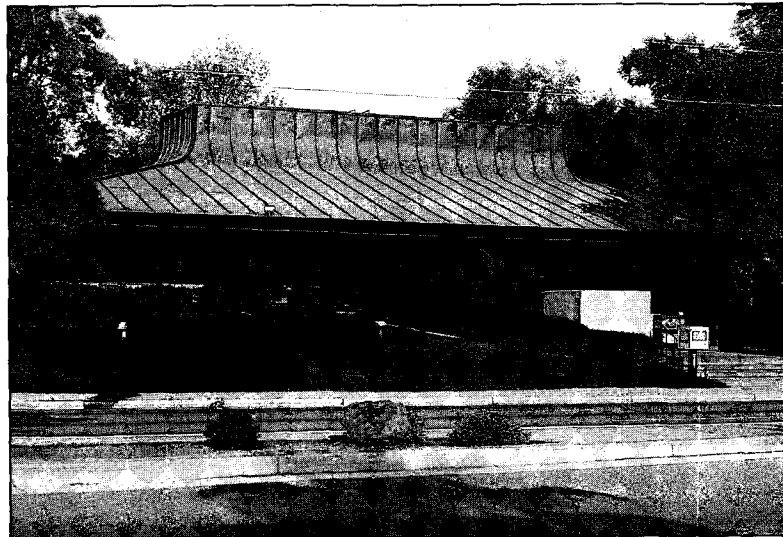
ture's 1961 design awards worried whether the architectural profession had descended into chaos. Indeed, the magazine's editors sensed so profound an uneasiness that they began soliciting the thinking of fifty leading architects on where architecture was going and where the field ought to be headed.

Aggressive experimentation with modern forms persisted in some quarters, but the buoyancy of a few years earlier began to dissipate. Flamboyant structural modernism no longer symbolized unquestionably beneficial new possibilities. This change of attitude stemmed partly from architectural considerations: the bold structures had been around long enough, and become common enough, to be judged more coolly now.

In addition, the country simply was not quite in the same mood by the early 1960s. The election of President Kennedy indicated a degree of dissatisfaction with existing conditions. Concern about the country's faults and inequities manifested itself in new forms of social criticism and political action. Architecture—particularly popular architecture—responds to shifts in the emotional climate, and in the early 1960s it became evident that designs imbued with a brash futurism no longer fit as well as they had. Restaurants started drifting to other kinds of images—strong, immediately recognizable images, but less technological, less like the hardware of tomorrow.

The transformation was most noticeable at first in coffee shops—establishments that offered full menus and relatively quick service at counters and at tables or booths, often twenty-four hours a day. In the 1950s southern California had spawned what came to be known as the California coffee shop—a restaurant whose dramatic roof, hovering above the glass walls of the dining area, called out to motorists on freeways and commercial strips. A Los Angeles architectural firm, Armét & Davis, became the acknowledged master of the California coffee-shop style, creating bold forms and bright interiors for chains like Denny's and Big Boy, first in California and then, as these organizations expanded, throughout the nation.

Thomas Wells, an architect in Honolulu, helped bring to an end such brash coffee-shop design. Wells designed restaurants but refused to produce anything in the customary California style—“weird plaster shapes meaning absolutely nothing,” as he puts it. To Wells the aggressively conspicuous coffee shops of a chain like Denny's represented “just a cheap



The subdued design of Coco's

PHILIP LANGDON

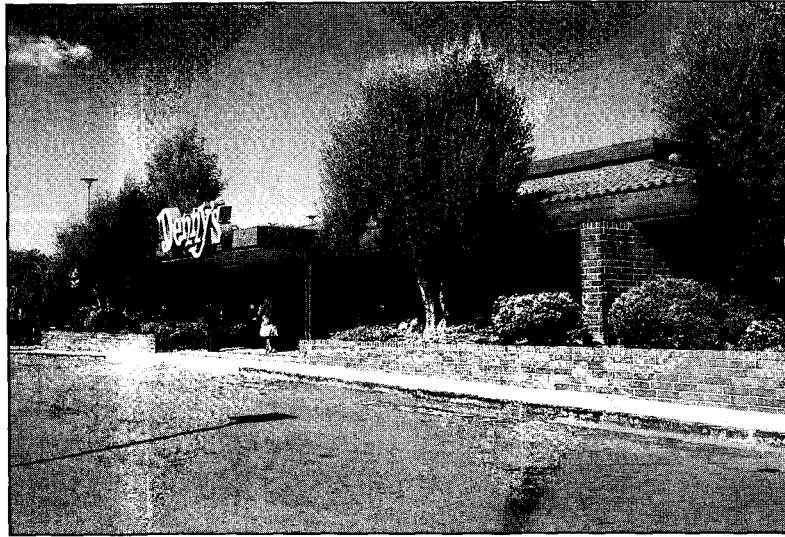
Las Vegas approach to architecture," an attitude of "anything goes."

In 1964 a California restaurant executive, John McIntosh, asked Wells to design a coffee shop—eventually called *Coco's*—that would serve hamburgers, malts, and a few other uncomplicated items, but that would maintain noticeably higher quality than its competitors did. For the first of the new coffee shops, Wells de-

signed a dining room that had leather-like upholstered booths under a wood and cork ceiling, with indirect lighting. Wood columns framed the windows, which came together at the corners, with mitered glass. The floor of the entrance and the counter area was covered in squares of textured brown tile. The dining room had earth-tone carpeting instead of the terrazzo floors found in most coffee shops. Because there was nothing to obstruct the view, the dining room felt spacious yet also calm. Wells introduced a sense of harmony with the surrounding environment. He bermed the earth up to the bottom of the big windows and gave the building broad overhangs. The roof rose at a gentle, even pitch, then curved upward at the top, hiding the air-handling equipment in a center roof well. The restaurant opened in January, 1966. In May a second *Coco's* designed by Wells opened in Scottsdale, Arizona. *Coco's* would ultimately grow into a chain of more than 200 coffee shops distinguished by a soft, somewhat residential flavor.

Wells's work had a major impact on other chains and other architects, particularly on Robert Colwell and Larry Ray, two architects who quit Armét & Davis in 1962 to start their own firm. In 1964 Colwell & Ray moved from Los Angeles to Orange County, not far from the site of the first *Coco's*. Ray, the firm's principal designer, often produced coffee shops in a style similar to Armét & Davis's, with whipped-up interiors of hot pink and orange and with emphatic roofs covered by colored stripes of gravel. This was the style embraced by the majority of coffee-shop owners at the time, including the firm's most important client, Harold Butler, who developed Denny's into a publicly traded company, with coffee shops from coast to coast.

But Ray had qualms about such a flashy approach. In 1967, emboldened by the successful example of *Coco's*, Ray and Colwell developed a design for a more composed, restrained, "neighborhood Denny's" and presented it to Butler, hoping he'd buy it and build it. According to Ray, Butler's initial reaction was "We're not in that kind of busi-



A neighborhood Denny's: the Intowner

COURTESY DON E. MILLER

ness, but the architects kept after him until eventually he agreed to give the new design a try.

Inside the experimental Denny's were wood beams, wood trim, a working fireplace, tables whose plastic laminate tops were decorated in wood patterns, and a floor that was carpeted rather than surfaced in terrazzo. Outside, the walls were covered with oversized reddish-brown bricks.

The roof of charcoal-gray barrel tiles had deep overhangs, and it rose gently from all four sides, like a low pyramid that had been truncated at the top. It climbed just high enough for the air-handling equipment to sit out of sight in a center roof well. A rough-sawn fascia board rising from the edges of the roof well would provide a natural-looking backing for a Denny's sign, if a sign were wanted. The company called the new style of building its Intowner model and initially used it where more flamboyant Denny's designs would have run into community resistance. In a few years the Intowner and models like it would become a major part of the Denny's operation.

Even the king of coffee-shop architecture, Armét & Davis, began edging away from boisterous buildings with free-flowing roofs. In 1968 the firm produced an enlarged version of a California ranch house for Bob's Big Boy restaurants. It featured a regular pitched roof of clay tile and exterior walls surfaced in small beige blocks of slump-stone—a plump-sided southwestern building product made of concrete, intended to resemble blocks of adobe. The ceiling was of wood with exposed beams, and the floors were covered with a mixture of quarry tile and carpeting. This design—adopted with modifications by JB's, Elby's, and other members of the far-flung Big Boy network—brought Armét & Davis into the realm of residential imagery, though its work didn't become entirely sedate. Several versions of the design included a tall gable-wall of glass, and the interiors retained some of the cheery energy of the earlier Big Boys.

The influence of *Coco's* continued to penetrate the restaurant industry. Tom Wells, looking at the changed landscape in the 1980s, jokes, "I feel like I designed the whole country." Wells is correct in believing that the success of *Coco's* helped the softer coffee-shop aesthetic blossom throughout the nation; restaurant owners pay attention to designs associated with profits. But the critical factor was that Wells captured the emerging spirit of the times. In the 1960s the public's mood was shifting, and Wells offered—

in an attractive way—the subdued sensibility that people were increasingly inclined to embrace.

THE SHIFT IN image and atmosphere appeared not only in the coffee-shop segment of the industry but also in fast-food restaurants, whose flamboyant 1950s-style designs were running up against increasing community resistance.

Some municipalities objected to McDonald's, for example, because of the golden arches bursting through the roof. Even within the McDonald's company Ray Kroc heard complaints that the slant-roofed, arched buildings were eyesores, and he couldn't help noticing that some of his competitors, attempting to gain wider acceptance, were moving to make their buildings less garish. In 1967 Burger King took the red handlebars off its roof. A year later Carrols adopted a new prototype with a flat roof and no boomerang appendages. In April of 1968 Ray Kroc hired Don E. Miller as the McDonald's organization's chief architect. Miller, who had designed truck-and-tractor sales and service centers, was given the job of creating a new McDonald's prototype, one that would have an indoor dining area and would be acceptable to cities and towns throughout the United States.

Miller developed four alternatives to the arched building and laid his sketches on the desk in Kroc's office for President Fred Turner and Chairman Kroc to review. They examined them, and then, Miller recalls, Kroc slapped the desk: "That's what I want. When can we have the drawings?" It hit him right away. The understanding within the company's upper echelon, according to Miller, had been that "they had to use brick on the walls, they had to dress their building up to fit the community." In many municipalities, he says, "it was the only way you could pull building permits and obtain zoning."

The new McDonald's, introduced in January of 1969, in the Chicago suburb of Matteson, had its plate-glass windows set into walls covered with a soothing mixture of beige and brown brick. The main portion of the building was thirty-four feet wide, with a fourteen-foot extension on one side to seat about sixty customers. The days of the walk-up window were gone forever. Above the walls was a weighty, overhanging roof that seemed to pull the building toward the earth rather than propel it upward and outward, as the earlier wedge roof had done. No longer were there arches on the roof; these were now reserved for a



The red and white stripes of the sixties

new, double-arched sign, placed elsewhere on the premises. The double-hip parapet roof, as it was referred to by some, or double mansard, as Miller called it, was surfaced in slate for a more dignified appearance. The roof, illuminated by metal ribs, sloped at a 30-degree angle along the perimeter and then rose at a 60-degree angle to form a parapet, which hid the heating, ventilating, and air-conditioning

equipment that had sat exposed on the roofs of earlier McDonald's outlets. The roof gave the building a relatively calm, horizontal profile, a feeling of shelter on a lower and more human scale.

The general configuration of the new McDonald's roof became virtually standard for fast-food architecture. Dunkin' Donuts adopted a "mansard" of brown metal with built-in signs. Burger King, having first employed a mansard painted bright red, decided in 1972 to cover the mansard in cedar shingles in natural shades. The only remaining red would be an illuminated plastic light-band above the mansard. Wood now trimmed Burger King's windows, and brick covered those portions of the exterior not devoted to wood or glass.

By the mid-1970s there had been a nearly complete transformation in the complexion of fast-food buildings. Der Wienerschnitzel, a California chain whose restaurants were housed within bright orange A-frames, shifted to a softer shade of orange for the roofs and then discontinued orange roofs entirely. The company had Colwell & Ray design a new building with a flat-topped brown roof and walls of dark brown wood or ivory-colored stucco. In 1977 Kentucky Fried Chicken, rebounding from a period of lax management, belatedly introduced a new prototype with tan walls and a terra-cotta-colored mansard. Above the mansard was a small red-and-white-striped pyramid—a vestige of the red and white stripes that in the 1960s had been used on top of the entire building. Red Barn introduced a lower, mansard-topped building with brownish-red brick walls. Older Red Barns turned into brown barns and beige barns.

One of the best-selling books of 1970, written by Charles A. Reich, heralded the rise of a new form of consciousness; "the greening of America" was the catchy phrase Reich coined for the book's title. In the realm of commercial buildings what actually occurred was the browning of America. Earth tones became the national colors.

The newly muted color schemes seemed mandatory in an era when millions of people exhibited an intense concern over degradation of the environment. Restaurant chains felt compelled to adopt softer colors. They also decided that it would be prudent to put lawns, shrubbery, and trees on portions of their properties that had until now been occupied by pavement and trash receptacles. The thoroughness of the landscaping varied in accordance with local requirements, the degree of community resistance to fast-food outlets, the physical and socioeconomic character of the surrounding area, and, to some extent, the clientele.

Of course, fast-food restaurants kept nature on a tight leash. Specialists recommended such plants as Chinese junipers, which stayed close to the ground. Few managers planted trees capable of overshadowing their restaurants. A policy of planting on a diminutive scale made sense from the standpoint of keeping maintenance chores minimal and of keeping the restaurant and its signs in plain view. It also created an aura of orderliness—an impression that served fast-food restaurants well.

WHILE CHANGES LIKE THESE WERE TAKING PLACE on restaurant exteriors, another form of evolution was proceeding inside. Initially the fast-food industry had single-mindedly pursued a goal of delivering food as fast and efficiently as possible. Customers at McDonald's—standing outside on concrete that had been painted green to seem cooler—observed a counter and a kitchen outfitted in sparkling stainless steel and watched the quickness of a kitchen crew made up in the Kroc years primarily of clean-cut boys who didn't keep their jobs long but who nonetheless gave an impression of being organized and purposeful. Well into the 1960s Kroc was advising franchisees not to hire girls, because they attracted boyfriends, whose presence, he believed, distracted the girls from their work. Indeed, any social contact beyond a cheerful greeting and a cheerful farewell was viewed by Kroc and others in negative terms, as an impediment to maximum turnover. In 1962 *American Restaurant* magazine changed its name to *American Restaurant Hospitality* and stopped publishing articles about fast-food companies—the implication being that hospitality was one quality the fast-food outlets lacked. Companies like McDonald's and Burger King were geared to efficient feeding, not graciousness.

Ray Kroc had always been leery of making his outlets too comfortable. He wanted to attract people, but he didn't want them to stay for more than a few minutes. He was proud to have prohibited such public services as newspaper boxes and telephone booths, to have banned such entertainment as pinball and jukeboxes, to have done without candy and cigarette machines. To a large extent his policies were aimed at combating his most enthusiastic yet dreaded customer—the American teenager. Kroc wanted the teenage trade, but he hoped to keep the transactions quick and limited. The objective was to prevent adolescents and others from turning his restaurants into social institutions, as opposed to mere feeding stations. Kroc's attempts to eliminate social contact at McDonald's fell short of their mark. Teenagers were resilient, and would frequent McDonald's despite a paucity of comforts and services other than inexpensive food and clean lavatories. They regarded McDonald's as a hangout, Kroc's intentions notwithstanding. In the 1960s it was common knowledge that boisterous gatherings of the young had harmed some drive-ins financially, including some McDonald's outlets. McDonald's had a reason for making its design and furnishings relatively antisocial.

Gradually, however, McDonald's and other chains had to improve the atmosphere and comforts they offered. In the mid-1960s the spectacle of teenagers cruising the drive-in and fast-food circuit, revving engines, screeching tires, and sometimes drinking and getting into fights incited a growing reaction from municipal governments. Some chain restaurants stood at expressway interchanges or in business and industrial areas, but many were close to residential neighborhoods, which fought back when their peace was disturbed. Public resentment of restaurants where teenagers congregated grew so intense that one of the magazines serving the drive-in industry published a roundup every month of ordinances aimed at outdoor eating places.

Moving the eating indoors was one way to discourage rowdiness in the parking lots and to ward off tough municipal restrictions on restaurant operations, including how late the restaurants could stay open. In addition, the desire of adult customers for a greater level of comfort pushed the chains toward modifying their buildings.

A continual upgrading of interiors took place during the late 1960s and throughout the 1970s, generally increasing the level of



The Colonel's new image of the seventies

comfort, but with some notable differences from one chain to another. Kentucky Fried Chicken's "new image" prototype of 1977 featured hanging plants, decorative woodwork, earth-tone vinyl floors, wooden tables and chairs, booths with padded seats and cushioned backs, and a combination of recessed and ornamental lights. Now, it seemed, customers had to be given moderately pleasant surroundings in which to eat; the objective of most chains was to develop a dining area that would be agreeable for a brief duration without requiring a great deal of maintenance. Sitting down at a typical McDonald's, customers felt immediate relief in the cushioning of the seat backs. A few minutes later, however, they became restless because the seat bottom consisted of hard, uncushioned plastic. Tables and chairs presented a neat appearance, all lined up in uniform rows, but the order was achieved by permanently anchoring the tables to the floor and attaching the seats to the table bases. The customer was denied the possibility of making the minor adjustments that do much to determine whether a person will feel in control of his surroundings. Wendy's, from early on, provided small tables accompanied by what David Thomas, the chain's founder, has referred to as "four not particularly comfortable chairs." What the fast-food industry learned is summarized by Dunkin' Donuts' chief architect, Abraham J. Goldberg: "You have to give comfort, but it's measured comfort."

Nearly every chain introduced softer interior tones and textures as the 1970s progressed. Wendy's put carpeting on the floor. A Hardee's prototype designed in 1975 by a New York marketing, communications, and design firm, Lippincott & Margulies, featured an ordering-area counter surfaced in three-inch-thick maple butcher block. Trash receptacles, once so conspicuous, took on colors, materials, and shapes enabling them to merge quietly into the décor. Dining areas were placed away from the commotion of the ordering areas.

Overall, fast-food interiors had advanced significantly from the rudimentary designs of a few years earlier. The Hardee's 1975 prototype introduced a "cozy corner"—a windowless area removed from the main flow of restaurant traffic, to create a greater sense of privacy. Of the major fast-food chains, Burger King created probably the most pleasant atmosphere from an adult point of view. Not only were the interiors given to earth tones and plants but they often had comfortable booths along the perimeter, where people could sit without feeling pressured to be on their way. In one of the fastest-paced areas of Manhattan—Lexington Avenue just two blocks north of Grand Central Station—customers at a Burger King outlet could be seen sitting next to the windows in midmorning, reading books, an activity that would have been anathema to any fast-food chain in the 1960s.

Many restaurants began to make a more sophisticated use of light. The bright, exposed fluorescent lighting inside Dunkin' Donuts units evolved at Goldberg's direction into skillfully recessed fixtures that cast light around the





perimeter of the building and onto the food displays but not on the customers. In the mid-1970s, dinner-house chains began to abandon their lone-candle-in-the-darkness atmosphere and let natural and artificial light penetrate the dimness of their dining rooms. Skylights popped through ceilings, and greenhouse dining-room appendages were added to outer walls. These features quickly gained acceptance at all levels of the restaurant industry, so that by the early 1980s fast-food chains like McDonald's and Wendy's were outfitting some of their dining areas with skylights or greenhouse extensions. Many of these skylights were false, consisting of tilted translucent panels with bulbs behind them (in accordance with the chains' insistence on keeping maintenance to a minimum), but they nonetheless enabled restaurants to give the impression of letting the sun shine in. Greenhouses and skylights also seemed to be harmonious settings for plants, which had already become an established part of interior decoration. The result was that interiors, despite their brightness, retained a soft, natural feeling.

IN THE RESTAURANT INDUSTRY ONE OF THE RECURRENT issues that designers and executives have grappled with is how to change the buildings of an established company in such a way that they remain up-to-date, yet avoid abandoning too many of the characteristics that customers have come to expect. In searching for an effective image companies or their advisers have often asked the public for its thoughts, typically by surveying a representative sampling of intended customers. By the 1980s consumer research, long used by advertisers and merchandisers, had come into full flower within the fast-food industry.

Some companies, including McDonald's, were equipped with in-house research departments capable of measuring national response to designs, but other chains relied on firms like Lippincott & Margulies. Such outside consultants, with their elaborate research techniques, were needed by chains that had grown too large for their executives to observe a cross-section of customers. Multi-million-dollar companies, many of which were now operating as subsidiaries of *Fortune* 500 firms, couldn't get by on instinct.

Consider the case of Taco Bell. By 1982 Taco Bell had 1,500 restaurants in forty-seven states and five foreign countries. The chain, owned by the conglomerate PepsiCo, was intent on moving into regions that were unfamiliar with both Taco Bell and Mexican food. But the company's executives, in Irvine, California, wanted to reduce the risk of an embarrassing failure. Consequently, Taco Bell commissioned S&O Consultants, of San Francisco, to study the restaurant's image and design, and to propose changes.

An S&O subsidiary, Nova Research Group, questioned a total of 500 fast-food consumers in three metropolitan areas where Taco Bell was well established and in two

areas that Taco Bell had just entered. The questions focused on people's feelings about Mexican food in general and Taco Bell in particular. Participants looked at slides of Taco Bell buildings and signs, and chose descriptions from pairs of contrasting adjectives—clean or dirty, family-oriented or adult, expensive or not expensive, and so on. Three hundred Taco Bell customers took part in “visibility studies,” watching scenes that, through the use of a device called a tachistoscope, were flashed for a measured, brief duration: a fortieth of a second, a fifth of a second, three fifths of a second, and a full second. “What did you see?” the participants were asked. The tests showed that people recognized McDonald's golden arches and Kentucky Fried Chicken's bucket at faster exposures than those at which they recognized the Taco Bell sign. The Taco Bell sign was, in researchers' parlance, “not impactful.” After the views had been flashed on and off and participants had been asked to identify the views, they were shown a series of views for an extended period—views of the free-standing sign, the bell tower, the small bell in the tower, the arched windows, the red tile roof. They were asked to indicate whether they liked or disliked each of those elements.

The research showed that Taco Bell ran a risk of rejection in trying to promote Mexican food to a non-Mexican population, especially in regions where Mexican food was uncommon. The exotic often meets resistance; for just this reason Lippincott & Margulies had advised Pizza Hut in the mid-1970s to remove a little Italian character from its building and sign. Pizza Hut had to be “Americanized.” Similarly, S&O's research showed that many people distrusted Mexican restaurants, fearing that they would be dirty. Something would have to be done about Taco Bell's strong Mexican associations.

The surveys showed that people liked most of the Taco Bell building features, especially the arched windows and the red tile roof, but the sign was another matter—36 percent disliked it, whereas just three percent disliked the arched windows. In tests like these, consumers generally try to say pleasant things about what they're shown. The 36 percent negative rating for the sign signaled outright repudiation. On every measure the sign fared badly. Besides arousing dislike and falling short of instant recognition, it was confusing; many people didn't know that the sign was meant to portray a Mexican sleeping under his sombrero, on top

of a bell. And if they had known, would they have been reassured by a profile of a sleeping Mexican?

One result of S&O's work was a clarification of Taco Bell's strategy for attracting customers. The company was not about to change its name or drop the Mexican foods that had accounted for its success, but it began to play down Mexican associations. People at the company's headquarters began describing Taco Bell as “a fast-food restaurant that serves Mexican food,” rather than as a Mexican restaurant. They were intent on securing Taco Bell a place in the American mainstream. On some existing restaurants a bell logo, manufactured in plastic, was placed where the restaurants in earlier years had displayed a real bell in a real aperture at the top of the wall. Eliminated along with the bell tower were heavy wooden outriggers that had projected outward from the walls, in a manner characteristic of Mexican architecture. The color of the exterior walls—“dirty brown,” in S&O's judgment—was lightened. The two most popular features—the tile roof and the arched windows—were incorporated into the design of a new Taco Bell prototype, but S&O advised against letting them seem too authentically Mexican. Instead of covering a long roof pitch, the tiles formed a simple mansard—a short slope above all four walls. This was a roof shape already strongly associated with fast-food and other obviously American retail buildings, so it helped play down Taco Bell's ethnic image. No bell tower rose from the roof of the new building—which the company referred to as its Mainstream Mansard design. The building adopted a dignified, symmetrical façade with front and side entrances that projected slightly forward, their arched peaks echoing the arches of the doorways. On the front of the new prototype the windows were arched and trimmed in brick, but S&O was fearful of featuring the arches too strongly; on the sides the building used large rectangular windows, which looked unquestionably modern rather than Mexican. Above the doorway “Taco Bell” was written in discreet brown letters, accompanied by the bell logo in plastic.

There was irony in Taco Bell's embracing plastic at the very time when other fast-food chains were trying to de-emphasize their “plastic look” and achieve a more natural and authentic appearance. But Taco Bell, like untold numbers of second-generation ethnic Americans, saw foreignness as a troublesome label, and the company grasped at established symbols of American retailing. Plastic was one of them.



Taco Bell's Mainstream Mansard design

COURTESY TACO BELL

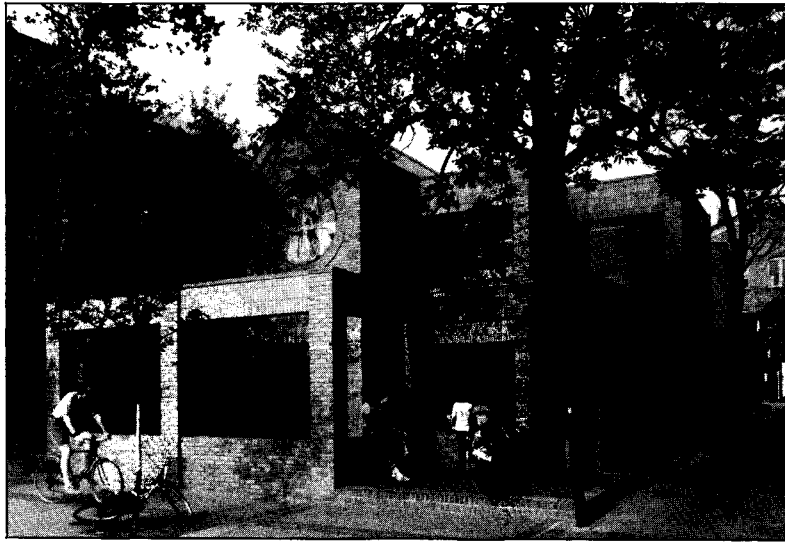
THE GROWING use of consultants like S&O and of designs based on consumer research has eliminated some of the amateurishness (and spontaneity) from roadside enterprises, paring the buildings and signs down to little more than their selling essentials. Standardized-image chain restaurants have historically tried to minimize offbeat personal expression, but consumer testing has made quirky, individualistic designs all the less prevalent. Thousands of small business operators are now part of franchise networks that receive guidance from marketing, communications, and design firms.

As a consequence, the appearance of the American roadside is more heavily influenced by national and international companies than ever before. Supervision by these enterprises has resulted in visual clashes of the same architectural imagery and logos in communities all across the country. It is as if commercial strips were jousting fields on which the thrusts and jabs of corporate combat are replayed again and again. The combatants never vary, only their order of appearance.

The visual contentiousness of much of America's commercial surroundings springs not only from architects and consultants eager to oblige their clients but also from more fundamental sources—Americans' ceaseless travel and migration throughout their country, the competitive nature of the economy, the profusion of building materials and construction technologies, and, perhaps most important, a love of convenience. Wherever a popular insistence on convenience and economy is combined with minimal local attention to the shaping of the environment, it is unlikely that ordinary commercial buildings such as chain restaurants will reflect a richer notion of what America's cities, suburbs, and towns could be.

Indeed, the meager attention usually paid to the visual character of a community's commercial surroundings has made it possible for some chains to boast about their varied designs even when the modifications have been disappointingly minimal. McDonald's introduced sixteen stock façade alternatives—from Country French to Village Depot—that it has applied like wallpaper to the exteriors of some of its standard buildings. These may enable the chain to overcome the protests of local people untrained in design, but they do not represent a conscientious response to a community's yearning for genuine character.

It is clear that restaurant chains have thoroughly mas-



Community-integrated architecture: A McDonald's in Ann Arbor

tered the practical aspects of design and organization. The question is whether—having dealt successfully with the nuts-and-bolts issues of efficiency, economy, and convenience—these restaurants can accomplish something greater. There have been times in the past when competing private economic interests came together to create business districts that were both convenient and cultur-

ally satisfying, both varied and coherent. And there are places today where chain enterprises have been integrated into harmonious community design. In some cities and towns chains have been required to use existing buildings possessing historical significance or to adopt an architectural form compatible with neighboring structures. In southern California, where the fast-food industry had its origins, more than three decades ago, chains in some areas are now required to use the same materials, colors, and shapes as those of nearby shopping centers, so that there will be a feeling of consistency in what would otherwise be a chaotic strip development.

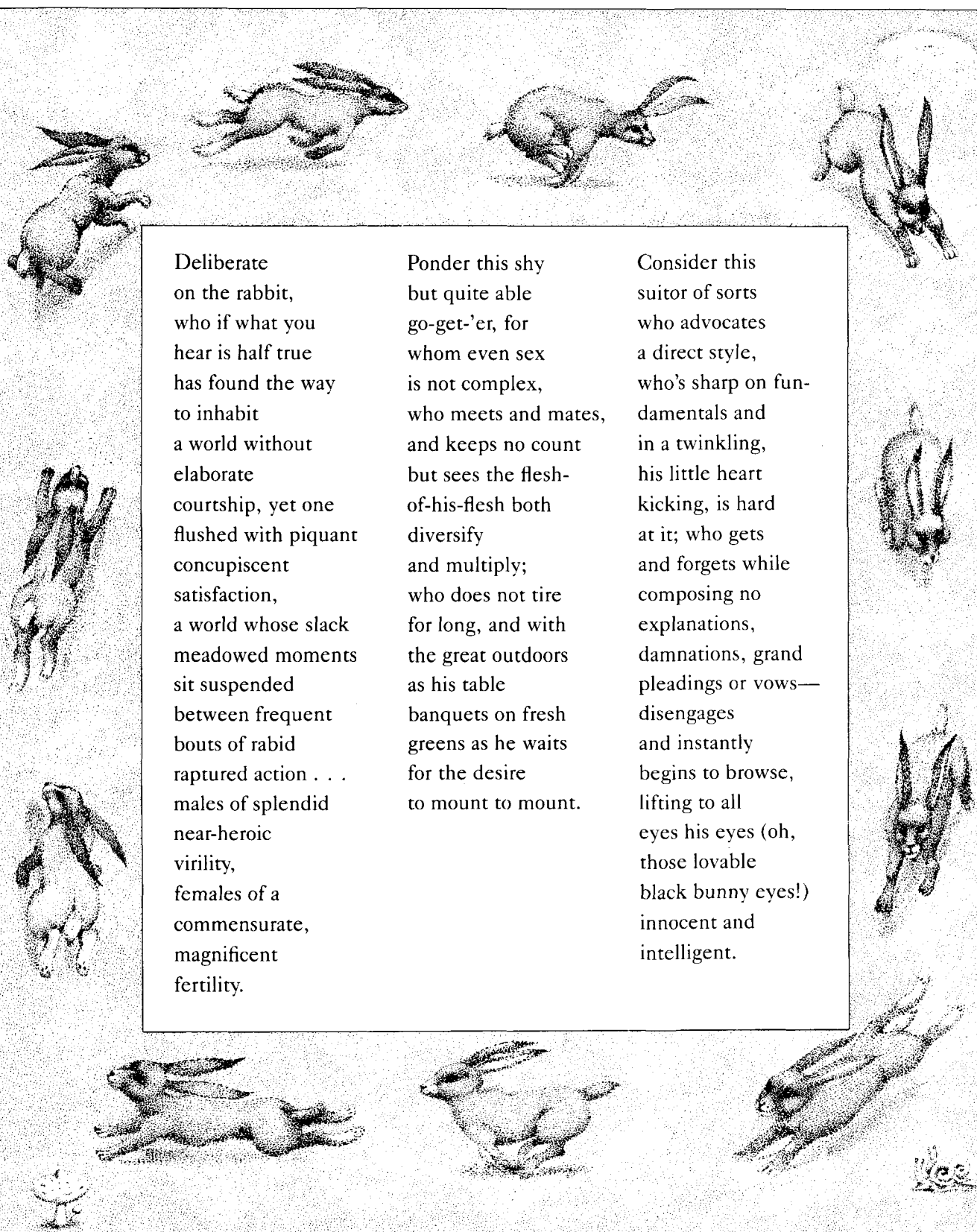
Most such efforts have resulted in a more muted road-scape, but there is no reason why a newly developed strip could not exude an exuberant personality, its buildings outlined at night in a burst of color. This is not so far-fetched a municipal objective as it may seem. At least one older city, Buffalo, New York, has already acted to install bands of neon on most of the commercial buildings in a district containing many restaurants and bars. Some commercial strips ought to exhibit an air of celebration, especially after dark. Unless there is organized local coordination, however, the strip typically tends to develop neither an unreservedly energetic spirit nor a soothing character.

It is unrealistic to expect individual chain restaurants to serve as architectural centerpieces, but it is within their power to take cues from their neighbors and from local preferences or traditions. The issue is whether restaurant chains—now that they have become, in effect, some of America's most influential urban and suburban designers—can be roused to enhance everyday surroundings not only for a few locales but for much of the nation.

In the end it comes down to whether the public is willing to invest a substantial effort in prodding, inspiring, and sometimes forcing restaurant chains to take their social responsibilities seriously. As of now, the most encouraging thing that can be said is that the evolution of chain-restaurant design has not yet reached its conclusion. □

RABBITS

BY BRAD LEITHAUSER



Deliberate
on the rabbit,
who if what you
hear is half true
has found the way
to inhabit
a world without
elaborate
courtship, yet one
flushed with piquant
concupiscent
satisfaction,
a world whose slack
meadowed moments
sit suspended
between frequent
bouts of rabid
raptured action . . .
males of splendid
near-heroic
virility,
females of a
commensurate,
magnificent
fertility.

Ponder this shy
but quite able
go-get-'er, for
whom even sex
is not complex,
who meets and mates,
and keeps no count
but sees the flesh-
of-his-flesh both
diversify
and multiply;
who does not tire
for long, and with
the great outdoors
as his table
banquets on fresh
greens as he waits
for the desire
to mount to mount.

Consider this
suitor of sorts
who advocates
a direct style,
who's sharp on fun-
damentals and
in a twinkling,
his little heart
kicking, is hard
at it; who gets
and forgets while
composing no
explanations,
damnations, grand
pleadings or vows—
disengages
and instantly
begins to browse,
lifting to all
eyes his eyes (oh,
those lovable
black bunny eyes!)
innocent and
intelligent.

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MUSIC

MELODIC TRUMPET

BY MICHAEL ULLMAN

SOMETIME IN 1954, when he was twenty-four years old, the trumpeter Clifford Brown became one of the greatest jazz soloists. His playing, already celebrated for its fluency and imagination, took on a rhythmic grace, an added ease at whatever tempo he was confronted with, and a variety that made his phrases billow and float as naturally as silk in a gentle wind. A brilliant melodist with a big, singing tone, Brown was playing with warmth, forthrightness, and a headlong swing reminiscent of the young Louis Armstrong. Two years later he was dead, a victim of a car crash that also killed the pianist Richie Powell and Powell's wife.

Brown's death affected musicians all over the country. The saxophonist Benny Golson, for example, wrote "I Remember Clifford" in tribute. The tragedy devastated Max Roach, the leader with Brown of the Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quintet, which had begun in 1954. Only recently has Roach been able to play music associated with Brown, whom he has called "a sweet, beautiful individual." Brown made an impact with his personality as well as with his horn. At a time when jazz musicians were popularly associated with big egos, drugs, and alcohol, he was a clean-living, soft-spoken family man. The recent issue of his complete Blue Note recordings includes a picture of him holding his infant son; his widow, whose notes provide one of the real charms of the collection, remembers him explaining jazz to the infant. Sonny Rollins called Brown "perfect all around," and the drummer Alan Dawson, who roomed with Brown when they were both in the Lionel Hampton big band, recently described him as a "down-home guy, a quiet, country, slow-talking kind of guy." Few musicians have inspired the love that Brown seemed to attract. Thanks to a number of recent reissues, we can follow virtually all of Brown's short career.

His rise was swift. At his death he had played trumpet for only ten years. When he was fifteen, in 1945, his father gave

him his first trumpet, but in 1950 he had an accident that kept him from his music for a year. By then he had already been working around Philadelphia. Back on the job in 1951, Brown was praised by Charlie Parker and hired by Chris Powell, the leader of a rhythm-and-blues band called Chris Powell and His Blue Flames.

The composer T. J. Anderson, who first saw Brown with the Blue Flames, recently said, "Clifford had this articu-



late type of playing where you separate each note clearly. Also he could play in between the beats real well. And he communicated."

In 1952 Brown made his first records, as a sideman with the Blue Flames. He took a warm, Dizzy Gillespie-ish solo on the novelty calypso "I Come From Jamaica" and a relatively sophisticated chorus on "Ida Red." (Both are available on *The Beginning and the End*, Columbia, KC 32284.) In June of 1953 he recorded with Lou Donaldson and then J. J. Johnson, and in August he was making his first recordings as a leader. "Brownie Speaks," from the Donaldson session, shows his fat tone and his cleanly articu-

lated lines with their brilliant runs. Only when we compare these solos with later ones can we find flaws in them. At times he would seem almost driven at fast tempos; he might string together pairs of eighth notes in the first chorus, accenting the first note of each pair and varying the pell-mell action only with an occasional triplet. A year later he sounded effortless and expansive on even the fastest numbers.

Perhaps he hadn't yet found his perfect drummer. From the late summer of 1953 to the spring of 1954 Brown was a fan of the rough, bashing style of Art Blakey, with whom he had made several recordings. Later in 1954 he and Roach began the collaboration that made Brown famous. What Roach offered Brown was firm support and a clear, ringing sound in a relatively un-busy style. Roach is a melodic drummer. Where Blakey pounded and prodded, Roach let Brown's own melodies unravel. (We can hear Blakey pressing Brown on the Blue Note recordings made live at Birdland in February of 1954. The Blakey, Donaldson, J. J. Johnson, and early Clifford Brown sessions, including several previously unreleased takes, have been issued on *The Complete Blue Note and Pacific Jazz Recordings of Clifford Brown* by Mosaic Records, 197 Strawberry Hill Avenue, Stamford, Conn. 06092. This five-disc set is available only through the mail, for \$42.50 plus \$3.00 for postage.) Blakey is the quintessential hard-bop drummer, and Roach is a cooler technician. Brown, given his own virtuosity, didn't need to be pushed. He had something in common with the cooler "West Coast" sound: a love of uncluttered melody. Just before the first session, in August of 1954, of the Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quintet, he recorded such tunes as "Blueberry Hill" and "Gone With the Wind" and his own "Joy Spring" and "Daahoud" with a group of West Coast musicians. On "Blueberry Hill," then an easygoing hit for the blithely rocking Fats Domino, and on "Joy Spring," a gentle, bouncing number, Brown seems to be discovering the value of disengagement, of one step taken backward. He sounds as poised as a boxer dancing confidently on the balls of his feet.

It is that poise and the incomparable appeal of his improvised melodies that make Brown's playing with Roach so bewitching. In the less than two years they had as a team, Brown and Roach went into the studios together fifteen times,

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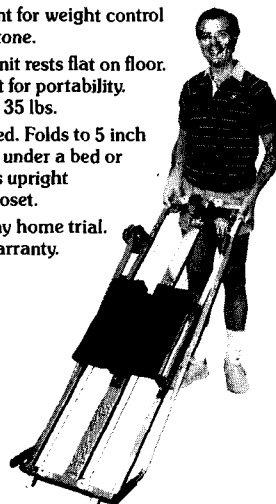
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once to make *Clifford Brown With Strings* (EmArcy EXPR1011), a favorite album of virtually every modern trumpeter, twice in jam sessions, and the rest of the times with the quintet. Brown also accompanied the singers Sarah Vaughan and Helen Merrill. All these recordings are being made available in new pressings by Polygram, among them two albums of material that was either never before released or released only in edited form (*More Study in Brown*, EmArcy 195J1 and *Jams 2*, EmArcy 195J2). They are also being issued as compact discs that largely eliminate the distortion of Max Roach's cymbals heard on some of the original recordings.

The quintet remade tunes that Brown had recorded earlier (such as "Daa-houd" and "Cherokee"), and without exception Brown sounds better, more richly inventive, on the later versions. If he sputtered a little on the "Cherokee" recorded with Blakey in 1953, his 1955 version is played with warmhearted panache. He begins his solo on the walking blues "Sandu" with a laid-back phrase so captivating that it makes what comes afterward almost unnecessary. He developed an uncanny ability to invent short, unexpected phrases that tell whole stories. At the beginning of his second chorus of "Pent-Up House" (on the Sonny Rollins album *Three Giants!*, Prestige 7821), he plays an almost child-like six-note melody, varies it in a repetition, and then gradually walks away from it. But the melody stays with you.

On the night before he was killed, Brown was playing with a pickup group in a session that was recorded informally. Three of the numbers were issued by Columbia, on *The Beginning and the End*. They find Brown in an exuberant mood, playing Charlie Parker's "Donna Lee" at an impossibly fast tempo, and sounding bumptious on the Miles Davis hit "Walk-in'." When he plays "Night in Tunisia," he seems to be inviting comparison to the two giants of the modern jazz trumpet, Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie. Thoroughly original, he was at the time their only competition. "Night in Tunisia" leaves a space for a solo break that boppers from Gillespie on have used to show their agility. Brown modestly avoids the typical bravura display with a slow, relaxed descending phrase, and then proceeds with a genial, consequential solo that becomes more exciting with every note. The fire seems to come from deep within him—and that's the way it should be in jazz. □

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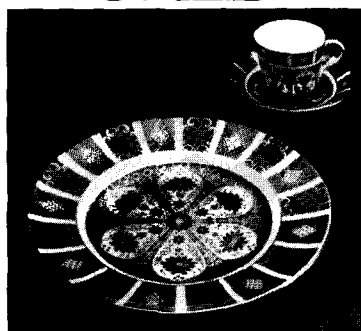
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FOOD

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

BY CORBY KUMMER

I FOUND OUT how far I had to go to qualify for membership in the food-world elite when I read my first copy of *Petits Propos Culinaires*, a small-format magazine that has been published in England three times a year since 1979. A knowledge of French isn't required—*PPC* is in English—but Latin, Middle English, and a modern Arabic language or two would be a help. The articles, many of which are accompanied by recipes and illustrations, cover such topics as the influence of alchemy on eating habits, the banning of pasta by the Futurists, and non-alcoholic beverages in nineteenth-century Russia. I can't finish (or even start) all of them, but in every issue at least one reminds me of how much there is to understanding food besides learning recipes.

Very little of this kind of research was being done, let alone circulated, until Alan Davidson began *PPC*. Davidson is a famously eccentric former British ambassador to Laos who went from writing pamphlets on Southeast Asian fish for embassy wives to writing most of *The Oxford Companion to Food*, which is already half a million words in draft and nowhere near publication. He has inspired both amateurs and academics to take up the cause of food history. I recently tried a bit of food scholarship myself, not en-

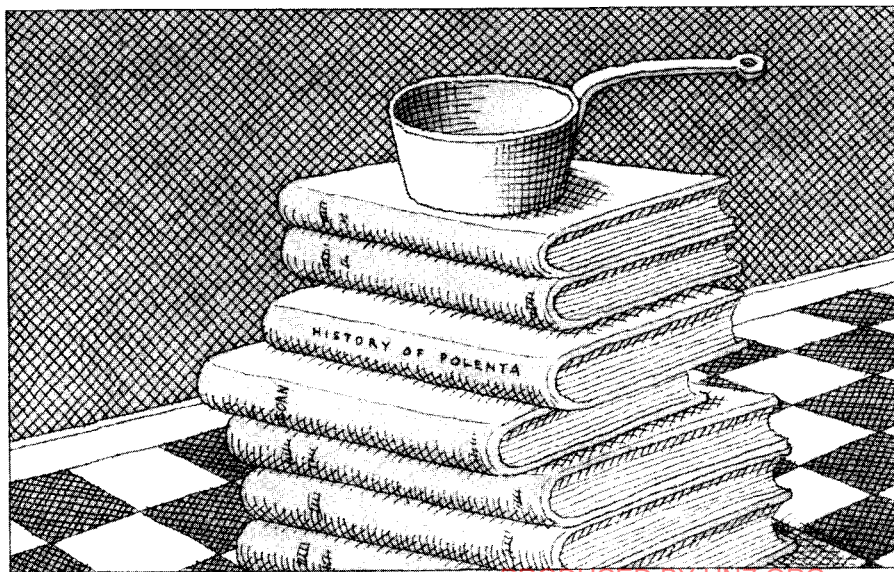
tirely by choice, for a group that included Davidson and some of his most learned colleagues. I'm glad I did it, and will never willingly do it again.

A year ago I joined the Culinary Historians of Boston, a group that is to food scholarship in America roughly what Davidson and the *PPC* writers he has cultivated are to it in England. Most of the hundred members are theoretically no more eligible to join than I am, since there are only a handful of practicing food historians in and around Boston. The two most active of them, Barbara Wheaton and Joyce Toomre, began the CHB in 1980, with a brown-bag lunch on the green outside the Schlesinger Library, at Radcliffe College, which has a notable collection of food books and manuscripts. Wheaton is the author of *Savoring the Past*, a history of French food from 1300 to 1789, and Toomre is translating and annotating a huge nineteenth-century Russian cookbook. The brown bags were a typically Cambridge beginning for what soon became a typically Cambridge group. Although the trendiest people in food must at least pretend devotion to food history, the CHB is far from style-conscious. It would go against the CHB spirit to dress up for a meeting. Members, many of whom come from fields related to food,

such as nutrition and catering, and many of whom don't, earnestly take notes at lectures whose subjects in the past two years have included English twelfth-cakes, food in the life of a rural community east of Bombay, American domesticity in the nineteenth century, and the problems of working with sixteenth-century French manuscripts.

Some of the meetings are diverting and some aren't, but they all sound like great times in the CHB newsletter, which Barbara Wheaton writes. Wheaton makes a wonderful guide to CHB activities and to current technical and popular literature on food. Like Davidson, she is both greatly erudite and slightly dotty. She will refer to the "ill-organized, Noah's Ark-like kitchens" in restored houses, or include a translation of what the French said Americans and Englishmen ate for breakfast at the turn of the century, or describe a visit to Plimoth Plantation, a historical museum where it is always 1627: "To my intense delight, one of the women cooking dinner told me that she was putting pepper and ginger in her husband's dinner because he was phlegmatic—a perfect instance of School of Salerno dietary theory!" Her accounts of the CHB's annual banquets can be more entertaining than the events themselves. Describing the 1984 dinner, honoring the bicentennial of the birth of Antonin Carême, the great French chef, she wrote of an elaborate ring mold of rice: "There was no way it could have tasted good, but it was certainly authentic." Wheaton's newsletter explains the large number of people who pay CHB dues even though they live far from Boston. (For information write the CHB at 3 Evergreen Lane, Hingham, Mass. 02043. To subscribe to *PPC*, write Jennifer Davidson, 5311 42nd St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20015.)

This year the grand finale was to be much more ambitious than a period dinner. The CHB hoped to sponsor with the Schlesinger the first food-history conference in America, loosely modeled on the Oxford Symposia, which Davidson and Theodore Zeldin, a historian at Oxford University, began in 1980. The first morning there would be formal papers. That afternoon there would be workshops. The next morning there would be a historical cooking demonstration, to be given by Sheryl Julian, a charter CHB member and a well-known cooking teacher who spent almost a year testing historical European and Ameri-





can dishes for Anne Willan's book *Great Cooks and Their Recipes*.

One day last summer Julian called me to say that the conference was on—funding had come through, from General Foods, Ocean Spray, and the Women's Culinary Guild of New England, a professional group—and that she was drafting me to be the researcher and narrator for her demonstration. We had premises, a modest budget, a guarantee that star scholars would be in the audience, and no subject.

"LET'S DO BEURRE blanc," Julian kept saying, on the grounds that it was a sauce with an ancient history which has recently come into vogue. I didn't think I was up to ancient history, and I wanted to do something American, preferably something that had influenced Europe. Then Ann Robert, a restaurateur, who had introduced Wheaton to Toomre, suggested cornmeal as a food that we could take from the New World to the Old and bring back again. I liked the idea, because I thought the research would be easy and because I would learn more about polenta, or boiled cornmeal, which Italians use frequently as a side dish or as a replacement for pasta. Julian liked the idea too: "I have the *best* corn-muffin recipe, from an inn near Boston. We'll end with it."

I soon found out how right scholars are when they deride the brief historical notes in most modern cookbooks and the entries in many dictionaries of food. Authors repeat folklore without thinking to question it. I wondered why so many brief histories of corn sounded virtually identical until I read the entry in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Even the better cookbook authors frequently don't list sources. There are only two standard books on the history of food in America—one published in 1940 and the other in 1976. Neither is comprehensive, and neither goes into corn in great detail. In my research I did manage to learn a fair amount about corn, however: why stone-ground cornmeal tastes better (the germ, which is high in fat and has a good many nutrients, is left in); how blue cornmeal gets its color (some strains of corn have blue kernels); what hominy is (kernels of non-sweet corn, the kind used for cornmeal, soaked for a long time and hulled); what grits are (coarsely ground cornmeal with the finest grains sifted out); what corn flakes are (grits cooked with sugar, salt, and chemical additives, which are dried in

clumps, pressed into flakes between steel rollers, and baked); what makes cornbread so dense (it is low in gluten, which in wheat bread forms a structure that traps air); the difference between flint corn, which is preferred for stone-ground cornmeal, and dent corn, which is used in industry and by big cornmeal manufacturers (it wouldn't interest you). But I did not learn much about how settlers used corn, or what they thought of it, or whether they had quaint customs for cooking it.

I applied to others for help, with some trepidation. Cookbook authors are not famously generous. Competition is great, sources jealously guarded, and plagiarism frequent. Food historians, however, are more than willing to share. So much research remains to be done that any interested party is welcome. William Woys Weaver, one of the few full-time food historians in the country, who is writing a two-volume history of food in Philadelphia, told me that in that city almost anything with cornmeal was a family dish and that guests got wheat. I had already learned that the Pilgrims ate corn grudgingly, because it was unfamiliar to them, but that by the 1700s southern planters, who fed cornmeal to their slaves, preferred it to wheat, even though wheat was high-class. Weaver said that two hundred years later cornmeal was still thought to be downtown but that everyone ate it—even if not in society. "It was *not* genteel to serve cornmeal at a coming-out party," he said.

For help on polenta I turned to Barbara Kafka, the food columnist and consultant, who has many rare books. I looked in Italian books. Kafka looked in French books. The French, it turned out, had little interest in corn. (A short entry in an 1836 French dictionary of food said that cornbread is "very heavy and meant for strong stomachs.") In her basement Kafka discovered a 1959 book on food from the Friuli, the first Italian region where corn was grown and made into polenta. It gave a good history of corn in Italy, which had been drawn from a 1927 agricultural text. Neither book is in the Schlesinger, and no bibliographies on corn exist—evidence of how frustrating and haphazard finding sources can be.

A week before the demonstration I stood in Julian's kitchen making polenta with Brigitte Cazalis, a French cooking teacher. Julian fretted that it wouldn't be delicious—the thing that mattered most

to her. I insisted on adhering to strict tradition, even if I didn't have the requisite unlined copper pot over a fire and three-foot wooden stick. Although the standard modern proportion is four parts water to one part cornmeal, we started with the classic one-to-one ratio, which assumes that you have a kettle nearby from which you will add a drop or two more of boiling water every so often as needed. I added the cornmeal (from The Great Valley Mills, in Telford, Pennsylvania, one of the few mills that make coarse-grained meal, which is ideal for polenta) in a thin stream to a pot of boiling salted water, stirring in one direction nonstop, in order to avoid lumps. Cazalis held the pot: the mixture was so stiff that I needed both hands to move the spoon. Adding the cornmeal should take about fifteen minutes, and purists call for a full hour more of stirring; most books now call for only about thirty-five minutes more. It took us an hour just to add the cornmeal, and we ended up using not one part but three and a half parts water. I kept stirring for another hour. "It looks done to me," Cazalis said every ten minutes. Finally she said, "There is a line between dedication and masochism. You have crossed it."

I did not stop stirring until my watch said it was time. Then I left the polenta on the burner for three minutes, until an air bubble heaved to the surface, signifying that the polenta would come out of the pot clean. I held the pot upside-down over a board, and to my relief it came out. It didn't taste like much. Plain polenta doesn't. It is usually enriched with butter, cheese, or meat sauce; the most common way to serve it is to let it cool and set and then cut it into slices to be fried or grilled. We spread it out onto baking pans and froze it.

We had one early American recipe that we knew would work: a cornmeal pound cake from *A Quaker Woman's Cookbook*, an 1851 text annotated by Weaver. "It's the most sublime use of cornmeal I've come across," Weaver assured me. Julian found that by substituting vanilla for rosewater ("I can't gag it down") and adding another egg and enough butter to transform the scanty original into a classic pound cake, she ended up with an excellent cake—moist, with a fine crumb and a nutty flavor. She used stone-ground white cornmeal, the kind that refined southern cooks preferred in the nineteenth century. (Julian had found an excellent source in Gray's Grist Mill, in Adams-

ville, Rhode Island.) She also used baking powder, although the recipe didn't call for it, giving me a chance to include in my narration several of the mid-nineteenth-century exhortations against chemical leavening which I had found. It was considered a poison that, one S. D. Farrar wrote in 1872, "does more than any other thing to destroy human beauty, unless dress be excepted." We decided to serve both versions.

We needed one more old American recipe, preferably a recipe that didn't involve chemical leavening. I thought of spoon bread but didn't know how to track down its earliest appearance in print, especially in the short time that remained before the demonstration. I knew that Karen Hess could find out in minutes if she didn't know already. I was a bit nervous about approaching Hess, who is widely regarded as the leading historian of American food and even more widely feared, because of her near-violent attack on the food establishment in *The Taste of America* (1977), a book that she wrote with her husband, John. "Just my kind of problem," she said when I telephoned, and started looking. (Cornmeal, as it happened, had been on her mind too—for part of a lecture she was planning to give at the conference.) Spoon bread, Hess said, turned up first in 1847, as Owendaw corn bread. "Always look at the structure of a recipe, not the name," she said. "Spoon bread is a cooked mush lightened with beaten eggs and milk, and baked." Of the several explanations of the name Hess said she preferred the simplest: the bread is soft enough to be eaten with a spoon. She said that the 1847 recipe had been reprinted for forty years under various names, including spoon bread. But she could not find when the soufflé technique (the folding in at the last minute of beaten egg whites), which is called for in every modern recipe for spoon bread, began to be used. "It's very late," she said. "From the turn of the century at least."

At the Schlesinger I confirmed what Hess had told me, and photocopied all the nineteenth-century material on cornmeal that I could find. Very late that night I discovered a cornmeal recipe from a privately printed cookbook dated 1855. Although not labeled spoon bread, it clearly specified folding in stiffly beaten egg whites at the end, taking care not to deflate them. I stood up and clapped my hands. The soufflé technique, fifty years before a top historian could find it!



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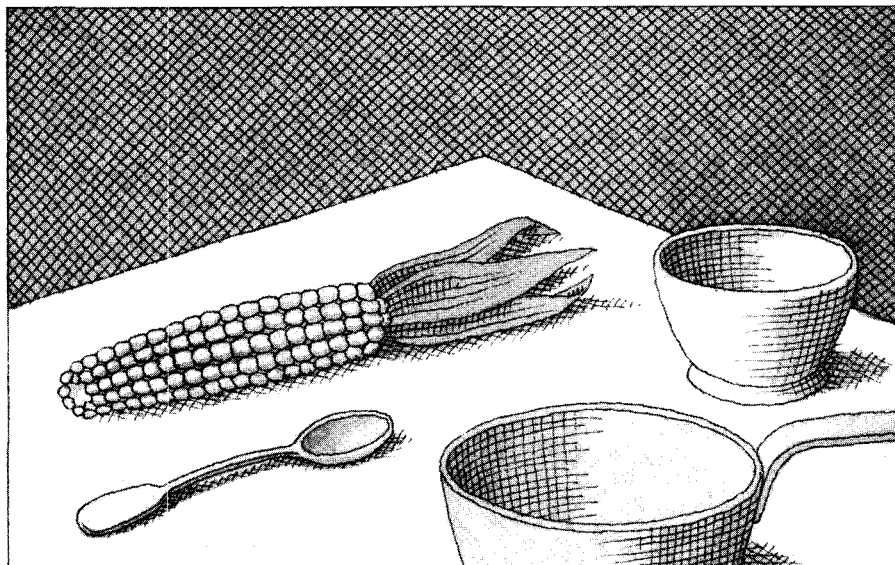
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I thought, My reputation in culinary history is made. Then I thought, I must be going crazy.

The next evening I explained the importance of my find to Julian as we sampled slices of polenta that she had fried in a thin layer of very hot olive oil so that they were crisp on the outside and soft in the middle, like non-greasy fritters. They were delicious. Julian was impassive during my delivery. I concluded, "So there's no question—we have to make spoon bread."

She spoke. "And serve them that slop?"

NO ONE WANTED to sit down and let Alan Davidson give the opening speech of the CHB conference. Everyone was too busy staring at him from across the room and looking at one another's name tags. "His hair is so much shorter than I expected," one woman said of Davidson, whose best-known peculiarities of appearance are his long gray hair (he had cut it), his Laotian costumes (he was wearing a plaid jacket and a tie, and the strings tied around his wrists, which Buddhists wear to bring health and productivity (there were two on each wrist). Just being able to meet longtime correspondents was a thrill for many participants. A number of people looked as if they had not been in public for quite a while. "You do have to be a bit off-center to be here," Barbara Wheaton said as she looked around the room.

One particularly odd aspect of the gathering was that it was mostly of academics and at an academic institution but concerned a subject that has no academic standing or even standards. In his

address Davidson said that he thought food history's maverick status was good in that it encouraged people from many disciplines to enter the field, but bad in that it made for a lack of established centers and financial support. No one gets paid to do food history. Davidson held up a new and to his mind invaluable book of annotated early English manuscripts and explained that its editors, Canadian professors of English and history, had been able to finish the book only by working during vacations and on weekends.

The most important task in opening the field is to make available and codify the texts, and both Davidson and Wheaton are devoting much of their time to this. Davidson has started a publishing company, Prospect Books, to reprint historical texts on food. The list so far includes seventeen titles. He keeps photocopies of these and many more, so that he can spill coffee on them and compare them side by side—impossible with rare-book collections or when reading microfilm. For now the biggest research centers are Davidson's basement and the Schlesinger. Davidson is trying to collect every pre-1700 English text on cooking—a more modest goal than Wheaton's, which is to assemble an analytic index of all the important Western European texts from the Middle Ages to 1800. Wheaton's index not only will list the existing manuscripts and books and say where they are but will enable scholars to trace ingredients, recipes, techniques, and equipment across Europe. Wheaton, with the help of Patricia Kelly, another CHB member, has already assembled a bibliography of most of the important culinary texts in Harvard col-

lections, a copy of which she distributed to everyone at the conference.

After Davidson's speech, papers were presented simultaneously in three rooms, which had participants racing from one to another—from, say, Darra Goldstein, a teacher of Russian at Williams College, talking about Eastern influences on Russian cuisine, to James Baker, the head of research at Plimoth Plantation, talking about re-creating seventeenth-century cuisine. (The conference had opened informally the day before with a visit to Plimoth and a banquet that people exclaimed over all morning. It can come as a surprise even to some food historians that reproducing old recipes, without making concessions to the present, can result in subtle, fresh, and very tasty dishes.) Nearly everyone wanted to hear Rudolf Grewe, a mathematician and former professor of philosophy who has one of the best culinary libraries in America. His speech, on an early thirteenth-century northern European cookbook, described the difficulties of working with very old manuscripts. Grewe went into the technical detail that makes many *PPC* articles (he is a contributor) formidable, and he showed how much skill and dedication food researchers need. Karen Hess spoke on the history of cornmeal in America but only as it applies to jonny-cakes—pancakes made from just cornmeal and water—which luckily Julian had ruled out making ("They're inedible").

Joyce Toomre likes to call culinary history a discipline in the process of becoming, and participants helped that process along at the afternoon workshops. A discussion of gastronomy and urbanization, led by Josef Konvitz, a professor of history at Michigan State University, started with remarks on eating patterns in cities (for example, how dinner time for the fashionable has gotten later and later over the past two centuries) and on the economics of restaurants. Participants talked about sanitation laws, the foods that Jews in Near Eastern cities have adopted, and the shift away from simple, traditional dishes as the distance between consumers and producers has increased. A discussion of the ethnic roots of American regional foods, led by Yvonne Lockwood, who teaches folklore at Michigan State University, and her husband, William, who teaches anthropology at the University of Michigan, concentrated on the bastardization of cuisines as immi-

grants try to assimilate—and what they hold on to and why. (The big Michigan delegation was from the Culinary Historians of Ann Arbor, a group started by Jan Longone, who sells rare books on gastronomy and who has written a bibliography of American food books.) Many of the people in the audience who commented during these workshops had written books or articles that supported their arguments.

Throughout the day I quizzed strangers on cornmeal, and I came to feel fairly content that I had consulted the chief sources and knew a little about almost every aspect of the subject. Then someone said, "Of course you've read the long chapter on corn in Braudel." Fernand Braudel's *Capitalism and Material Life* is one of the histories that food scholars have practically memorized. "So helpful," I said, and raced to find Barbara Haber, the curator of books at the Schlesinger. Seeing an incipient historian in distress, she unlocked the reading room and found me a copy of the British edition. False alarm. The word *corn* in most European countries refers to whatever happens to be the most important grain. The famous English Corn Laws were about wheat, and so was the chapter on corn in Braudel.

I UNDERLINED MY underlines in the hours preceding the demonstration the next morning. The notes I had so painstakingly assembled, a pastiche of transcriptions and photocopies, suddenly made no sense. When I arrived at the room where the demonstration was to take place, I found an uncharacteristically rattled Julian. "The polenta is a wash," she announced. Her assistant, Lisa Wagner, was trying for the results that Julian had achieved the first time she fried it, but this time the slices were falling apart in the oil. "I kept defrosting it, thinking I'd have time to fry it in advance, and kept putting it back in the freezer," Julian said. "I guess you can't freeze polenta more than once." The ingredients to make the three kinds of polenta—a soft white cheese mixed with butter and cinnamon, for the oldest kind of sweet polenta; sausage and fontina cheese, for a typical rustic polenta; and sea scallops with parsley, garlic, and bread crumbs, for an adaptation of Venetian polenta with seafood—had been set out and tasted good, so people would eat the toppings even if the polenta itself was a disaster. Julian had reconciled herself to making the earliest spoon bread

that Hess had found, once she'd discovered that the recipe produced a dense but delicate custard. And she had already made one pound cake by hand, using the original recipe, and two with a mixer, using the updated recipe. The corn muffins were in a big basket tied with a ribbon.

As I expected, the assembled historians and enthusiasts had a lot to say. I confidently explained that the Italians named corn Turkish grain not because they thought that it came from Turkey (two members of Columbus's crew discovered corn in 1492; it didn't exist in the Old World until Columbus brought it back) but because anything exotic was called Turkish. "That is not the reason," someone said. "I know the reason. The merchants were from Turkey." Another legend in the making, I said to myself as I said aloud that perhaps he was right. I had no idea how much misinformation I was presenting as established fact, especially since even I could tell that many of the dictionaries and books I had consulted were passing on tall tales. It came as no surprise that people in the room frequently stopped me and asked me to give sources. There were reminiscences as well as corrections. After I gave examples of how cornmeal was either rejected outright, as in England and Ireland, where people starving during the potato famine refused to eat it, or considered low-class, as in France and Spain, a man told of the Rumanian *mamaliga* of his childhood, which was served in the noblest homes (as its cousin, polenta, was in Italy). One woman described "samp," as cornmeal mush was known in New England. She had eaten it for breakfast when she was growing up on Long Island, which was settled by New Englanders.

Julian managed to work in enough cooking tips to make the audience feel that they had learned something useful, and for good measure she threw in a brief history of the chef's uniform. Following her rule that you tell guests nothing and students everything, she explained while she prepared the three toppings why the polenta hadn't worked. I didn't see any leftover polenta on plates after the demonstration. The platter with both versions of the pound cake came back clean. Even the spoon bread, which Julian made with and without the soufflé technique, disappeared. Apparently, the historians were interested only in the historical. They left most of the muffins. □



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VIDEO

HIGH-TECH TV

BY PETER W. MITCHELL

TELEVISION HAS GONE high-tech, and TV technology is evolving at a rapid rate. If you're shopping for new video equipment, you may encounter choices as confusing, and technical vocabularies as arcane and intimidating, as those that confront someone shopping for a hi-fi or a computer. The once lowly television set has evolved into a "monitor-receiver"; descriptive terms such as *cable-ready* and *stereo-ready* don't mean quite what they sound like; and in recent years the number of screen sizes and brand names to choose from has tripled. If you decide to buy a VCR (video-cassette recorder), in order to watch rented movies or to preserve interesting TV shows for later viewing, you're faced with another sea of jargon and confusing choices: VHS Hi-Fi, SuperBeta, MTS, Dolby NR, OTR, and so on. Knowing which features you're interested in and which only sound beguiling will help make the choosing manageable.

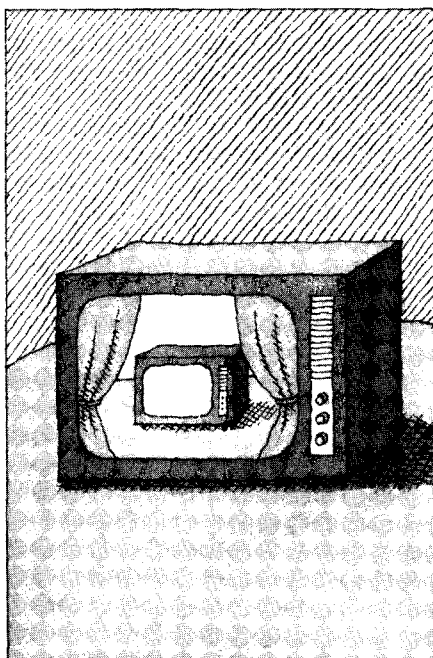
Much of this complexity has arisen from a quest for higher quality, especially with the entry of hi-fi audio companies into video manufacturing. Their plans for elaborate audio/video "living-room theater" systems are a far cry from the traditional focus on simplicity and competitive pricing of TVs.

You can still buy a no-frills TV set and enjoy it. You may enjoy music reproduced by a table radio, too, but the complexity of hi-fi stereo components usually pays off in greater listening enjoyment. Similarly, much of the technical jargon used to describe new TV equipment has to do with refinements that promise clearer sound and sharper pictures. You don't have to be a videophile to recognize that the best high-tech TV monitors (notably those from Proton and NAD, and the Sony XBR series) produce sharper pictures, with finer detail and more vivid contrast, than any ordinary TV set.

Not many years ago television was like a newsstand with only three magazines. Along came UHF, PBS (public TV), non-network independent stations, cable TV, pay TV, and satellite re-

ceivers—providing dozens of viewing options and a much better chance of finding programming of interest. A dozen years ago a home machine that could record television shows was merely a fantastic hope; today such recorders are so commonplace and cheap that every fifth household has one.

You can take advantage of nearly all the recent advances in TV technology with devices that can be bought separately and added to a basic TV set. Or



you can invest in a new TV set with all the advances built in, an expensive but convenient way to minimize the need for external add-ons and dangling wires.

STEREO HAS ACQUIRED the same importance for TV that Dolby Stereo acquired in movie theaters a decade ago. Besides its potential for spatial depth and left-right localization, it has stimulated a wholesale upgrading of soundtrack quality, so that even if you don't receive TV programs in stereo form you'll benefit from their generally clearer sound—free of the hum, hiss, whistles, and harsh distortion that used to be endemic. The PBS and NBC networks

have been fairly active in producing programs with stereo sound, as have a few independent stations, but ABC and CBS are lagging. Evidently, the industry will adopt stereo in a spotty and gradual way, much as it converted from black-and-white to color, two decades ago.

If you already have a VCR (or are planning to buy one), the simplest way to take advantage of improvements in TV sound is to use it as an audio tuner (if it isn't recording a broadcast). Connect a cord from the AUDIO OUT socket on the back of the VCR to the AUX IN socket on your stereo amplifier. Even without stereo, some of today's TV programs have much better sound than you would guess if you have heard them only through a TV's puny one-watt amplifier and three-inch speaker.

The ideal way to convert to stereo TV is to invest in a new TV set designed from the ground up to accommodate it. But if you're not ready to abandon your old set, there are numerous adapters that can be used with any TV. Some include an amplifier and speakers, while others are intended for connection to your present hi-fi stereo system.

The TV industry had to work out an encoding scheme in order to fit two-channel stereo sound into the TV broadcast signal; it is similar in principle to the technique already being used to squeeze two channels of stereo sound into each FM radio signal. The ability to decode televised stereo sound is denoted by either of two abbreviations for the same process: MTS (multi-channel television sound) or BTSC (the Broadcast Television Sound Committee, which selected the MTS encoding technique). SAP, a "second audio program" intended for bilingual narration and other special uses, is part of the MTS system.

A "stereo" or "stereo-ready" VCR or TV is not always ready to receive stereo TV broadcasts. It may be "ready" only to be connected to a stereo-decoding adapter. Some VCRs and TVs do have adapters built in. The fastest way to find out if a machine does is to look for the MTS or BTSC system to be mentioned in the accompanying literature.

Don't assume that you need the "video" speakers for stereo TV which are offered as options on many new models and are also available separately. These are just ordinary loudspeakers, usually fairly small, containing magnetic deflectors, which allow you to place the speakers right next to the TV set without their magnetic fields' smearing the color. In

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general you'd be better advised to buy speakers that sound good, preferably models that are large enough to perform well at low bass frequencies. Place the speakers at least two feet away from the TV screen on each side. That's enough distance to prevent color distortion, and it will provide much better stereo imaging than speakers placed right next to the screen.

THE LABEL "cable-ready tuning" on a TV or a VCR means almost what it says: the unit can tune most cable channels directly, freeing you to use the cable company's external converter with a second, older TV. Of course, you'll still have to pay the subscription fee to receive the cable signals legally. And if your local cable company scrambles the signals of the extra-cost pay-TV channels (HBO, Showtime, and so forth) to make sure that you can't watch without paying, you'll still have to use the company's converter to unscramble them.

Nothing would seem more natural than to combine cable-ready tuning with MTS stereo decoding, especially since many of the movies, concerts, and other special programs on cable channels have been produced with stereo sound. Alas, most cable equipment used today cannot transmit the MTS stereo portion of a TV signal. If yours is among the 40 percent of American homes wired for cable, you may be blocked from receiving stereo TV sound.

The natural reaction is confusion. If you're buying a new TV or VCR, should you spend more to get one equipped with MTS stereo decoding? If cable TV is unavailable in your area, go ahead. But if you are a cable subscriber or might become one, the sensible course is to pick a stereo-ready set that takes an external plug-in MTS adapter, and put off buying the adapter until the conflict between cable and stereo is resolved.

Instead of resolving the conflict, the cable industry may simply detour around it and use an alternative method of providing stereo: "FM simulcasting," delivering TV sound on unused FM frequencies by cable (not over the air). Many cable systems already supply stereo sound for MTV and The Movie Channel this way, so it would be relatively easy for them to use the same procedure with the new stereo-TV programming from NBC, PBS, and the other networks. If your local cable system takes this approach, you won't need to invest in a TV or VCR with MTS decoding. In-

stead, you'll be able to use a five-dollar splitter to send part of the cable signal to your FM stereo tuner or receiver (which you probably already use to receive the simulcasts your cable company makes available), or you'll be able to rent a new cable converter with built-in FM tuning that automatically switches to the correct simulcast frequency when the TV channel is changed.

If you find all this a bit hard to follow, you're not alone. The TV industry is groping to accommodate itself to its expanding technological possibilities, and there is no master plan.

POTENTIAL BUYERS of VCRs should be aware of the popular confusion about the terms *hi-fi* and *stereo* that has existed since the early sixties and that has become worse recently with the use of the terms for VCRs: a hi-fi VCR is stereo, but a stereo VCR may not be hi-fi. *Hi-fi* has long been misunderstood to mean mono, the opposite of stereo. *Stereo*, however, is a measure of quantity—not quality. It denotes the use of two channels to provide spatial perspective but doesn't specify the sound quality on those channels. *Hi-fi* is supposed to imply a high quality of reproduction. Ideally, reproduction should be both stereo and hi-fi, but low-fi stereo systems abound.

When the Betamax and VHS videocassette systems were developed, TV sound was mediocre. VCRs were designed with a basic "linear" sound track just good enough to record speech, though even voices may become a bit muffled when the VCR is used at its slowest speed, to obtain several hours of recording time on a cassette.

The VHS Stereo system provides two linear sound tracks. It can record and play stereo, but the quality of the sound is still mediocre, with "flutter" often causing the pitch of musical tones to wobble. Most VHS Stereo machines include Dolby NR (noise reduction) to minimize hiss. (Stereo plus Dolby is not the same thing as Dolby Stereo, which is a trademarked process used to improve the sound of movies.)

A Beta Hi-Fi or VHS Hi-Fi recorder can faithfully reproduce a wide range of musical (and other) sounds, adding virtually no noise, distortion, or flutter. All hi-fi VCRs have two channels, so that they can record and play stereo. The technical name for the process that hi-fi VCRs use is "FM recording." This is an internal process, not to be confused with

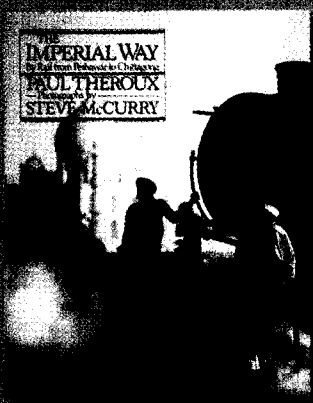
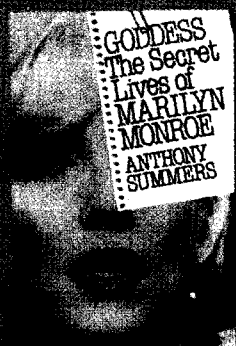
FM radio or FM simulcasting, although some hi-fi VCRs do have a special button for recording FM simulcasts. When engaged, the button causes the VCR to record the picture using its own tuning circuits and to record the sound, in stereo, from an external source, such as an FM tuner. This capability will become particularly useful if cable companies adopt FM simulcasting for all stereo broadcasts.

For now, if you are going to play your videotapes through the speaker in the TV set, there's no point in paying extra for sound you won't hear; buy a basic VCR that is neither stereo nor hi-fi. If you really care about sound quality—and especially if you will be playing video sound tracks through your stereo system—buy a hi-fi VCR with MTS decoding (if you are not a cable subscriber) or an FM simulcast switch (if you have cable).

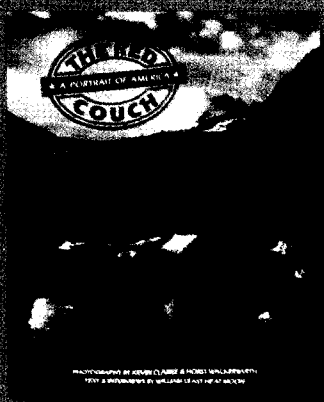
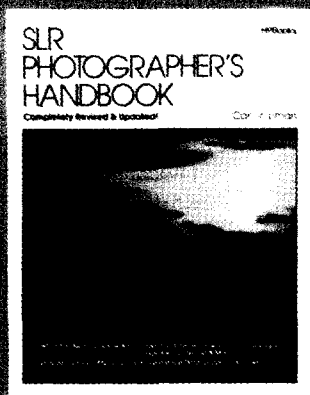
VCRs, of course, fall into two generic classes. VHS is more popular, especially for renting movies, while Beta is cheaper, especially if you want hi-fi sound. (Beta Hi-Fi machines are priced much lower than VHS Hi-Fi machines.) Both formats are evolving. Basic Beta is becoming obsolete; SuperBeta, its replacement, costs more but offers significantly sharper pictures. High-Quality VHS machines are already available, with enhanced picture quality, but basic VHS decks will continue to dominate the market. A third incompatible VCR format, eight-millimeter, exists; an 8mm VCR is somewhat more expensive than the average VHS or Beta machine but is only half as large. Initially the 8mm format is likely to be popular primarily for "camcorders" (camera/recorders), for videotaping vacation trips and family activities.

A word about the profusion of names and quality grades for blank videotape: HG, HGX, High-Standard, Pro, HiFi, and so forth. In general, these premium-grade tapes do not yield a significantly sharper picture than standard tapes. (Makers add to the confusion with names like Super Avilyn, which is a standard formulation. There is no "regular" Avilyn.) The main advantage of premium-grade tapes is a reduction in "chroma noise"—the technical name for the flickering, confetti-like colored snow that is most noticeable in brightly colored areas of the picture. Try a premium-grade tape and make up your own mind whether the improvement is worth the considerable increase in cost. □

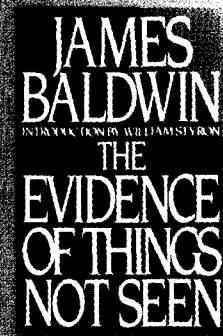
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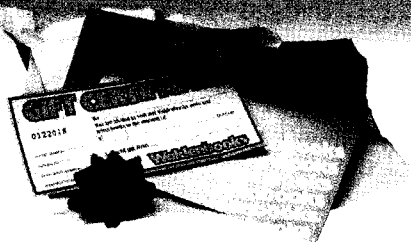
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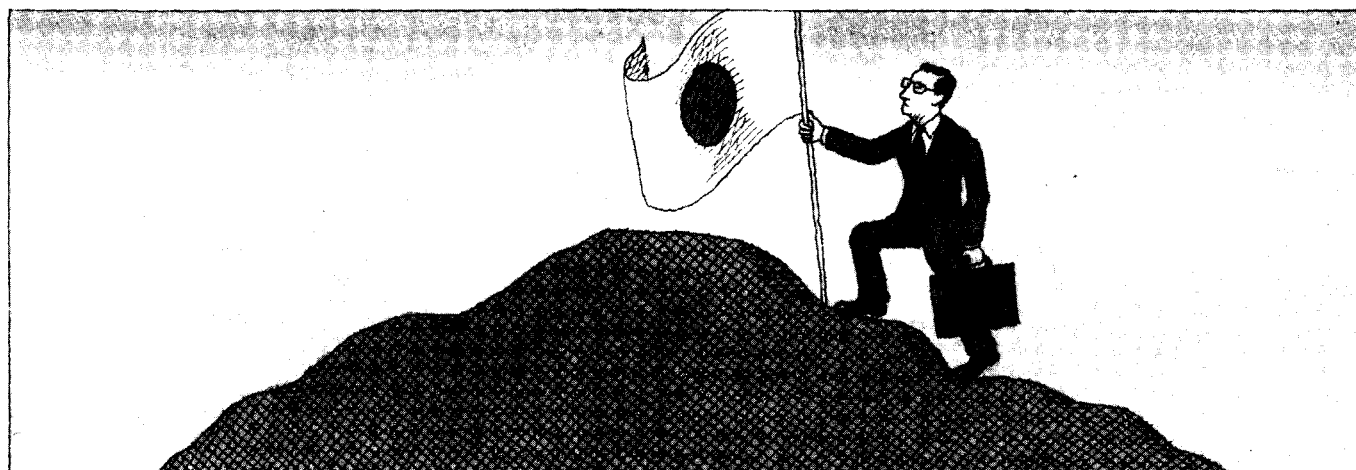
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FOR THE UNITED STATES to be challenged by a Communist country is one thing; for it to be challenged by a smarter capitalist country is quite another. The former challenge requires analysis of the strengths and weaknesses of a hostile power, but its nature is really not hard to understand. The latter, however, hits at the very foundations of our society and raises at once such questions as the legitimacy of the competition we face and the possibility that we have forgotten how to play the game. We Americans have taken a long time to come to grips conceptually, and pragmatically, with the postwar economic performance of Japan and other so-called capitalist developmental states. And we are still far from real understanding.

After having tried out various self-serving or scapegoating explanations—that the Japanese don't play by the (our) rules, that it's all a matter of culture, that the Japanese are taking a free ride on the backs of American taxpayers—Ameri-

cans are finally becoming serious about the matter. Various hitherto unthinkable possibilities are now securely on the agenda for discussion: that the Japanese may have put together the institutions of capitalism in new and more effective ways, or that they may be pursuing a national strategy entirely different from our own, or that they may simply have gone back to economic fundamentals that we have lost sight of.

Whatever the case, the economic challenge of Japan is today the main policy *and* intellectual problem facing the United States, and it probably will remain so for the rest of this century. It is an issue on which the Republicans, who under President Reagan believe in doing nothing, are as vulnerable as the Democrats, who up to now have been able to think of nothing more creative than old-fashioned protectionism. The party that figures out how to meet the Japanese challenge (without starting another war) will dominate our politics far into the future.

What is the problem? As Peter Drucker has put it, in *Managing in Turbulent Times*, "Sometime during the 1970s, the longest period of continuity in economic history came to an end. At some time during the last ten years we moved into turbulence." Today we are beginning to understand what he meant by turbulence. Whereas in 1982 America had net foreign assets of \$150 billion, by the spring of this year we had spent all of those assets and had become, for the first time since the First World War, a net debtor nation.

As if this were not bad enough, the United States during 1983 and 1984 also ran trade deficits of \$69 billion and \$124

billion and paid for them by borrowing the money from foreigners, mostly Japanese. We ran governmental budget deficits of around \$200 billion and paid the interest on them the same way. One day soon foreigners are going to quit lending Americans such huge sums of money, and when that happens the American standard of living is going to contract as radically as Mexico's did in 1982. Whereas much official commentary explains these problems as a result of temporary or contingent factors, such as the "overvalued dollar," Japanese trade barriers, and an alleged shift to service industries in America, the root cause is slow growth of productivity in the United States.

Productivity is a tricky concept. Many people seem to think of it as a kind of indicator of national laziness. Actually, it refers to all the things that affect how much a single worker can do, or produce, or repair in a given hour of work. It covers everything from investment in new tools to the economic literacy and sophistication of the work force. Growth or decline of productivity per capita is the best indicator of national competitive ability.

For the United States, productivity is a depressing subject. During the past decade all of our competitors, not just Germany and Japan, have been increasing the productivity of their workers, secretaries, and managers faster than we have. This means that if Americans cannot build products that foreigners want to buy, at prices and levels of quality that are better than foreigners can produce, then Americans will ultimately be forced to accept a lower standard of living.

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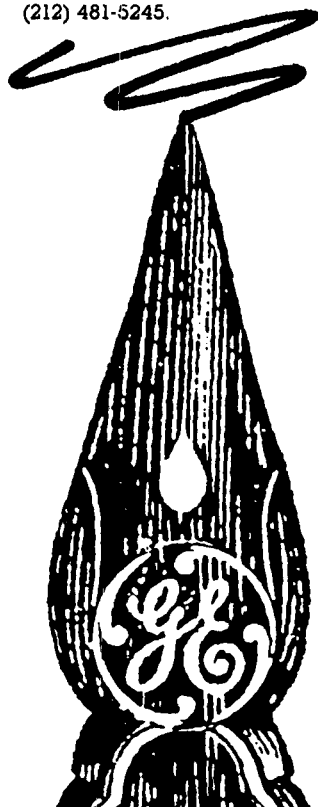
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RICHARD ROSECRANCE is a professor of international relations. That is to say, he is professionally committed to the study of how the world is organized politically and how the various units of political organization relate to one another. His stock in trade is the balance of power, strategy, game theory, territorial disputes, arms races, alliance systems, and, above all, war. In his new book, which is certain to be assigned to hordes of undergraduates in introductory international-relations courses, Rosecrance argues that

since 1945 the world has been poised between two fundamentally different modes of organizing international relations: a territorial system which harkens back to the world of Louis XIV and which is presided over by the USSR and to some extent the United States, and an oceanic or trading system that is the legacy of British policy in the 1850s and which is today organized around the Atlantic and Pacific basins.

What Rosecrance calls the military-political, or territorial, system is the old mode of organization dating from the Thirty Years War. He explains why this system was dominant for so long and why the main mechanism for its perpetuation—namely, periodic and more or less ritualized wars—was until quite recent times a less costly alternative to re-vamping or abandoning the system. Before this system became dominant, however, there existed another type of international system, based on trade: the world of Venice, Genoa, and Amsterdam. These wealthy trading states made no effort to be territorially self-sufficient and conceived of their external relations in ways that were utterly different from the later politico-militarists' conceptions. Rosecrance believes that the theory of the trading nation has been neglected in the study of international relations. In the past if trade was thought of at all, it was only as "low politics." But all that is changing today.

According to Rosecrance, there are two reasons for the return to prominence of the trading nation. First, "with the industrial revolution the link between territory and power was broken; it then became possible to gain economic strength without conquering new lands." Second, "territorial gain is not the only means of advancing a nation's interest, and, in the nuclear age, wars of territorial expansion are not only dangerous, they are costly and threatening to both

sides. Much more tenable is a policy of economic development and progress sustained by the medium of international trade."

In short, industrialism, such as that practiced by Taiwan, provides the means to break free of the old territorially defined conception of comparative advantage (the same conception, incidentally, that is still being taught to English-speaking students of economics), and the high and rising costs of war recommend that a nation make use of these means.

Rosecrance's book displays a broad sweep, with an excellent interweaving of historical examples and theoretical conceptualizations. But the heart of the matter for present purposes is his contention that Germany and Japan as a result of losing the Second World War actually won it. Defeat weaned them away from the military-territorial system and provided them with the stimulus to shift to the trading system. Rosecrance writes:

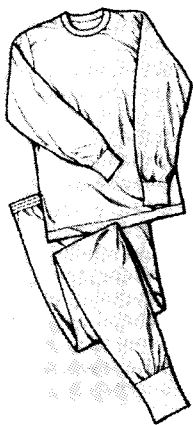
The oceanic or trading system . . . is based on states which recognize that self-sufficiency is an illusion. . . . Japan and the European states, particularly West Germany, reside at the center of this system. Today West Germany and Japan use international trade to acquire the very raw materials and oil that they aimed to conquer by military force in the 1930s.

In contrast, the victors in the Second World War, the USSR and the United States, are still mired in the old military-territorial system. Like two soon to be extinct dinosaurs, stalking each other in the ooze, they make it easy for the trading nations to forge ahead. For example, arms-procurement costs are rising at about three to five percent a year above the rate of inflation. Thus countries that commit themselves to arms races or to conventional wars (Vietnam and Afghanistan) tie up ever larger amounts of their gross domestic products in weapons and lose proportionately in their ability to compete with nations that are spending similar percentages on new industrial equipment, education, and civilian research and development. Rosecrance considers the decline of the USSR to be virtually irreversible but says that the United States could still, at least in theory, take the cure: "It is not the American model which Japan will ultimately follow. It is the Japanese model which America may ultimately follow."

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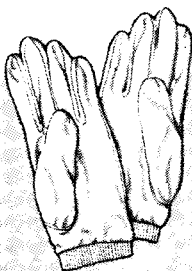
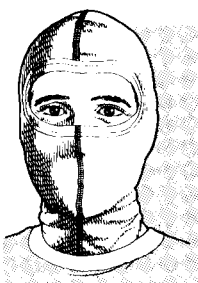
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December report on

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The only trouble we've run into as the publisher of two exquisite books filled with **Mattie Lou O'Kelley's** incomparable folk art is that everyone wants to cut up the books and hang the illustrations on his or her walls. Finally we asked ourselves, Why not make it easier for everyone? The answer—**Celebration: The World of Mattie Lou O'Kelley**, A Calendar for 1986—means that, happily, O'Kelley's many fans can now dress up their walls without having to resort to such extreme measures.

From "Papa Feeding the Mules at 4 A.M." (January) to "The Country Store" (July) to "The Crossroads School House on a Snowy Day" (December), the selections in **Celebration** are vibrant storytelling paintings to pore over all month long, all year long—and to frame, once the calendar year has ended. An irresistible gift item, for others *or* for oneself.

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CELEBRATION

The World of
Mattie Lou O'Kelley
A Calendar for 1986

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Also available from the Atlantic Bookstore, page 119.

Rosecrance has written a timely and thought-provoking book that is not, in the end, convincing. Rosecrance knows a great deal more about the history and nature of the military-territorial state than he does about the trading state. He writes in fascinating detail about the irrationalities of the territorial state, but he never really describes, let alone analyzes, its alternative. He seems to think that becoming a trading nation is only a matter of choice. We need to know about the institutions, the structure, and the operations of a trading nation, but we will not find them discussed in this book.

Rosecrance never lets on, for example, that if the United States ever did decide to become a trading nation, it would have to reorganize its government substantially. As a trading nation, the United States would have to get Congress out of pork-barrel politics (we could no longer afford such political distortions of our economy), revamp the whole CIA-NSA-FBI apparatus into a *global commercial intelligence service*, and establish our own agency of economic strategy and guidance (an American equivalent of Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry and South Korea's Economic Planning Board). A genuine trading nation no more leaves its fate to the market than a genuine military-territorial nation leaves its defense to treaties and international good will.

A clue to Rosecrance's myopia on this point is his belief that Great Britain was for twenty years (1850–1870) a better example of a trading nation than was Venice for five centuries (1310–1796). The policy of old Venice—outfitting every crusade but never going on one, maintaining the best commercial intelligence service in the Mediterranean, avoiding ideological and religious fanaticism—was much closer to the intellectual ethos of postwar Japan than it was to that of the militarily powerful Great Britain in the heyday of Queen Victoria.

At one point Rosecrance cites Alexander Hamilton and Friedrich List as opponents of the trading state, but they were in fact among its strongest proponents. It was List, a prominent German neo-mercantilist of the nineteenth century, who defined political economy as "that science which limits its teaching to the inquiry how a *given nation* can obtain (under the existing conditions of the world) prosperity, civilization, and power, by means of agriculture, industry,

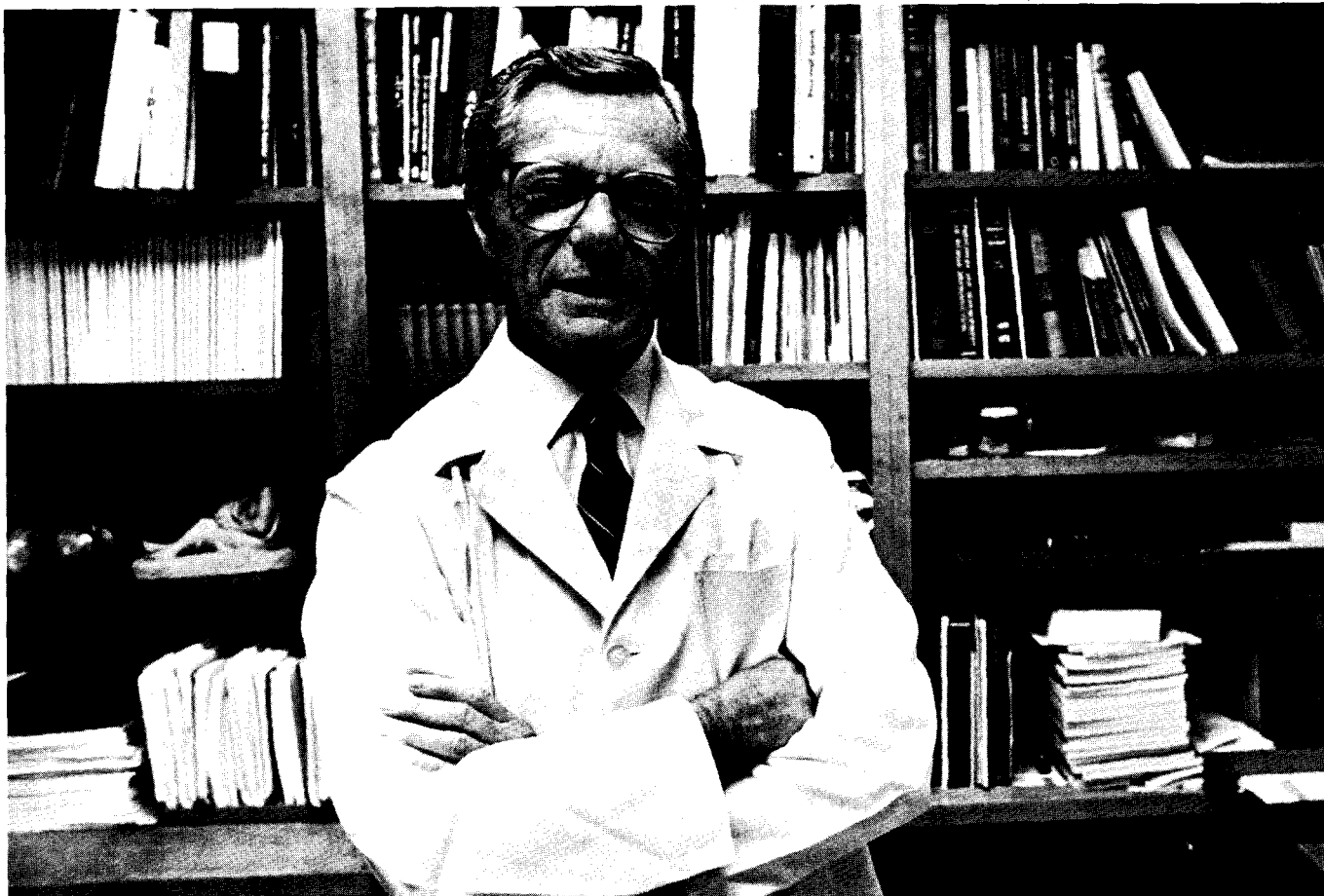
and commerce." Today almost no one in the English-speaking world reads List, but all Japanese state bureaucrats have read him and have been examined on him in their civil-service entrance examinations.

Rosecrance's real contribution comes in his depiction of what will happen if we continue on the territorial path—the "prospects of atavism," as he puts it. At best, we are likely to end up as the world's leading producers of ICBMs and soybeans while the Japanese make everything in between; at worst, we and the Russians will take each other out of any further competition of any kind through nuclear war. But in recommending that we become a trading state, Rosecrance only gives it a name; he does not describe its substance. For that we need to turn to Lester Thurow.

THUROW IS a professional economist but not the sort who believes that institutions and structural arrangements either do not matter or can take care of themselves. He knows that institutions and incentives have to be socially structured to bring about desired results in the market and that it is precisely on the score of *institutional innovation* that the Japanese have been beating us. Thurow shows us what an American version of a trading nation might look like.

He begins his analysis with a brilliant dissection of America's miserable productivity performance, and he explains in plain language the various meanings and measures of productivity in different industries. In the process Thurow takes on some prominent economists—for example, those at the Brookings Institution, who keep saying that if only we would rely on the market, we would once again be competitive internationally. What these economists are not telling us is that *all* data, including theirs, show that the United States cannot compete in world markets without a perpetually falling dollar. On that basis—that is, on the basis of cheapening wages—the United States is of course competitive. So is Bangladesh.

Following diagnosis, Thurow gives us his prescriptions. In my view, this is the best part of the book. In essence Thurow recommends a vast range of institutional changes designed to reform our economic system. They include lengthening the time horizons of managers and workers (through delayed bonuses rather than regular salary increases), ending merger wars and paper entrepreneur-



Donald H. Minkler, M.D., M.P.H., Director, Center for Population and Reproductive Health Policy, University of California

How to prevent abortion.

As a doctor I know that outlawing abortions doesn't stop them. It just makes them extremely dangerous. When abortion was illegal, I treated women maimed and crippled by self-induced and back-alley abortions. I remember vividly the gruesome suffering and needless deaths that resulted from this butchery.

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alism (through reinstating merchant banking in the United States), increasing labor's commitment (through making our implicit systems of career employment explicit), preparing the future work force to operate modern capital equipment (through increasing the school year from 180 to 240 days), and raising the savings rate to at least 15 percent (through ending the "no down payment" society). In order to provide the revenues to pay for national defense and Social Security—and they can be neither paid for nor cut under current arrangements—Thurow advocates the creation of a value-added tax, abolition of the corporate income tax, simplification of the personal income tax, and a tax on imported oil. All of these steps would merely bring the United States closer into line with our democratic foreign competitors. For example, "Value-added taxes (VAT) are widely used abroad because they raise large amounts of money while simultaneously creating incentives to consume less and save more."

Finally, Thurow would deal with the Japanese trade deficit through a system of general reciprocity. This would limit the annual trade deficit to some tolerable amount, say \$8 billion. We would then eliminate all restrictions on the import of particular Japanese products, and each quarter would auction off import licenses to both American importers and Japanese exporters. "No one would be telling the Japanese how to run their economy or change their culture. America would essentially be offering them an open door. Come into our markets. Export whatever you like. But, remember, whatever you export, you have to import a comparable . . . amount" (we wouldn't insist on an equal amount since we are aware that global equilibrium does not require bilateral equilibrium).

Thurow's book should be read by all Americans who want to understand the economic realities that are remaking the world. Still, it has a number of small flaws and one big one. Most of the small flaws are due to Thurow's obvious haste and sloppiness—he never gets the name of Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry right, which suggests that he, too, is not really on top of the competition. The others arise from his explicit political partisanship. From the opening lines of the book Thurow offers his study as a blueprint for the Democratic Party, and he never misses a chance to make the gestures expected of

a professor looking for a job in a future Democratic Administration (references to Mario Cuomo's "inspiring keynote speech," sentimentality about the trade-union movement, and so forth).

The big flaw is the political infeasibility of the things he advocates. Thurow himself acknowledges,

I am well aware that none of the tax changes just outlined are now politically feasible. . . . If one asks how Americans are going to solve their problems within the constraints of current political feasibility, the truthful answer is that they are not going to solve their economic problems. There are no solutions that lie within the bounds of current political feasibility. Those bounds have to be widened.

As with much else in this book, I heartily agree with this judgment. After losing the Second World War, Germany and Japan thoroughly reformed their politics, something that the victors, the United States and the USSR, did not do. This subject—how to make our politics more responsive to our needs without suffering what Thurow calls the moral equivalent of defeat—seems to me to be the next major analytical problem on the national agenda. □

THE LAST WORD

BY PETER DAVISON

ALEXANDER POPE: A LIFE
by Maynard Mack.

Yale University Press in association with
Norton. \$22.50.

ALEXANDER POPE dominated English poetry virtually from the publication of his first long poem, *An Essay on Criticism*, in 1711, until his death, in 1744, shortly after the publication of the final version of *The Dunciad*, a rollicking, mock-epic attack on pedantry and dullness. Pope was a Roman Catholic who refused to sign an oath supporting the Church of England and was therefore required by law to live no closer to the Court than ten miles. With his close friends Jonathan Swift and John Gay he formed the Scriblerus Club. *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Beggar's Opera*, and *The Dunciad* all began as "papers" for the Scriblerus Club, and all were aimed at political abuses of the time.

Less than five feet tall, hunchbacked, and gradually crippled by tuberculosis of

the spine, Pope never married nor begot children, though otherwise he led a life of immense sociability and unbelievable productivity. His *Works*, mostly in verse, run to ten volumes. A master of the heroic couplet, he used it to translate all of *The Iliad* and most of *The Odyssey*; he published an edition of Shakespeare; he wrote imitations in verse of Horace and other Roman poets.

Pope might be described, if not as the last Renaissance man, as the last man of the Renaissance. His values were those of Western Christian culture as modified by the rediscovery of classical learning. If his translations of Homer affected for more than a century the way the English and their colonists looked at the epic quarrels of old Ilium, the scholars of Pope's time, like the brilliant and monstrous Richard Bentley, were sophisticated enough to challenge his capacity: "[Though] it is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope," Bentley chided, "you must not call it Homer." Today, with ancient Troy rendered more fittingly to our temper by Robert Fitzgerald, we might hardly recognize our Homer in Pope's version, but we can certainly recognize our own species and our own shortcomings in his rich, wise, and penetrating satires, the sort of poetry that no one in our century has been able to give us.

Endorsed by the received culture of his time, Pope could confidently take his seat as a taste-maker. Voltaire himself welcomed Pope's *Essay on Man* (1733) as "the most beautiful, the most useful, and the most sublime didactic poem ever written in any language." This majestic (and slightly meretricious) work set Pope on the intellectual throne of Europe. It seemed to approve the new science but hesitated at the door, for it could not help colliding with science's challenges to ancient authority. As long as the old values could be construed as tasteful, Pope might prevail, but it would become increasingly difficult to prove them true.

In Shakespeare the values of the Renaissance had manifested themselves as an expansiveness of invention, which could not have taken place at any other moment in the history of our language nor have been imagined without a theater where the verse could be spoken by living actors. Milton, half a century after Shakespeare, attempted to dominate English with such encrustations of allusion and metrics as to leave it an altered language, caparisoned with Christian humanism and nearly unrecognizable.

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Pope's ambition lay within easier reach. He had the talent neither to dramatize the language, setting it in a thousand mouths, nor to transform the language, dominating it by a single voice. His talent was more collective: inheriting the "correct" and scrupulous diction of Dryden, and coming to the laurels fifty years after *Paradise Lost*, he wanted to utter the last word on the classical age, and he wanted it badly enough to get his wish. Seldom has a poet so governed the taste of his time; seldom has a time been so willing to be governed.

Pope was born in 1688, the year when the Glorious Revolution supplanted England's last Catholic monarch with a Protestant line. Those who, for a variety of reasons, opposed the new Whig notion of constitutional monarchy were first banished or jailed, and then neutralized by Sir Robert Walpole's parliamentary oligarchy. Yet the dominant literary figures up to the French Revolution—Swift, Pope, Dr. Johnson—favored the Tory persuasion, basing their preference in part on ancient Roman authority, in part on divine descent. Pope dominated the literary culture of England throughout Walpole's hegemony—1721 to 1742. He spoke for order, decency, and taste.

What Pope said about these Tory virtues has often been remembered, even if we do not remember Pope as the author. "An honest Man's the noblest work of God," "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," "The proper study of Mankind is Man," "A little learning is a dang'rous thing," "For fools rush in where Angels fear to tread"—the list of famous lapidary lines could be extended. Over and over again we find ourselves quoting Pope without knowing: his words fill seventeen columns of the latest edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, more space than is granted any other English poet save Shakespeare and Milton. If, as Stanley Kunitz has said, our contemporary poetry is easier to write but harder to remember than that of former generations, by the mnemonic standard Pope cannot avoid being counted as one of the great poets of the past. But, then, he was dedicated to unforgettability. In writing of aging ladies of quality, indeed, he saw oblivion as the final blow:

See how the World its Veterans re-
wards!
A Youth of Frolics, an old Age of
Cards,
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,



Young without Lovers, old without a
Friend,
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a
Sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

This raises the unforgiving to the unforgotten.

Maynard Mack's definitive biography is the first complete life of Pope since 1900, for Pope has hardly been the rage. It's the sort of book we rarely see now (975 pages, including 98 illustrations, 109 pages of notes, 44 pages of index). Among recent biographies it will, I

imagine, stand with Irvin Ehrenpreis's three-volume *Swift* and Walter Jackson Bate's *Samuel Johnson*. Mack, a distinguished Yale professor, has clearly adopted Pope as his lifework and has stuffed his book with every scrap of scholarship and wisdom that a long and thoughtful career could collect. His eye for history seems nearly perfect, even if his ear for poetry strikes me as a trifle pedestrian, and the book exasperates me by its sheer wordiness: no one would wish it longer.

POPE WAS THE first millionaire—and perhaps the last—to earn his fortune as a serious poet. He manipulated the publishing machinery of his time, seeing to it that his letters were published during his lifetime but seemingly without his instigation, and that his poems of attack burst without warning upon his enemies, while his poems of friendship (of which there were a great many) were appreciated, well in advance, by those who loved him. He made a thousand enemies, but foiled them by his skill. He engineered the publication of *An Essay on Man* to seem anonymous, so that his harshest critics would be tricked into praising it for its virtues instead of attacking it for its authorship. Mack describes him as "crippled, quick-tempered, highly sensitive to slights, at times vengeful, carrying out a career by sheer genius and relentless application in the face of envy, religious bigotry, and almost continuous slander." Perhaps in response, Pope's villa at Twickenham was constantly being renovated with grottoes and obelisks and busts, until it became as famous as he. During his lifetime at least sixty portraits of him were painted or sculpted.

Even Pope's peers and allies, if they displeased him, came under fire, as in these famous lines about Joseph Addison in his masterpiece "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot":

Should such a man, too fond to rule
alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near
the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself
to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with
civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest
to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to
strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dis-
like . . .

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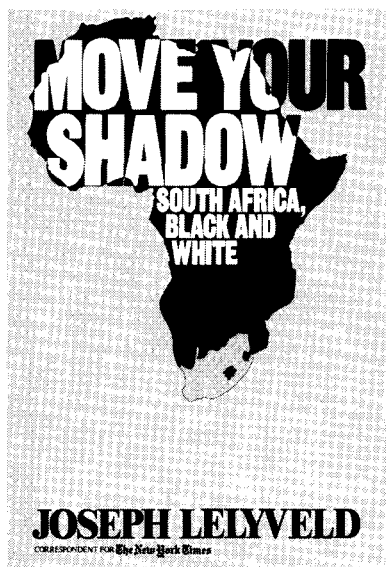
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On and on it goes, the anatomization of pettiness: an acidulously inked portrait of the literary lion.

Pope was not a poet, like most of ours, of introversion, of inner passions, of self-inflation. His language, less elevated than that of the classical models he emulated, used images of manufacture, of the human scale, of everyday understanding, above all of control:

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line. . . .

A Romantic poet might have attempted to *become* the spider; Pope made the spider seem almost human, a master spinner. Likewise with the famous lines, immortalized a second time by their musical setting in Handel's oratorio *Semiele*:

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

How regulated poetry becomes when every gesture performed by nature takes on the style and scale of social understanding, when flowers flourish, gales fan, and trees crowd, all at the poet's summons—and when the original idea comes from a writer like Persius. This is the wild world as a landscape gardener conceives of it: this is civilization under control.

Any poet, whatever his era, would like to have been remembered as well as Pope. Since his era, relations between poet and audience have altered profoundly. Today's audience finds its poets unclear, irrelevant, unaccountable; our poets find their public dense, unresponsive, untrained to hear what they say. Poet and audience alike have a true grievance: poetry has taken a journey to the interior, no longer concerning itself with public matters, no longer able to invent, as Pope could, a diction that presumes public and private questions to be indistinguishable. Today what may the poet presume? That his reader shares the belief that poetry offers a way of living, a way of thinking and feeling, that is common to "all civilized mankind"? Certainly not.

To defend such a belief against the assaults of a new mercantile society was Pope's ultimate commitment, for he

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Wetherell's fiction and nonfiction have appeared in *The Atlantic*, *The New York Times*, and *The Virginia Quarterly Review*. He has twice won O. Henry Awards. His novel *Souvenirs* was published by Random House in 1981.

November 1985

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(and Swift and Gay and others) saw it threatened by mediocrity, pedantry, and above all dullness. Putting on the armor of certainty, Pope wrote (and rewrote over many editions) *The Dunciad*, the ultimate eschatological Book of Revelations of the Age of Taste. It is at once his most magnificent sustained achievement and the poem most limited to the terms of his time. In the accents of Virgil he told the adventures of a hero of darkness, Tibbald (the misspelled name of one of his leading literary enemies), in his quest to found a great empire of dullness.

Even now, in the Age of Efficiency, wireless, taped, and duped, we can respond to Pope's peroration, in which the whole world is set snoring and returned to the beginning of things, when the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep:

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—

All Nature nods:

What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods? . . .

Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,

While the long solemn Unison went round:

Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;

Ev'n Palinurus [Walpole] nodded at the Helm. . . .

In vain, in vain—the all-composing Hour

Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Pow'r. . . .

Thus at her felt approach, and secret might.

Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night.

See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,

Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head! . . .

Lo! thy great Empire, CHAOS! is restor'd:

Light dies before thy uncreating word;

Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall.

And universal Darkness buries All.

"A very pretty poem Mr. Pope," says Maynard Mack, "but you must not call it prophecy." Perhaps not. Yet it is, and has remained, about the last word on mediocrity. And as Pope said when rebuking the hapless poet laureate Colley Cibber:

Poor Colly, thy Reas'ning is none of the strongest.

For know, the last Word is the Word that lasts longest.



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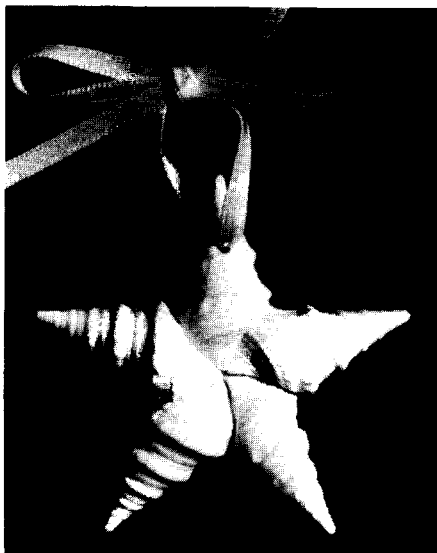
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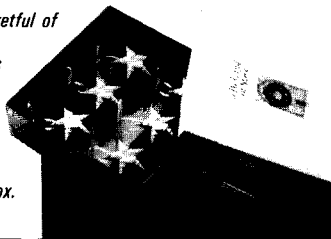
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BRIEF REVIEWS



THE ARCTIC WORLD by Fred Bruemmer and contributors, Dr. William E. Taylor, Jr., general editor. Sierra Club, \$39.95.

The Arctic may be, as contributors to this survey regularly point out, cold and dangerous, but it is also gloriously beautiful, inhabited by resourceful and interesting people, and rich in photogenic wildlife. (If polar bears could be converted to suitable size and amiable temper, pet lovers would clamor for them.) The purpose of the large, generously illustrated book is to present the Arctic as a unified geographical area whose people, animals, and weather conditions are similar and related to each other, regardless of the national boundaries imposed by southern neighbors. The text, provided by various experts, covers geological history, human habitation, exploration, flora and fauna, and the extent and effects of recent technological and industrial developments. As Mr. Bruemmer puts it, "The Arctic is like a unique and magnificent crystal palace crammed with the most marvelous treasure. The trick will be to get the treasure out without destroying the palace." Because the interests of the individual contributors sometimes overlap, there are occasional textual repetitions. There is also one surprise. A. F. Treshnikov, of the USSR Geographical Society, comes persuasively to the defense of Frederick Cook, the man long accused of lying about his polar expedition.

THE OLD GRINGO by Carlos Fuentes. Farrar Straus & Giroux, \$14.95. We have in this novel a fastidious American governess stranded in Pancho Villa's revolution, where she attracts the erotic interest of an intellectual fellow countryman and a nature-boy Mexican general. On this inanely trite foundation Mr. Fuentes has erected a narrative of brilliant complexity and sophistication, describing brisk military action and philosophically contrasting national character, or social tradition, or styles of revolt, or regional strengths, weaknesses, and prejudices. He resembles a juggler whirling a dozen balls in the air at once. The book is fascinating both for what the author does and for how he does it.

MY PRESENT AGE by Guy Vanderhaeghe.

Ticknor & Fields, \$15.95. Mr. Vanderhaeghe's protagonist and narrator is an indolent, overweight, self-pitying leech of a fellow with a habit of "carelessly casting myself uninvited into novels where no self-respecting novelist would have me." His wife has left him. It is obviously difficult to recover a lost wife while pretending to be Huck Finn, but Ed tries it anyway and gets into nothing but trouble. Some of the trouble is grim, most of it is grimly funny, all of it is Ed's own foot-in-the-mouth fault. The tale is entertaining to read but ultimately somewhat unsatisfactory, because the author offers neither external nor internal reasons for Ed's self-destructive impracticality.

THE KINGDOM OF THE WICKED by Anthony Burgess.

Arbor House, \$17.95. As though to prove that he can turn out as conventional a historical novel as any other writer, Mr. Burgess has done just that—although surely nobody can have seriously asked him to do it, or would have reproached him if he had not. The enterprise is mysterious, but the novel itself is a very efficient work of its kind. It begins with the Crucifixion and ends with the destruction of Pompeii, along the way deploying a horde of characters, covering a large territory, and steadily contrasting the vicissitudes of the early Christian community with the bloody depravities of the Roman imperial court. It is written with the learning, skill, and vitality characteristic of Mr. Burgess's work. It puts no strain at all on the reader's convictions or imagination, which is not characteristic of Mr. Burgess's work and therefore leaves one wondering what he is doing in this galaxy.

TELL THEM IT WAS WONDERFUL by Ludwig Bemelmans.

Viking, \$19.95. Mrs. Bemelmans has selected from her late husband's writings pieces that combine to form an autobiography. Of course it is not an autobiography in any usual or literal sense. Bemelmans's reminiscences were designed to charm, to amuse, to touch—delicately—the heart, and any substratum of truth they contained was of minor importance. They still do exactly what

their author intended they should, and they still make delightful reading.

THE SUPREME ADVENTURE OF INSPECTOR LESTRADE by M. J. Trow. *Stein & Day*, \$14.95. Lestrade—for readers not among the Baker Street faithful—was the Scotland Yard man who periodically got in the way of Sherlock Holmes and always wound up looking foolish. Mr. Trow, allegedly moved by chivalrous impulse, has invented a fair shake for the Inspector, setting him to work on a murder case that has seldom, conceivably never, been equaled for deliberate, hilarious, genre-spoofing absurdity.

THE LATE, GREAT PENNSYLVANIA STATION by Lorraine B. Diehl. *American Heritage*, \$19.95. Opened in 1910 after difficult tunneling and elaborate construction, New York's opulent Pennsylvania Station was torn down after little more than fifty years. The building and its attendant problems are well documented with photographs and well described by Ms. Diehl, who laments the loss of what she considers an architectural treasure. It certainly was an extraordinary structure. The author never quite explains why the Baths of Caracalla, a place where antique Romans loitered pleasantly for as long as possible, should have been considered a suitable model for a railroad station, a place where modern Americans seldom wish to loiter at all, and readers whose impecunious youth included humping luggage through the Penn can recall the experience as equivalent to footing it over the Donner Pass. Regardless of one's opinion of Penn Station in particular, the book is an effective protest against hasty and indiscriminate demolition.

WORLD'S FAIR by E. L. Doctorow. *Random House*, \$17.95. Perhaps book reviewers are not entitled to utopian dreams, but would it not be a fine world in which a writer tempted to devote a novel to Growing Up in You-Name-It first counted his predecessors in the field? Mr. Doctorow's novel describes a Jewish boyhood in the Bronx during, mostly, the 1930s. The material details surrounding his narrator are plausible, as are the family tensions over status and money, while the child's emotions and reflections are implausibly adult and the characters in general arouse little interest. In all, the novel induces a weary sense of déjà vu, which is the last thing a reader expects from the work of this normally stimulating and original author.

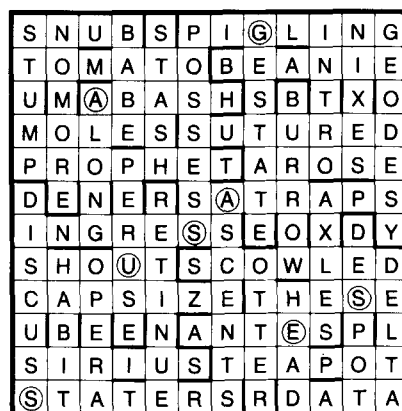
—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the November Puzzles

"MISSING LINKS"

The missing-links word is SAUSAGES.

Across. 1. SNUB (rev.) 5. P-I-LING 10. TO-(MA)TO 11. BE(A-N)IE 12. BA-SH 14. MOLES (double def.) 15. S(U)TURED (anag. + u) 16. PROPHET (homophone) 18. A-ROSE 21. S(TRA)PS 24. INGRES (anag.) 26. S-HOT 29. S(COW)LED 32. CAP-SIZE 33. THE-E 35. (p)ANTS 36. SIRIUS (homophone) 37. TEAPOT (t + anag.) 38. TATERS (anag.) 39. DAT-A (rev.) Down. 1. STUMP (double def.) 2. NO M(OR)E 3. BABE (odd letters) 4. S(T)ASH 5. POS(S)ES 6. EST-ATE (set anag.) 7. INT(R)O 8. NI-XES (rev.) 9. G-E-ODES-Y 12. LONG (double def.) 13. BURRO-W 17. PER SE (double def.) 19. DISCUS (hidden) 20. RETINUE (rev.) 22. SC-ENTS (nest anag.) 23. AX(L)ES 25. DEPOT (rev.) 27. HABIT (double def.) 28. O-PER-A 30. (h)OTTER 31. DELT-A (homophone) 34. HA-D



ACROSTIC NO. 4

"I've never found a hat that looks right on me . . . fedora, homburg, Swiss Tirol, Irish tinker, deerhound, Russian lamb, baseball, ten-gallon, seaman watch, Greek fisher, garrison, pith or steel helmet, on me they're all dunce caps."

—E. L. Doctorow, *Lives of the Poets*



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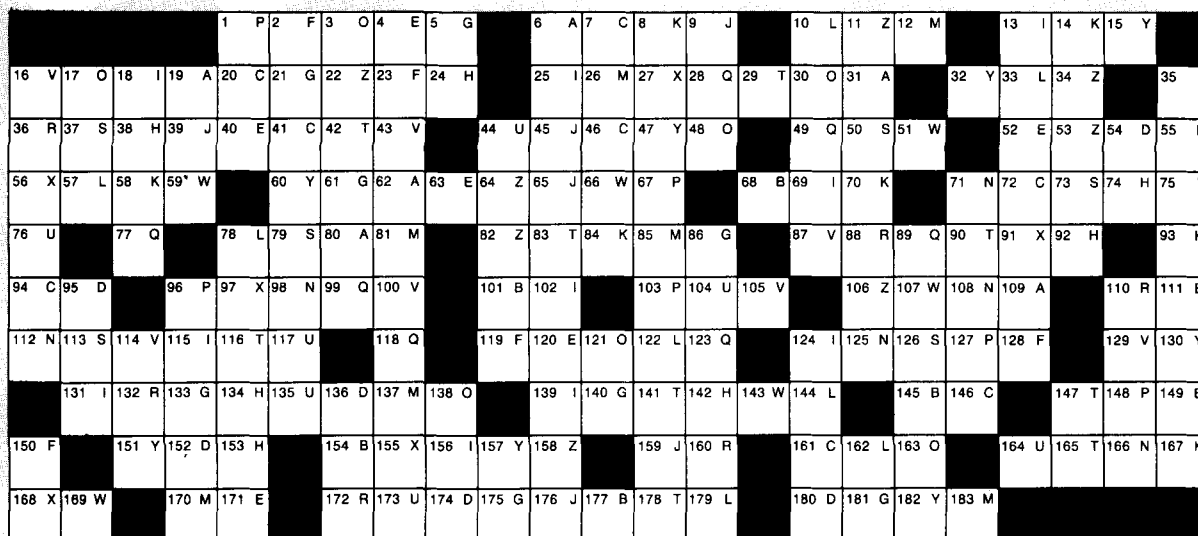
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ACROSTIC No. 5

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation.
The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 4 appears on page 119.

A. Author of
All for Love

31 62 109 6 19 80

B. $i = v/r$ (2 wds.)

101 145 177 154 149 35 68

C. City on the Jumna
(2 wds.)

20 146 161 41 7 72 94 46

D. P.M. after and
before Churchill

136 180 174 54 152 95

E. Rhombus

111 171 4 120 63 52 40

F. Alpine dress

128 2 23 119 150 55

G. Spiced and fruited
liquor drink
(2 wds.)

181 140 133 86 61 175 21 5

H. Spiritual wandering
or quest

142 153 74 134 92 38 24

I. With J., a Tennes-
see Williams play.
(4 wds., with *The*)

139 156 18 69 13 131 102 124 25 115

J. See I.

159 39 176 65 9 45

K. He fell in the
valley of Elah

84 70 58 167 8 93 14

L. In passing (3 wds.)

57 179 78 33 122 10 162 144

M. Emily Dickinson's
lifelong hometown

26 183 85 81 137 12 170

N. Alphabet

166 98 125 112 71 108

O. Martin Sheen's
actor-son Emilio

48 163 138 17 121 30 3

P. Hightailed it

96 148 67 103 127 1

Q. Planet invented by
Frank Herbert

77 123 89 49 99 118 28

R. *Robinia*
pseudoacacia, e. g.

36 172 88 132 110 160

S. Greek satirist
(c. 120–200)

37 79 113 126 73 50

T. Gallery on wheels

165 116 147 178 90 141 83 42 29

U. Toledo's minor-
league team
(2 wds.)

135 173 76 104 164 44 117

V. Crustacean's
peduncle

75 43 105 100 129 87 16 114

W. Conundrum

169 107 51 143 66 59

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from *Nashville*
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56 155 168 97 91 27

Y. Ship-rigged war
vessel

60 130 151 47 15 157 32 182

Z. Longtime Boston
Celtics coach Red

22 53 34 82 64 11 106 158

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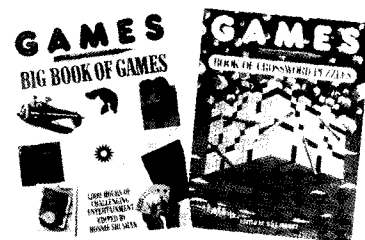
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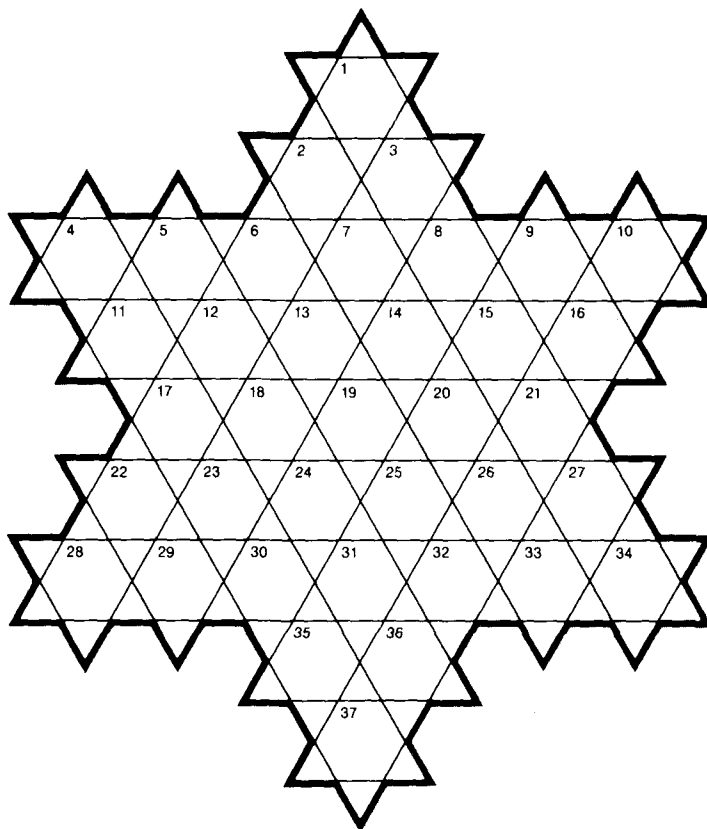
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THE PUZZLER

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STARLIGHTS

Answers to all clues are seven letters long. The first letter of each is to be entered in the appropriately numbered star nucleus, with the remaining letters orbiting sequentially, starting in any point and going in either direction. The thirty peripheral star points not shared by interlocking stars, reading clockwise from the apex, will reveal a quotation and its author. Answers include five proper words.



The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 119.

CLUES

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Bun with inch-long nuts left out | 12. Marconi broadcast to Spanish island | 24. More about rim's round form |
| 2. Frontiersman's going around one remote territory | 13. Poison scare in Mobile? | 25. Liter's swallowed by one yearning for beer |
| 3. Keeping scratch covered with cord | 14. Peg is involved in groups with keyboards | 26. Pay for clergyman before crook? |
| 4. One studying late century battering tool | 15. Travels east, taking a walk | 27. More trite one in dunce's place |
| 5. Our sun: a blending of heavy metal | 16. Rosy, Laura, or Stormy? | 28. Road ran all over Pyrenees land |
| 6. Bellyachers hunted birds | 17. Comedienne receives a caller from England? | 29. Went in close around toppled tree |
| 7. Stirring ire, rest judges again | 18. CIA, slipping into underworld, gets screwy? | 30. Writer in novel rose for introductions |
| 8. Conductor in West having no seats left around front of train | 19. Informs of very bad, sick, wicked deed (<i>two words</i>) | 31. Bass Street—not as green |
| 9. Priest gains a source of power | 20. Trendy snack food is returned, being tasteless | 32. Nut a little low in fiber at end of list |
| 10. Girl from Kansas has nothing planted in hot, dry ground | 21. Friendly British princess wearing pink | 33. Painter shows aperture containing bee at home |
| 11. Tree label sent back to municipal worker | 22. Wiped wet Dole off | 34. Kowtowing loudly before shelter |
| | 23. Merchants' vaults, so to speak | 35. Before eating Ann's playing catch |
| | | 36. Small model has flair for drink |
| | | 37. Asian snarled at a lion |

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.



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